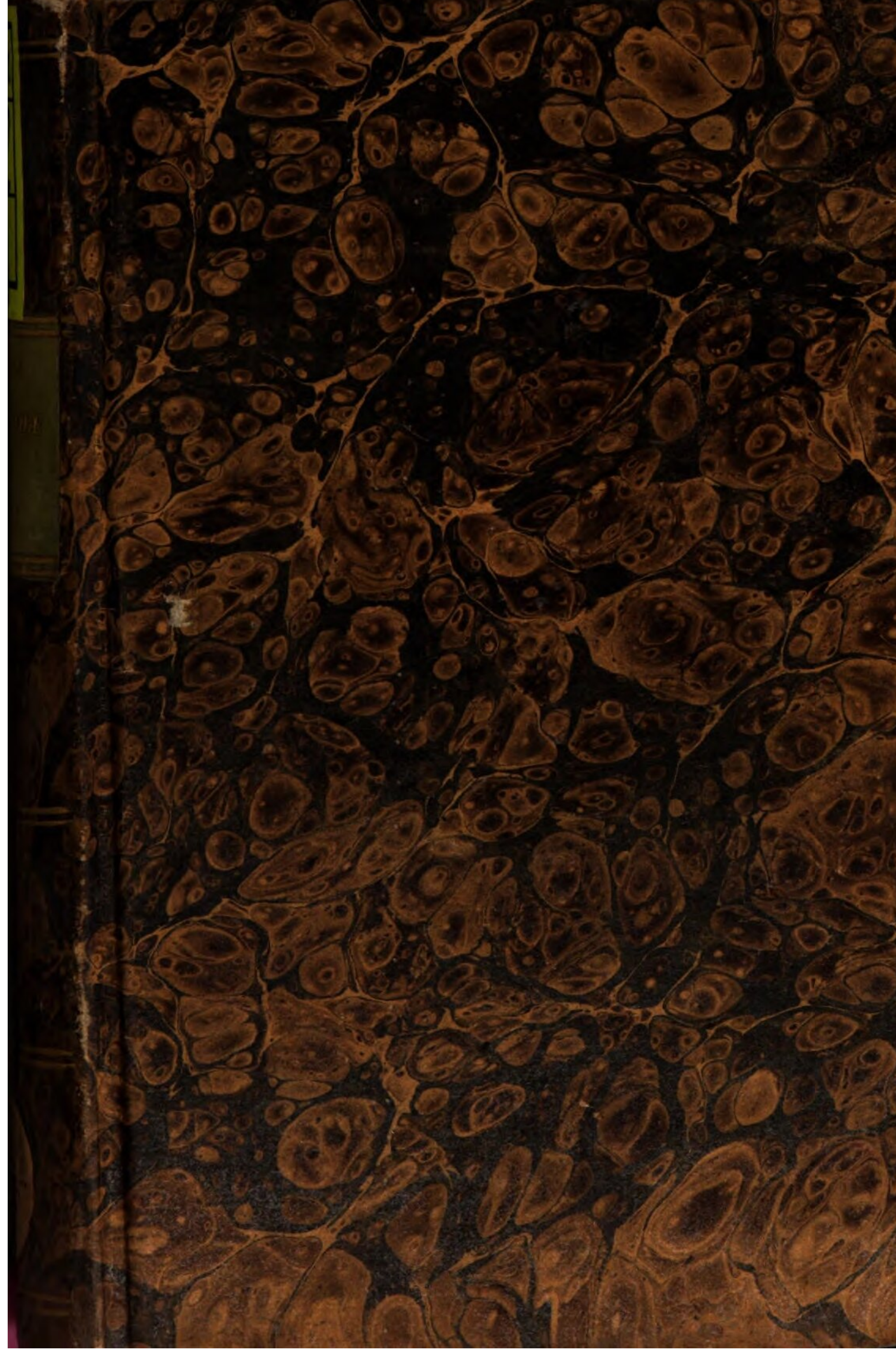




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GALIGNANI'S
TRAVELLER'S GUIDE
THROUGH
FRANCE.

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GALIGNANI'S
TRAVELLER'S GUIDE
THROUGH
FRANCE;

CONTAINING A
GEOGRAPHICAL, HISTORICAL AND PICTURESQUE DESCRIPTION
OF
EVERY REMARKABLE PLACE
IN THAT KINGDOM;

With Notices of the Climate, natural Productions, Antiquities, Curiosities, Trade and Manufactures: together with Sketches of Manners, Society and Customs; including detailed Accounts of all the principal Cities, particularly Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Montpellier, Tours, Rouen, etc. etc., Visits to Hyères, Nice, Bagnères and Barrèges, and Excursions on the Rhone, Garonne, and Loire:

With an exact Itinerary of Distances in Posts and English Miles,

AND INDICATION OF THE PRINCIPAL INNS.

Together with useful Hints and Advice to the continental Traveller, and a comparative Table of English and French Weights and Measures;

BY COXE;

With considerable corrections and additions; also augmented by a Tour through Auvergne, Brittany, and various other parts of the Kingdom, not in the London edition of this Work.

SECOND EDITION.

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1819.

INTRODUCTION.

THE kingdom of France, once more returned within its ancient limits, is bounded on the west by the Atlantic Ocean; on the south, by the Mediterranean and Pyrenees; on the east, by Savoy, Switzerland, and Germany; and on the north, by Belgium, and the English Channel. It extends from about the 42d to near the 51st degree of north latitude; and from about the 7th degree of longitude, west from Paris, to about the 5th on the east: being in length from N. to S. about 600 English miles, or in breadth from W. to E. about 560. Its extent may be computed at 148,840 square miles.

Divisions.—France is divided into eighty-six departments, which, with the ancient provinces, and principal towns, are as follows.

<i>Ancient Provinces.</i>	<i>Departments.</i>	<i>Chief Towns.</i>
Flandre Française..	Nord	Lille.
Artois.....	Pas-de-Calais.	Arras.
Picardie	Somme.....	Amiens.
Normandie.....	{ Seine Infér...	Rouen.
	{ Calvados	Caen.
	{ Manche.....	Coutances.
	{ Orne.....	Alençon.
	{ Eure.....	Evreux.
Isle de France.....	{ Seine	Paris.
	{ Seine and Oise.	Versailles.
	{ Oise	Beauvais.
	{ Aisne.....	Laon.
	{ Seine and Mar.	Melun.

INTRODUCTION.

<i>Ancient Provinces.</i>	<i>Departments.</i>	<i>Chief Towns.</i>
Champagne.....	{ Marne.....	Châlons-sur-Marne.
	{ Ardennes.....	Mézières.
	{ Aube.....	Troyes.
	{ Haute Marne..	Chaumont.
Lorraine.....	{ Meuse.....	Bar-sur-Ornain.
	{ Moselle.....	Metz.
	{ Meurthe.....	Nancy.
	{ Vosges.....	Epinal.
Alsace.....	{ Haut-Rhin....	Colmar.
	{ Bas-Rhin.....	Strasbourg.
Bretagne.....	{ Ile et Villaine.	Rennes.
	{ Côtes du Nord.	Saint-Brieux.
	{ Finistère.....	Quimper.
	{ Morbihan.....	Vannes.
Maine et Perche...	{ Loire Inférieur.	Nantes.
	{ Sarthe.....	Le Mans.
	{ Mayenne.....	Laval.
Anjou.....	Mayen. et Loir.	Angers.
Touraine.....	Indre et Loire.	Tours.
Orléannais.....	{ Loiret.....	Orléans.
	{ Eure et Loire.	Chartres.
	{ Loire et Cher.	Blois.
Berri.....	{ Indre.....	Châteauroux.
	{ Cher.....	Bourges.
Nivernais.....	Niévre.....	Nevers.
Bourgogne.....	{ Yonne.....	Auxerre.
	{ Côte-d'Or....	Dijon.
	{ Saone et Loire	Macon.
	{ Ain.....	Bourg.
Franche-Comté....	{ Haute-Saone..	Vesoul.
	{ Doubs.....	Besancon.
	{ Jura.....	Lons-le-Saulnier.
Poitou.....	{ Vendée.....	Fontenay le Peuple.
	{ Deux Sèvres..	Niort.
	{ Vienne.....	Poitiers.
Marche.....	{ Haute Vienne.	Limoges.
	{ Limosin.....	
	{ Creuse.....	Gueret.
Limosin.....	Corrèze.....	Tulle.
Bourbonnais.....	Allier.....	Moulins.

<i>Ancient Provinces.</i>	<i>Departments.</i>	<i>Chief Towns.</i>
Saintonge.....	Charente Infér.	Saintes.
Angoumois.....	Charente.....	Angoulême.
Auvergne.....	{ Puy-de-Dôme.	Clermont.
	{ Cantal.....	St. Flour.
Lyonnais.....	{ Rhône.....	Lyons.
	{ Loire.....	Montbrison.
	{ Isère.....	Grenoble.
Dauphiné.....	{ Hautes-Alpes.	Gap.
	{ Drôme.....	Valence.
Guienne.....	{ Dordogne....	Périgueux.
	{ Gironde.....	Bordeaux.
	{ Lot et Garonne	Agen.
	{ Lot.....	Cahors.
	{ Aveyron.....	Rhodes.
	{ Gers.....	Auch.
	{ Landes.....	Mont de Marsan.
	{ Hautes Pyrén.	Tarbes.
	{ Bass. Pyrénées.	Pau.
Compté de Foix....	Arriège.....	Tarascon.
Roussillon.....	Pyrén.-Orient.	Perpignan.
Languedoc.....	{ Haute Garonne	Toulouse.
	{ Aude.....	Carcassonne.
	{ Tarn.....	Castres.
	{ Gard.....	Nîmes.
	{ Lozère.....	Mende.
	{ Ardèche.....	Privas.
	{ Haute Loire...	Le Puy.
	{ Hérault.....	Montpellier
Provence.....	{ Bou. du Rhône	Aix.
	{ Basses Alpes..	Digne.
	{ Var.....	Toulon.
Avignon.....	{ Vaucluse, with	Avignon.
Venaissin.....		
	{ the Bouches	
	{ du Rhône.	

Climate, etc.—The climate of so extensive a country as France, may be expected to be various. In general it is far more clear and serene than that of England: but the northern provinces are exposed

to heavy rains, which, however, produce beautiful verdure and rich pastures. France may be divided into three climates, the northern, the central, and the southern. The first yields no vines; the second no maize; the third produces vines, maize, and olives. These divisions proceed in an oblique line from the south-west to the north-east, so as to demonstrate “that the eastern part of the kingdom is two and a half degrees of latitude hotter than the western, or, if not hotter, more favourable to vegetation.” France is also happy in an excellent soil, which produces corn, wine, oil, and almost every luxury of life. Though some of their fruits have a higher flavour than those of England, yet neither the pasturage nor tillage is comparable.

Mountains.—The chief mountains in France, or its borders, are the Alps, which divide France from Italy; the Pyrenees, which divide France from Spain; the Vosges, which divide Lorraine from Burgundy and Alsace; Mount Jura, which divides Franche Comté from Switzerland; the Cevennes, in the province of Languedoc; and Mont-d’Or, in the province of Auvergne.

Rivers and Canals.—The principal rivers in France are the Loire, the Rhone, the Garonne, and the Seine. The Loire takes its course north and north-west, being, with all its windings from its source to the sea, computed to run about 500 miles. The Rhone flows south-west to Lyons, and then runs due south till it falls into the Mediterranean. The Garonne rises in the Pyrenean mountains, takes its course first north-east, and has a communication with the Mediterranean by means of a canal, the work of Louis XIV. The Seine, soon after its rise, runs to the north-west, visiting Troyes, Paris, and Rouen in its way, and falls into the English Channel at Havre. To these

we may add the Saone, which falls into the Rhone at Lyons; the Charente, which rises in the department of that name, and discharges itself into the sea below Rochefort; the Rhine, which rises in Switzerland, is the eastern boundary between France and Germany, and receives the Moselle and the Sarthe in its passage: not to mention many other rivers of smaller course and reputation.

Of the numerous *canals*, the most considerable are, (1) The Canal du Midi, or Canal of Languedoc, noticed in another part of this work. (2) The Canal of Briare and Orleans; thus called, because it forms a communication between the Seine and Loire, which begins at Orleans and ends at Briare. (3) The Canal de la Côte d'Or, forming a communication between the Yonne and Saone. (4) The Canal of the Centre, forming a communication between the Saone and Loire. (5) The Canal de l'Ourcq, which is intended to supply Paris with water,—and various other minor and junction canals made by order of Bonaparte.

Natural Productions.—France abounds in excellent roots, which are more proper for soups than those of England. As to all kinds of seasoning and salads, they are more plentiful, and in some places better than in England; they being, next to their vines, the chief object of their culture. France produces excellent fruits of all kinds, particularly grapes, figs, prunes, chesnuts, cider in the northern provinces, and capers in the southern. It produces annually, though not enough for consumption, about 12,000,000 pounds of tobacco, besides hemp, flax, manna, saffron, and many drugs. Alsace, Burgundy, Lorraine, and especially the Pyrenean mountains, supply it plentifully with timber and other wood. The wines of Champagne, Burgundy, Bordeaux, Gascony, and other provinces of France, are so well known that they need

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only be mentioned. France contains few animals, either wild or tame, that are not to be found in England, excepting wolves. Their horses, black cattle, and sheep, are far inferior to the English; nor is the wool of their sheep so fine. The horses of *Normandy* are preferred for draught, and those of *Limosin* for the saddle. The castor or beaver is found in the islands of the Rhone; and the bear in Dauphiny and the Pyrenees. Vipers abound in La Vendée.

Mines and Mineral Waters.—Gold mines formerly existed in the south of France, and some of the rivulets still roll down particles of that metal. There are still silver mines in Alsace and the Upper Rhine; and copper in these districts, and in those of the Loire, Lozere, and Ardèche; tin in Bretagne, and in the centre of France; lead from Bretagne, and the mountains of Vosges; antimony in Ardèche and Allier; manganese in the Loire and Vosges; and cobalt in Alsace. Iron is found in abundance in the northern departments, and *coal mines* more than 400 in number, besides many which are not wrought; *jet* is found in the departments of the south, and the most beautiful marbles in the Pyrenees. The environs of Paris abound with excellent free-stone and gypsum.

The principal *mineral waters* of France are those of Bagnères and Barréges, in the Pyrenees, resembling those of Bath and Buxton; Forges, near Rouen; Vichi and Bourbon, celebrated by Mad. de Sévigné in her letters; Plombières, among the mountains of the Vosges; Aix in Provence, etc. etc.

Forests.—The most remarkable are those of Orleans, Ardennes, and Fontainebleau; and as wood is the general fuel, attention to their growth is indispensable. Besides these, numerous other smaller forests or woods might be mentioned, lying in dif-

ferent departments, but too remote from sea-carriage to be of much national utility.

Soil and Agriculture.—The N. E. part of France, from Flanders to Orleans, is a rich loam; farther to the W. the land is poor and stony; Brittany being generally gravel or gravelly sand, with low ridges of granite. Chalk runs through the centre of the kingdom, from Germany, by Champagne, to Saintong, and on the north of the mountainous tract is a large extent of gravel and alluvial earth. Even the mountainous region of the south is generally fertile, though the large province of ci-devant Gascony has many *landes* or level heaths.

The property of the yeomanry, the great landed proprietors, but more particularly of the nobility, has been subdivided and distributed among the peasants; and, become *their own*, it is perhaps better managed, for it is their immediate interest that not an acre of ground should be wasted. The use of machinery in the farm-stead is unknown, and grain, as of old, is very generally trodden by oxen, sometimes on the high roads, and winnowed by the breath of heaven.

In the *agriculture of France* there is a great sameness. The *arable* land, which comprises almost the whole surface of the country, the vineyards and a few tracts of mountain excepted, may be divided into five classes, according to its fertility, without regard to the nature of the soil. The first bears a crop every year, as in Auvergne, in the neighbourhood of Toulouse, in some parts of Normandy, etc. This description is highly cultivated, and on a principle well adapted to soil and circumstances. The *second*, somewhat inferior in quality, but good land, is also judiciously cultivated, with the intervention of a fallow once in six years, as about Dieppe and Rouen. The *third*,

land of middling quality, which embraces a very large part of the kingdom, is managed on the old plan of fallow, wheat, oats. The *fourth*, poor land, which also covers a large space, is fallow and wheat alternately. The *fifth*, land still poorer, is cultivated in the round of fallow, rye, rest, without grass seeds.

The first and second classes include what there is of variety and spirit in French husbandry. In the south, Indian corn, alternating with wheat, exhibits management as good as the beans and wheat of the best English farmer; and the varied routine observable in the north, affords many proofs of a spirited and judicious culture. It is the three last which betray its weakness: if they comprise half the cultivated surface, which perhaps is not overrating their extent, half of that portion being fallow, it appears that one fourth of the whole country is lying in a state entirely unproductive, a few weeds, mostly thistles, excepted! A very few half-starved sheep are kept to pick over the constantly-recurring barren fallows, often accompanied by three or four long-legged hogs. On the borders and out-of-the-way corners you may see a cow or two with an attendant; but there appears so little for any of these animals to eat, that you wonder how even they are supported. The *prairies artificielles*, (the artificial grasses, as we less properly call them), of which so much is said by the amateurs, are like specks of green on a desert. Clover and lucerne are cultivated, with great success, on the two first classes of land, but very rarely indeed on the others. Thus there is probably as much really waste land in France as in England, and it is of an expensive kind; whereas our wastes support much more stock than theirs, without any expense whatever.

Revenue. From the budget of 1818 the whole revenue and expenditure of the state was :

	<i>Receipts.</i>	<i>Expenditure.</i>
Consolidated fund	180,782,000	180,782,000 fr.
Ordinary	695,070,000	616,112,000
Extraordinary . .	222,510,000	301,468,000
Total.....	1,098,362,000	1,098,362,000

Trade, Commerce, and Manufactures.—The exports of France are wine, vinegar, brandy, oil, silks, satins, linens, woollen cloth, tapestries, laces, gold and silver embroideries, toys, trinkets, perfumery, paper, prints, books, drugs, dyes, etc. The imports are hardware, earthenware, cottons, metals, hemp, flax, silk, wool, horses, East and West India goods, etc. The silk manufacture was introduced into France by Louis XI, about the year 1470. The silk mills are about 1500 in number, the looms about 28,000; besides 12,000 for ribbands, lace, and galloons, and 40,000 for stockings; the whole silk manufacture occupying about two millions of people. The looms for woollens about 35,000; for cottons 24,000. Abbeville manufactures sails and broad cloths; Elbœuf, Louviers, and Sedan, broad cloths; Rouen, linens; Bretagne, linen, cordage, sails; Berri, linen; Auvergne, laces, papers; Montpellier, liqueurs; Langres, cutlery; St. Quentin and Cambray, *batistes*, or cambrics; Paris, glass; Sevres, porcelain: the best carpets are made at the Savonnerie, in Paris. Silks, lace, gloves, black broad cloth, and cambric, are superior to the same articles in England. The woollen cloths are extremely beautiful, and the finer sorts are of a superior texture to any thing in England; but the price is always double what they sell for at home, so that we have not much to fear from their importations. French watches are manufactured at

about one half the English price, but the workmanship is inferior to ours, and, unless as trinkets for ladies' wear, they are not much esteemed in England. The cutlery is very bad; not only the steel, but the temper and polish are greatly inferior to ours. A pair of English razors is, to this day, a princely present in France. The ladies also are very anxious to get English needles and scissars. Hardware is flimsy, ill finished, and of bad materials. All leather work, such as sadlery, harness, shoes, etc. is very bad, but undersells our manufactures of the same kind by about one half. Cabinet work and furniture is very handsome, tasty, and showy, but insufficient and dear. Jewellery, equal if not superior to ours in neatness, but not so strong. Hats and hosiery indifferent, except silk stockings. Musical instruments are made as well, and at half the English price. In almost every thing else the manufactures of France are inferior to those of England. Great improvement has taken place in the manufacture of calicoes, muslins, and other cotton goods, in France, as well as in broad cloth, within the last twelve years; chiefly from the introduction of machinery by Englishmen.

The following sketch of the actual state of France with respect to its national wealth, its agriculture, manufactures and commerce is extracted from a very interesting work, entitled *De l'Industrie Française*, just published by the celebrated Chaptal, formerly minister of the interior.

Annual Agricultural Produce.

I. *Corn and Grain.* — The annual produce in France of these articles is:

	Hectolitres.
Wheat - - - - -	51,500,200
Rye and Meslin - - - - -	30,290,161
Indian Corn - - - - -	6,302,316

Buckwheat - - - - -	8,409,473
Barley - - - - -	12,576,603
Pulse, Beans, Peas, etc - -	1,798,616
Potatoes - - - - -	19,800,741
Oats - - - - -	32,066,587
Small grain - - - - -	1,103,177

II. *Wine*.—After the corn-lands we must place the vineyards from the importance of their produce. It appears that there are in France about 1,613,939 hectares of land planted with vines; and that the produce of wine, taking the mean term of five years, is 35,358,890 hectolitres; of this quantity, about a sixth is converted into brandies. As the price of the wines varies exceedingly, from 7 or 8 francs the hectolitre up to 200 fr., a mean value has been assumed in the wine countries, which makes the annual value of the wines made in France, 678,750,000 fr., without reckoning the brandies.

The latter are the produce of the 5,358,890 hectolitres of wine reserved for this purpose; the author reckons their quantity at 1,100,000 hectolitres; which, at the rate of 50 fr. each, give for the value of the brandies 55,000,000 fr., which, added to the value of the produce of the undistilled wines, form a gross revenue of 733,750,000 francs.

III. *Wool*.—After the wines, the most considerable produce is that of wool, which amounts annually to 37,928,543 kilograms of different qualities; which, sold at different prices, according to the qualities, (including the merinos) gives as the total of the price of the wool 81,339,317 francs.

IV. *Silks*.—Silk is cultivated only in twelve departments; and the annual quantity gathered is 5,147,609 kilograms, which produce a value of 15,442,827 francs.

Hemp and Flax. Hemp occupies about 100,000 hectares, which produce 386,773 metric quintals

of hemp *en bâton*, forming an approximative value of 30,941,840 fr. Flax is cultivated in about forty departments; it occupies 40,000 hectares, and affords a produce of the value of 19 millions.

We shall not follow the author in his valuation of the other branches of agricultural produce, such as madder, liquorice, hops, chesnuts, honey, wax; but shall only remark, that, calculating the produce of the orchards at the mean rate of 60 fr. the hectare, the trees raised in them produce in fruit an annual value of 21,540,000 fr., arising from 359,000 hectares which are employed in this branch of cultivation.

France exports annually 2,590,000 fr. worth of fruit, and imports 1,175,300 fr. of dried fruits.

Estimating the produce of a hectare of ground cultivated as a kitchen-garden, at the mean value of 600 fr., the author finds, that the number of hectares employed in raising garden vegetables in France being 328,000, their value amounts to 196,800,000 fr.

The first instruments of agriculture, those which the farmer cannot do without, and which seem to multiply the crops in proportion with their number, are horses and cattle; they are not at present sufficiently numerous in France for the purposes either of labour or manure.

France possesses only 1,656,671 horses and mares, and 465,946 colts under four years. The number of bulls, oxen, cows and heifers is still less in proportion with the state of agriculture; the bulls amount to 214,131; the oxen to 1,701,740; the cows to 3,909,959; the heifers to 856,122.

But we hasten to conduct the reader to the result the most important for him to know, and to which the details hitherto noticed are only an introduction and basis—which is, the sketch of the territorial wealth of France. The author fixes his estimation on the following statements.

France, independently of Corsica, contains 52,000,000 hectares; the departments are in number 85; the arrondissemens 368; the cantons 2659; the communes 36,990; country houses or habitations 3,000,000; town-houses 2,431,000; mills 76,000; workshops and manufactories 35,000; forges, furnaces, lime-kilns and for plaster 16,000; and lastly, the population of France, according to the last census, is 29,327,388 inhabitants.

The *cadastral* operations already terminated by actual survey present the following results. There are in France,

	Hectares.
1°. Arable land - - - -	22,818,000
2°. Coppice wood - - - -	6,612,000
3°. Timber-trees - - - -	460,000
4°. Pasture - - - -	3,525,000
5°. Meadows - - - -	3,488,000
6°. Vines - - - -	1,977,000
7°. Chesnut woods - - - -	406,000
8°. Orchards - - - -	359,000
9°. Kitchen gardens - - - -	328,000
10°. Ponds - - - -	213,000
11°. Marshes - - - -	186,000
12°. Hop-garden - - - -	60,000
13°. Osier, Alder, Willow-beds -	53,000
14°. Olive-yards - - - -	43,000
15°. Quarries and Mines - - -	28,000
16°. Gardens, Groves, Pleasure-grounds	16,000
17°. Nurseries - - - -	23,000
18°. Peat bogs - - - -	7,000
19°. Navigation and irrigation Canals	9,000
20°. Particular tracts of cultivation	780,000
21°. Waste-lands, Heaths - - -	3,841,000
22°. Superficies covered with buildings and taxed - - - -	213,000
<i>Total.</i>	<u>45,445,000</u>

There are therefore in France 45,445,000 more or less productive, and 6,555,000 that produce nothing, or very little; in the latter are the highways,

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roads, rivers, brooks, mountains, sterile rocks, etc. It also results from this statement, that one half of the soil is arable land, an eighth in wood, a fifth in pasture, a fifteenth in meadow, a twenty-second in vines, a thirteenth in waste lands, etc.

Manufactures.

The actual state of the manufactures of a country, and the estimation of the wealth which they put in circulation, are the most important points of statistics in political economy. But as our limits will not permit us to dwell on the details of each particular branch of manufactures, we shall give an idea of the two principal ones, silk and wool, and then proceed to the general results of all the French manufactures.

I. *Silks.* — The proportional mean of the produce of the silk-cods calculated on five years is 5,147,609 kilograms; which, at the rate of 3 fr. the kilogram, give to agriculture a produce of 15,442,827 fr.

These 5,147,609 kilograms of silk-cods produce in spinning, of *soie grèse* 278,000 kilograms, of *Soie organsinée* 161,000 kilograms.

The *soie grèse* is worth, in common years, 50 fr., the *soie organsinée* 60 fr.; the former therefore represents a value of 13,900,000 fr., and the latter 9,660,000 fr.; total 23,560,000 fr. a year.

The labour employed in the spinning of silk begins, therefore, by increasing the value of the silk-cods to the amount of 8,117,173 fr., reducing the mean year of the exportation of *soies filées et organsinées* from those that are imported, there remains for the importation an annual sum of about 22,000,000 fr., which, added to the value of 23,560,000 fr. arising from the indigenous *soies filées et organsinées* in France, represent a result of 45,560,000 fr., forming the capital on which the manufacture is employed.

The bleaching, the winding, the weaving, etc., of the *silk*, with the profits of the manufacturer, etc., nearly double this capital in the manufacture of stockings and plain stuffs, and triple it at least in the articles of luxury and fine ribban; so that the manufacture adds a value of about 62 millions to that of the silk: thus the rough produce of silk in France is 107,560,000 fr.; France exports annually for about 30,000,000 fr. of silks, and the remainder is employed in the consumption of the country.

II. *Wool*.—Such is the result of labour; with a substance apparently useless it spreads immense profits in society, and feeds an industrious population: but the results of the woollen manufactures are not less worthy of attention: it is proved that with 93,339,317 fr., the value of the wool arising from the soil or from importation, there is manufactured in stuffs, hosiery, blankets, carpets, mattresses, etc., to about the amount of 200,000,000 fr.

The mean value of the exportation of cloth is 23,693,700 fr., that of importation 2,291,333 fr. There remains therefore to the advantage of exportation 21,402,367 fr. The value of all the produce of wool that is reserved for the consumption of France is 216,731,565 fr.

By thus submitting every branch of manufactures to a complete analysis, the author comes to the following conclusion, which has all the characters of demonstration:

The products of the manufactures represent a commercial value of 1,820,102,409 fr. This value is composed, 1°. of about 416,000,000 fr. in indigenous raw materials; 2°. of 186,000,000 fr. in exotic raw materials; 3°. of 884,000,000 fr. in workmanship; 4°. of 192,000,000 fr. of general expenses, as wear of tools, reparations, fire, can-

dles, interest of money sunk in buildings, purchase of looms, etc. ; 5°. of 182,005,221 fr. for the profits of the manufacturer.

As in the evaluation of the produce of the soil, the value of almost all the objects which agriculture furnishes to manufactures was estimated, this value must of course be deducted in estimating the national wealth from the general result of agriculture and manufactures united. Thus, deducting from the total produce of the latter the sum of 416 millions of raw material which it borrows from the former, there will remain 1,404,102,409 fr. which represent the expenses of every kind of manufactures, the workmanship, the value of the materials imported, and the profits of the manufacturer.

In this work will also be found some details of the numerous difficulties to which the cotton-manufactures were exposed during the last war, with an account of the extraordinary manner in which, notwithstanding, they have spread and been improved in almost every part of France.

Commerce.

The external commerce of France has experienced a fate very different from that of its manufactures ; it has suffered every where, and the loss of its colonies and of the trade to the Levant has reduced its commercial enterprises almost to nothing. Commerce in France is again in its infancy, forced to make trials and experiments more or less hazardous. In the year 1789, and the two preceding years, France received in her ports foreign and colonial merchandise to the amount of 634,365,000 fr. ; and exported 438,477,000 fr. worth of the productions of her soil, of her colonies, and her manufactures ; an immense concern, which, moreover, by the re-exportation of colonial articles and the introduction of 60 millions of the

precious metals or coin, left annually an advantageous balance to French commerce.

It is not likely that France will soon regain this state of things. The quantity of the objects of her exportation at present can hardly be increased, and with respect to her new manufactures, they cannot be expected to surpass, either in quantity or in quality, those of the other principal countries of Europe.

Language.—The French language is the most universally diffused of any in Europe. In variety, clearness and precision, and idioms adapted to life, business and pleasure, it yields to no modern tongue. The critics and academicians of the seventeenth century enacted such severe laws of purity, that, like gold reduced to the utmost fineness, it has become soft, and incapable of deep impressions. The French language is a well known corruption of the Roman, mingled with Celtic and Gothic words and idioms. In the bold exertions of inventive genius, and even in profound productions of philosophy, France cannot aspire to vie with Italy or England; but in the pleasing and beautiful paths of invention, and in books of elegant learning and exact science, she remains almost unrivalled. It were superfluous to enumerate the crowd of authors who have reflected honour on their language and country. Who is a stranger to the Roman grandeur of Corneille, to the tender and elegiac elegance of Racine, the tragic pomp and terror of Crebillon, the comic powers of Moliere, the naiveté, the subtle simplicity of La Fontaine, the placid instruction of Fenelon, the gaiety of Gresset, the caustic vivacity of Voltaire, and the impressive eloquence of Rousseau?

Education.—Till lately, the mode of education in France was by two sets of schools, the first called *primary*, for the earlier rudiments of in-

struction; and the other *secondary*, for the classics, etc. These, together with the *Lycées*, which existed in every considerable town in France, are now somewhat modified and altered, and the ancient *colleges* are about to be re-established. The *Lancasterian*, or new method of instruction, has made great progress both in Paris and the provinces; and there is every reason to hope that it will soon become general. In the capital there are fifteen schools in full activity; one of them has 333 scholars. The prefect of the department of the Seine has effected the establishment of two normal schools, one for training masters and the other mistresses. The country towns have recently founded no less than 900 institutions similar to those of Paris; and in several places societies, numbering more than 700 subscribers, have been formed. The methods of *Bell* and *Lancaster* have been combined and improved in various respects.

Religion.—The Roman Catholic has been again declared the *state* religion, and Protestants and others are *tolerated*.

Laws.—The code of laws breathes a spirit of humanity throughout which will perhaps astonish some of our English readers. The punishment of death, which, according to Blackstone, may be inflicted by the English law on 150 different offences, is now in France confined to the very highest crimes only, the number of which does not exceed twelve. A minute attention has been paid to the different degrees of guilt in the commission of the same crime; and according to these, the punishments are as accurately proportioned as the cases will permit. One species of capital punishment has been ordained, instead of that multitude of cruel and barbarous deaths which were marshalled in terrible array along the columns of the former code. This punishment is decapitation by the guil-

lotine. The only exceptions to this are in the case of parricide and high treason, when the right hand is first cut off. The *trial by jury* has been for some time established in France. Robbery, burglary, murder, and other great crimes, are infinitely less frequent than in England.

The *police* of France is excellent, and is powerfully assisted by the royal *gendarmerie*, a corps of nearly *eighteen thousand* horse-soldiers, (resembling our life-guards in their equipments), divided into twenty-eight legions, stationed, by small brigades, all over the country, and destined to watch more particularly over the safety of the high roads. The expense of conducting the whole police of the empire is not more than 400,000*l.* per annum.

Population, Character, Manners, etc.—The population of old France (or France within its present limits) was, in 1818, 29,327,588. The French are a lively, amiable, and brave nation; but are accused of being vain-glorious, inconstant, and volatile. In addition to the various calumnies and misrepresentations of modern writers, they are also taxed with *insincerity* in their affairs of minor services; but their wish to oblige strangers, whom they consider as visitors, is really unfeigned. Often have we experienced their unsolicited acts of kindness in the course of our travels. They can never be sufficiently praised for their indiscriminate, their natural, their totally disinterested and spontaneous benevolence.

In speaking of character and manners, we must first advert to that sex which every where bears the preponderating sway. The characteristic feature of their beauty is *expression*. Besides the ease of her manners, a French woman has commonly a look of cheerfulness and great vivacity. The women, in the middle ranks of life, are active and industrious wives, and tender mothers. The manners

of those in polished society are playful, sprightly, enchanting. For gaiety, accomplishments, and grace, French women are inferior to none. There is perhaps no country in the world (observes Lady Morgan, in her "France") where the social position of woman is so delectable as in France. The darling child of society, indulged, not spoiled, presiding over its pleasures, preserving its refinements, taking nothing from its strength, adding much to its brilliancy, permitted the full exercise of all her faculties, retaining the full endowment of all her graces, she pursues the golden round of her honoured existence, limited only in her course by her feebleness and her taste, by her want of power and absence of inclination to "overstep the modesty of nature," or to infringe upon privileges exclusively the attribute of the stronger sex. The *conversation* of a Frenchman has a variety and playfulness which delights and fascinates; their common chit-chat is of a superior order, as far as amusement goes. However shallowly they may think upon a subject, they never fail to express themselves well. This is the case with both sexes; and this observation not only applies to the higher classes, but extends to the whole body of the people.

The lower classes behave to each other with a surprising degree of civility. It is well remarked by Mr. Scott, that "the advantages of what is called a common education are universally diffused, and a taste for reading, for accomplishments, for all the embellishments of existence, is a general characteristic. The peasants have it, and in almost as high a degree as the most cultivated persons. The poorer orders are polished far beyond the corresponding classes of the English, and the effect of their behaviour is extremely pleasing. One is chiefly surprised by the propriety of their

mode of speaking; the ceremonies of courtesy, and the idiomatic phrases of politeness, proceeding from milk-women and carmen to each other, rather amaze an Englishman. The lowest persons touch their hats to each other in the streets." Politeness and good manners indeed may be traced, though in different proportions, through every rank. Brutal battles, quarrels, and noisy drunken frolics, are disturbances seldom to be met with in France. The unhappy females who roam the streets at night, are neither obtrusive, rude, nor riotous. At the *theatres* the tranquillity of the audience is seldom interrupted; people go for the wise purpose of being pleased, and with the good-humoured disposition to be satisfied. These places of amusement are doubtless much indebted for their tranquillity to the national sobriety of the French.

The passion for *dancing* is universal; not a village in France but has its rural ball upon a Sunday evening; and here may be witnessed scenes which portray, in lively colours, the innocent gaiety and good-natured mirth of the country people in France, and forcibly call to our recollection the well-known descriptions of Goldsmith.

The *scrupulous honesty* of the lower and middling classes in restoring any lost property to its owner, is worthy of particular remark. The postillions, coachmen, servants, etc. etc. may generally be trusted with confidence. Many a traveller will bear testimony to this. The tradesmen also, though they ask more than they mean to take for their goods, would cheerfully and unasked restore to you your purse, umbrella, cane, or any thing that you might have left in his shop by accident, and this if not reclaimed for a considerable time.

Mode of living, etc.—Animal food is cheap, because the consumption is very limited. In France,

but more particularly in the south, not one-sixth of the butcher's meat is consumed by each man or woman which would be requisite in England. Bread, wine, fruit, garlic, onions, and oil, with occasionally a small portion of animal food, form the diet of the lower orders; and among the higher ranks the method of cooking makes a little meat go a great way. The immense joints of beef and mutton to which we are accustomed in England, were long the wonder of the French, but latterly they have begun to introduce (among what they humourously term *plats de resistance*) these formidable dishes.

In every part of France *women* employ themselves in offices which are deemed with us unsuitable to the sex. Here there is no sexual distinction of employment: the women undertake any task they are able to perform, without much notion of fitness or unfitness. This applies to all classes. The lady of one of the principal clothiers at Louviers conducted us over the works, gave us patterns of the best cloths, ordered the machinery to be set in motion for our gratification, and was evidently in the habit of attending to the whole detail of the business. Just so, near Rouen, the wife of the largest farmer in that quarter conducted me to the barns and stables; shewed me the various implements, and explained their use; took me into the fields, and described the mode of husbandry, which she perfectly understood; expatiated on the excellence of their fallows; pointed out the best sheep in the flock, and gave me a detail of their management in buying the wether lambs, and fattening their wethers. This was on a farm of about 400 acres. In every shop and warehouse you see similar activity in the females. At the royal porcelain manufactory at Sevres, a woman was called to receive payment for the articles we purchased.

In the Halle au Bled at Paris, women, in their little counting-houses, are performing the office of factors, in the sale of grain and flour. In every department they occupy an important station, from one extremity of the country to the other.

Plan of a Tour in France, Expense of Travelling, etc.—The first object of an English traveller is PARIS, and whether he have or have not visited that capital before, he will first bend his steps thither, as the central point whence he may make excursions into the other parts of France. Arrived at Paris, the usual tour, and that which promises the highest degree of gratification, is towards the south; returning, by the western departments, to the capital, and embracing every object of importance in this fine country. This journey may be performed in about *three months*, for an expence of about 100*l*. This calculation supposes the traveller to go by the diligence, dine at the table d'hôte, and regulate his expenses on an economical scale; and does not, of course, include any purchases. The best months are August, September, and October. Should the tourist, however, have more time and money at his disposal, we should most particularly recommend him to extend his excursion to Auvergne, as the exquisite beauties of that charming country will amply repay him for the additional expense.

Mr. Birkbeck, who went from London to Paris, by way of Rouen, in July 1814, and afterwards visited Lyons, Avignon, Nismes, Montpellier, Perpignan, and the Pyrenees; thence to Toulouse and Montauban, and returned by Clermont and Montargis to Paris, and thence by Amiens to Calais and London, states his expenses at 70*l*. each person. The party consisted of two grown persons and a youth of fifteen, and they were absent from England nearly three months. They also made several

excursions or deviations from the main road just noticed. Mr. Birkbeck says that *economy* was strictly attended to; and in this we perfectly agree with him, for the sum he mentions is certainly too small to allow the traveller all the little comforts of a tour of pleasure for so long a time, particularly in the case of various excursions.

But there is still a more economical mode of travelling, if time be not an object, by *water-carriage*, on the various canals and rivers which abound in France. The following Itinerary will shew the distances by *land* and *water*, in a tour into the south, nearly such as is described in our volume, and the amount of each sort of travelling.

	<i>By land.</i> Leagues.	<i>By water.</i> Leagues.
From Calais to Paris.....	61	
Paris to Auxerre.....		33
Auxerre to Dijon.....	30	
Dijon to Châlons.....	14	
Châlons to Lyons.....		24
Lyons to Avignon.....		40
Avignon to Aix.....	16	
Aix to Toulon.....	15	
Toulon to Marseilles.....	10	
Marseilles to Aix.....	5	
Aix to Arles.....	12	
Arles to Nismes.....	5	
Nismes to Montpellier.....	8	
Montpellier to Béziers.....	16	
Béziers to Toulouse.....		24
Toulouse to Bordeaux.....		40
Bordeaux to Poitiers.....	52	
Poitiers to Tours.....	30	
Tours to Blois.....		13
Blois to Orléans.....		12
Orléans to Paris.....	28	
Paris to Rouen.....		29
Rouen to Dieppe.....	12	
	<u>314</u>	<u>215</u>

Making in the whole 529 French leagues, or about 1330 English miles.

They who prefer making a short tour of a month or six weeks, may take the *tour of the Loire*, described in Chapter VI, and will find this one of the most interesting in France: this may be done for 40*l.* or 50*l.* including the journey to and from Paris. Indeed, those who are continually moving from place to place, cannot expect to expend less than a guinea per day; though, if time be not an object, the sum will be somewhat lessened. Nothing more need be said, we imagine, as to any other *plan* of travelling, every chapter of this work presenting a distinct tour, which may be altered or abridged at pleasure. Those who do not travel with a servant, will be generally charged at the inns, one franc for breakfast of coffee; three francs for dinner, including half a bottle of *vin du pays*, common wine; this is the usual price of *tables d'hôte*: and a franc, or one and a half, or two francs, for a bed. On the road from Calais and Dieppe to Paris these charges are higher; as breakfasts, always two francs, and bed the same. This is also the case near the metropolis. Supper the same charge as dinner.

Expense of living in France.—If we make our estimate not on a few particular articles, but on all that is necessary to the *maintenance and education of a family*, it may be stated, that, in peace, one hundred pounds will go as far, but not farther, in France, than one hundred and fifty pounds in England. In war the difference was greater, but peace has had no effect in reducing prices in France. It is fit, however, to add, that an income of five hundred pounds a-year will introduce a family much more into society than one of seven or eight hundred pounds in England; the practice of our southern neighbours being to meet, not at

dinner, but in evening parties, and to lay but little stress on the aspect of the mansion or furniture of the friends whom they visit: their grand object is to meet with lively companions, and to pass their time agreeably; and the intimacy is kept up with very little regard to the amount of the property of the new comers, or to their style of living.

A previous *knowledge of the language*, to some extent at least, is necessary; the French seldom knowing any thing of English, though quick in comprehending a broken phrase, are never disposed to ridicule a foreigner. The following is a circumstantial estimate of family expenses, taken from a return of several provincial towns of the larger class (from 10,000 to 30,000 inhabitants), and applicable, with slight modifications, to most of the places in the northern and central parts of France, which can with any propriety be recommended for the residence of an English family.

Rent of an unfurnished house of nine or ten rooms, with a garden, from 30*l.* to 50*l.* sterling a-year. *Taxes*, as far as payable by the tenant, 5*l.* a-year. *Improvements* necessary to adapt a house to an English family: these occur chiefly in the first year, and, supposing an occupancy of six years, may average, after deducting the allowance eventually obtained from the proprietor, 7*l.* a-year. *Wages*; a man-servant, 10*l.* or 12*l.* a-year; a woman-cook, 8*l.* to 10*l.* a-year; house-maid, 5*l.* to 8*l.* a-year; a mechanic, 2*s.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* a-day; labourer, 1*s.* 3*d.* a-day. *Fuel*; three room-fires in winter, and a kitchen-fire throughout the year, 25*l.* to 30*l.* a-year. *Butcher's meat*; beef (the English lb.) 4*d.* to 6*d.*; mutton, 4*d.* to 6*d.*; veal, 4*d.* to 6*d.*; pork, 8*d.* *Fish*, in the maritime districts, plenty and cheap. *Poultry*; a goose or turkey, 2*s.* to 4*s.*; a couple of fowls, 2*s.* to 4*s.* *Butter*, fresh (in summer), 9*d.* to 1*s.* 3*d.* per lb. *Milk*, the pot

of two quarts, 3*d.* to 4*d.* Eggs, commonly 5*d.* a dozen. *Small beer*, 5*d.* the gallon. (The customary drink is cider, or *vin du pays*). *Candles*, according to quality, 8*d.* and 9*d.* per lb. *Bread*; the quartern loaf, in an ordinary season, 6*d.* *Groceries*, nearly as in England, tea being cheaper, but sugar somewhat dearer. *Clothes*; linen and silks cheaper, cotton manufactures dearer, than in England; woollens dearer, but more durable. *Education*; boarding-schools, girls 25*l.* a-year (including extras); boys 30*l.* (including extras). Board in a family, with private tuition, girls 35*l.* to 40*l.*; boys 50*l.* Private lessons, by the hour, in the French language, 1*s.* to 4*s.*; ditto in music, 1*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.* Board and lodging in a private family, for a single gentleman or lady, 40*l.* to 60*l.* a-year; and even for 30*l.* in the neighbourhood of Bordeaux, in the south, and towards the Pyrenees.

All these prices are the same, or nearly the same in peace and war; the only article of expense affected by an influx of English into any particular town, is *house-rent*. As to the quality of provisions, French butcher's meat and butter are not equal to English, except in Normandy; but the bread and the poultry are extremely good throughout. The usual fuel is wood, but coals may be had in several places, and will become more easily attainable as the inland navigation is improved.

Particular Districts.—On considering the relative merits of particular residences, we shall find that, to families in easy circumstances, *Versailles*, *St. Germain*, and other places in the vicinity of Paris, may be expedient; but, in point of economy, the banks of the *Loire* and *Lower Normandy* have the advantage, by a full third, of the metropolis and its neighbourhood. *Tours* on the *Loire*, and *Caen* in Normandy, are favourite places of resort with our countrymen, and very fit residences

they are for the genteel economist. The comforts of life, and the enjoyments of society, may here be procured at *one-third less* than in a provincial town in England; but those with whom *saving* is a paramount consideration, will do well to move farther westward, and seek a retired place, such as Saumur, Avranches, or some of the various other places mentioned in the course of this work, particularly some of the towns in Brittany. The farther saving is about twenty-five per cent. on the prices of Caen or Tours; but it is attended with considerable inconvenience, and in particular with the want of good schools and genteel society. Rouen is dear, being little below the level of Paris; it is, besides, much more a place for business than for education or retired life. In the south of France, prices, with the exception of wine, are nearly on a level with the northern and central parts; while, to English children, there is a very serious danger from the intensity of the summer heats. On the whole, there seems no reason that an English family, going abroad for the purpose of *economy* and *education*, should contemplate a residence to the southward of the Loire. As to *climate*, the general rule is, that all along the coast it partakes of the character of our own, being changeable and humid, but without unpleasant extremes either of heat or cold; while, in the interior, it is less variable, the winter shorter by several weeks, but the summer so far hotter as to prevent the taking of exercise in the middle of the day.

For further information on the *choice of a residence in France*, we refer to the body of this work, in which the merits of every place worthy of notice in this respect are stated, and the best and most recent information given on the subject. See also the Monthly Magazine, for March, April, May,

and June, 1817, where will be found some very sensible remarks on the merits of a residence in France. Of some of these particulars we have availed ourselves in the above sketch, and we bear willing testimony to their general accuracy.

MANNER OF TRAVELLING IN FRANCE.

THERE are three modes of travelling in France; in your own carriage or in a *chaise de poste* (hired chaise) with post horses; by making a bargain with a *voiturier*; or in the *diligence*; which last is by far the cheapest, and perhaps the most convenient for men of business or single gentlemen.

1. *Travelling Post*.—In France you cannot have a chaise or conveyance of any kind, from stage to stage, but must hire a carriage for your whole journey, and take horses from post to post. At every stage there is but one place to change horses, which is seldom connected with an inn; thither you are driven and in a few minutes your cattle are removed and others yoked, without your alighting, unless you think proper.

The *cabriolet* is a kind of post-chaise, which runs on two wheels, and is very convenient; having, besides plenty of room for two persons with their baggage, pockets for almost every kind of article. It has a fixed cover at top, and a small window at each side. It opens in front, and is so constructed as to shelter the traveller completely in bad weather. It is drawn by two or three horses (abreast), according to the pleasure of the traveller, or the number of the persons in it. This sort of carriage may safely be pronounced the best and most commodious for the tour of any part of the Continent. There are, however, different kinds of them, and the price is always regulated according to the taste of the traveller; but in all such cases the stranger must make the best bargain for himself with the proprietor. As much of the comfort of the journey depends on this vehicle being *weather proof*, the selection of a good cabriolet is an object worthy of the closest attention.

In taking *your own carriage* to France, you no longer pay the *tonnage-duty* for it at the custom-house on this side of the water; but on the other, at whatever

port you land, or by whatever barrier you enter France, you are required to pay, or rather deposit, at the custom-house there, one-third of the value of such carriage, for which you receive an acknowledgment of such payment; and certifying, that upon your leaving that kingdom within the space of two years with the same carriage, you may receive back two-thirds of that deposit, the other third remaining as a duty for ever. The receipt or certificate for the money so paid extends the time of reclamation for the money even to the third year, but then you must have given previous notice at the end of the second, that you intend to take the carriage out of France in the course of the next year. Though you enter in the North of France and go out at the South, you may equally receive the sum to be returned, upon certifying that it is the same carriage. The officers at the custom-house are not unreasonable with respect to the value you may set upon your carriage.

The post-houses are in the hands, and entirely under the control of government. A stranger, if he be circumspect, can never be deceived either by the post-master or the postillion; for every year there is published, by order of the government, a post-book, or general list of the posts in France, *Etat Général des Postes*,* which contains not only the rules respecting the administration of the post, but also an alphabetical list of all the different posts in France.

No stranger should venture on a tour through France, without having this manual in one of the pockets of his cabriolet; and he should be particular at the time he makes the purchase of it, to have the *last edition*†. Thus provided, he cannot be subject to any imposition, and whatever his bounty may give beyond the *ordon-*

* Which may be had at Galignani's Library, 18, Rue Vivienne, price 5 fr.

† This is particularly necessary, because the estimated distance between two post places is sometimes altered, i. e. added to; such as, instead of being a post and a half, it is made two posts. Between Dieppe and Rouen one of the posts has been made a post and a quarter within these few years, in consequence of a memorial from the post-masters of the two places to the government for that purpose.

nance, is a mere voluntary act, and not required by public authority.

The new regulations respecting the post charges, we extract from the last *Etat Général des Postes*.

1. *Cabriolets*, (carriages with two wheels) whether containing one or two persons, must have two horses and one postillion; paying 1 franc and a half, or 1s. 3d. for each horse per post ($5\frac{1}{2}$ miles), and fifteen sous or $7\frac{1}{2}$ d. per post for the postillion. Here it should be also observed that the postillion is never satisfied; and always expects, what indeed it is the *custom for most persons* to give, double; that is, a franc and a half: for two francs he will go as fast as you please, and do every thing you wish. Give him the *ordonnance*, 15 sous, and he will scarcely stir,—and make your journey in every way unpleasant. If three persons, there must be four horses, and if four persons, five horses; it being understood, that for every person a horse should be harnessed and paid for; but it is common in the case of a light carriage, or one not too much burthened with luggage, for the post-master to put to three horses only and receive for four: such an agreement being a saving to both parties, as the traveller saves a second postillion.

Limonières, (four wheeled carriages with poles) must have three horses, paying 1 franc and a half each horse: if it be occupied by three or more persons, it pays the same additional charge as the *cabriolets*. One postillion only is necessary.

Berlines, (coaches) carrying one, two, or three persons, must have four horses; with four persons, six horses, paying as above (1 franc and a half); and if there are five persons, there must be seven horses, and two postillions, paying 1 franc and a half for each horse. Small carriages, commonly called *German chariots*, having four wheels and containing two persons, are subject to the same regulations as *cabriolets*, but if they hold more than two, and have a shaft, they are classed with the *limonières*; and when they have a pole, with the *berlines*. Every carriage may be charged with one portmanteau, whether it be entire, or in two parts. A child of six years old is not considered (*comme voyageur*) as a traveller. Two children under that age are reckoned equivalent to a grown person.

The postmasters are in general civil and obliging, and if persons do not choose to change their money, they

will always refer the payment to the next post, or even to three or four posts in advance; and the postillions entertain the same disposition. But in case the party travel during the night, or should feel disposed to sleep, it will be the best mode to pay for several posts in advance, together with the postillions. In this way you may travel half a day without interruption. Upon the whole, the service of posting is extremely well managed; and for good order, regularity and promptness, it excels, perhaps, any other part of Europe.

2. *The Voiturier*.—A slow, but pleasant mode of travelling, in France, and indeed in use all over the continent, is by making a bargain with a *Voiturier*, or sort of hackney-man, who keeps carriages and horses, and conveys travellers from one place to another, for a certain sum of money: sometimes lodging and boarding them on the road and defraying every expense. It is usually a good roomy coach for six persons, and starts every morning about six or seven o'clock, and concludes its day's journey of about 40 or 50 miles at dusk; stopping for some time in the middle of the day, to refresh the horses; and for breakfast and dinner. But it is the usual plan, to unite the dinner and supper at seven or eight o'clock in the evening, and have the meal at the inn where you sleep. This is a good conveyance for females, invalids, and others, who do not wish to go to the expense of posting it, or travelling by night.

3. *The Diligence*.—The French diligences are neatly fitted up, and are adapted to the roads through which they have to pass, and when all parties are seated and arranged, it is by no means an unpleasant vehicle. The inside is capacious and lofty; and from the roof depends a large net-work or sacking for hats and light parcels. The diligences usually carry six persons inside; some take nine, and some twelve persons in the inside or voiture as it is termed. Attached to this vehicle is the *cabriolet*, a covered dicky in front of the diligence, holding two persons, and the *conducteur*, who has the charge of the passengers and luggage; but whose chief business according to his practice is to *sleep* closely shut up in the Cabriolet, and to take his place at the head of the table at meals. This is by far the pleasantest part of the carriage, and is completely weather proof. Fifteen pounds of luggage are allowed.

The diligence is thus well described by a lively writer : — « A French diligence merits particular notice as a trait of character, as well as a novelty. As a carriage, its external appearance indicates it to be a mixed species formed by the union of a waggon with a stage coach ; but let me confess, that however unprepossessing its look may be, its qualities realize many of those advantages which are found to result from crossing breeds. It certainly is not so strong as a waggon, nor so lightsome, or swift, as one of our Highflyers ; but to much of the security and roominess of the former, it adds a very considerable proportion of the celerity of the latter. There is, to be sure, a great want of arrangement, of suitability, completeness, and nicety, visible about itself and all its appurtenances ; but this, after the first disgust it occasions is over, excites admiration of the dexterity of the people, who contrive to get on, in every thing, with the most awkward and insufficient means in the world, very nearly as well as they do who are the most exact and scrupulous in their preparations.

« A French postillion is on and off his horse's back twenty times in the course of one stage, without ever stopping the vehicle. As ropes are likely to break, he is not surprised or dismayed if called upon to mend those by which his horses are tied, rather than harnessed ; and this he does with pack-thread, if he happen to have any in his pocket, and with his garters, if he have not. If a passenger call, he dismounts, and pops his head into the window as he runs by its side, leaving the animals that draw the coach to their own guidance,—a freedom which they are accustomed to, and therefore seldom abuse. You scarcely ever look at him but you find him repairing an accident,—knotting his whip, or mending his saddle, or joining a bridle, or knocking some part of the machinery with a stone picked up from the road. The progress of the travellers does not stop while these repairs are making ; no embarrassment is discoverable ; neither disconcertion nor anger takes place. The horses are arranged in a strange order : a few ropes loosely bind three of them abreast as leaders,—one behind runs between heavy shafts, and a fifth, which carries the postillion, is attached to the side of the latter, by the same insufficient and coarse sort of tackle. The whole set, except the one within the shafts, are thus free to curvet, and prance, and zigzag ; and they make a great show of avail-

ing themselves of this liberty. In truth, however, they are very tractable; they get along at a good pace, and readily obey the driver's whip (which he employs more than his reins), notwithstanding the impatience they pretend to shew by rampant pawings, vehement snortings, and deviating plunges. The horse in France generally displays the native and natural appearance of that animal, which is seldom seen in England. The particular breed of each province is kept distinct, and in its pure state, and it accordingly evinces that original spirit and peculiarity of disposition which constitute what is called character, and which, putting utility out of the question, is infinitely more interesting than combined qualities, and made-up perfections.» — (Scott's Paris, p. 29.)

Of the diligence, it has also been very truly observed, by another modern tourist. « Every thing here is life, and motion, and joy. The moment you enter, you are on terms of the most perfect familiarity with the whole set of your travelling companions. In an instant, every tongue is at work, and every individual bent upon making themselves happy for the moment, and contributing to the happiness of their fellow-travellers. Talking, joking, laughing, singing, reciting, every enjoyment which is light and pleasurable, is instantly adopted. Some species of round game, like our cross-purposes, involving forfeits, is frequently played in a diligence, and gives rise to much mirth.»

Often have we repeated these lines on the starting of this tremendous machine :—

We wait for no one : off we bowl :

The pond'rous mass begins to roll :

The post-boys crack their whips, and swear,
And spur the steed, and lash the air.

The fiery coursers hear the sound,

They rouse their strength—they strain—they bound :

The pavement groans, the wheels turn round ;

Away—we burn along the ground.

If we except London, there is not a town in Europe where there are more conveniences for travelling than at Paris. At every corner may be seen advertisements of stage-coaches setting off, not only for every considerable town of the French empire, but also for Germany, Swit-

erland, etc. More than 100 diligences depart from or arrive at Paris every day.

Diligences or stages, for all parts of France, will be found at the grand *Messageries Royales*, rue Notre-Dame des Victoires; but, as it sometimes occurs that all the places in these are previously engaged, we think it proper to give a list of other offices where public conveyances may be found, the travellers by some of which sleep on the road, and pursue their route only by day. To those who visit France for the purpose of seeing the country and to invalids who do not wish to incur the danger and fatigue of night travelling, the following list will be peculiarly acceptable.

Rue du Bouloy, No. 24. A new coach in the English style, called *l'Hirondelle*, for Calais in thirty hours, every morning at eight.

Rue du Bouloy, No. 22. Voitures for Caen, every day.

Rue du Bouloy, No. 9 and 11, and *Hotel St. Simon*, No. 24. *Velocifères* and *Jumelles*, or swift carriages, twice a day, for Rouen. They make the journey in eleven hours, and correspond with Dieppe, Havre, etc.

Rue de la Jussienne, No. 21. Diligences for Rouen, Dieppe, Havre, and all Normandy.

Rue du Bouloy, No. 24. *Velocifères*, for Rouen, Dieppe, twice a day; morning and evening.

Rue du Bouloy, No. 24. Voitures, every day, for Orleans, Blois, Tours, and Saumur, Fontainebleau and correspondence with Angers.

Rue du Bouloy, No. 24. *Messagerie de l'Éclair*, Voitures, every day, for Amiens, Lille, Dunkirk, Brussels, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Dort, Rotterdam, Liege, Maestricht, Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, Coblenz, Frankfurt, etc.

Rue Bourg l'Abbé, No. 12. Diligence for Amiens and Arras.

Grand Cerf, *Faub. St. Denis*, for Amiens.

Rue Contrescarpe St. André des Arts, No. 5. Convenient diligences, carrying six, every day, for Orleans, and correspondence with Blois, Tours, Saumur, etc. At the same place, a voiture, every day, for Fontainebleau, which it reaches in six hours, stopping only to change horses.

Rue du Faubourg St. Denis, No. 50. Diligence for Compiègne, Senlis, Pontoise, Nanteuil, Chateau-Thierry, Chantilly, etc.

Rue des Fossés St. Germain l'Auxerrois, No. 26. Chartres, Vendome, Tours.

Rue Git le Cœur, No. 6, *hotel de Toulouse*. Lyons, Geneva, Avignon, Marseilles, Nice, Montpellier, Nismes, Toulouse, Bordeaux, Bayonne, and all Southern France. Lausanne and Switzerland. Turin, Milan, Rome, Naples, and every part of Italy. In the above street, at the *hotel Montauban*, No. 11, carriages may be engaged *at pleasure*, for all the above places, and also for Prussia, Hanover, Poland, and Austria.

Rue Saint Martin, No. 256. Strasbourg, Mayence, and Germany.

Rue Saint Martin, No. 247. Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Brussels, Antwerp, and Holland.

Rue Saint Victor, No. 50. Fontainebleau and Corbeil.

Rue Croix des Petits Champs, No. 12. Coaches for Fontainebleau, daily.

Rue Saint Denis, No. 237, and *rue d'Enfer*, No. 12. Diligence for Beauvais, daily.

Rue Dauphine No. 26, and *Quay Saint Bernard*, at the Cheval Rouge. Voitures for Lyons, by Fontainebleau, Nemours and Moulins (sleeping every night). At this place, also, will be found carriages for hire to any place.

The above is a list of the principal *voituriers*.

Besides these diligences, there are small one-horse carts, called *Pataches*, for Strasbourg, Metz, Nancy, and Lyons; the price is 10 sous (5d) per league, and the office is in the rue Saint Martin, near the gate of that name; and for Lyons, in the faubourg St. Antoine.

Messagerie à Cheval.—In the western and southern parts of France, persons who choose to travel on horse-back, consign their luggage to the *Messenger-en-chef*, who conveys it from place to place in a *Fourgon*, or covered cart, setting out himself very early every morning; but previously informing his passengers where they are to dine, and likewise where they are to sleep. He provides them with good horses; and does not regulate their hour of departure, further than to require that they shall reach the dining-place by twelve at noon. On arriving, they always find a good dinner prepared for them, with half a bottle of table-wine allotted to each passenger. After dinner, they set out again; and on

reaching the inn where they are to sleep, find a good supper ready to be served; and, generally speaking, every passenger gets a good bed. The *Messenger* never takes his little troop above twenty or thirty miles a day: and this mode of travelling, though slow, is as agreeable as economical, supposing fine weather and good company.

Water-Carriage.—At the Port St. Paul, No 8, a boat goes every Sunday to *Nogent*, and is two days performing the journey; to *Briare*, every Tuesday, three days; to *Montereau*, every Tuesday, one day; to *Melun*, every Friday, one day; to *Sens*, every Monday, two days; to *Auxerre*, every Wednesday and Saturday, four days. The office for the two last boats is No. 1, rue de Bretonvilliers. The whole start at seven in the morning in summer, and eight in winter.

Money.—The shortest way of providing yourself with money, is to take English guineas or foreign coin purchased at London: guineas may be exchanged at Paris, at any of the Boutiques de Change, in the Palais Royal: *M. Bonnet*, No. 47, Galerie de Pierre, will give the full value, and may be depended on. There are three other ways in which travellers may provide themselves with money. (1.) They may deposit a sum of money in the hands of their banker in London, and draw for it as they have occasion; always regarding the course of exchange, which they can tell from the daily papers. These bills at sight on London are much sought after by bankers and merchants, and will be readily discounted by Messrs. Mallet and company, rue de la Chaussée-d'Antin, No. 13, or by Messrs. Lafitte, No. 11, same street; they charge one per cent. commission; brokerage, one eighth per cent.; and double postage to and from London. (2) *A Letter of Credit*, though subject to some charges, is an excellent mode of providing for a traveller's expenses. (3.) *Bills of Exchange* is perhaps the best method, on the plan of Messrs. Herries, Farquhar, and Co. St. James's Street.

Current Coin in France.—The traveller will find it useful to pay some attention to the following state of the current coin in France; recollecting that whenever the course of exchange is at par between the two countries, the French louis, of 24 francs, is to be considered as of equal value to the English pound sterling.

The current coins of France are, 1. (*gold*) double louis, 47 francs 4 sous; the louis 23 francs 11 sous; the double and single napoleon, or new louis, pieces of 40 and 20 francs, most in use. 2. (*silver*) the six, five, three, two, and one franc piece. 3. (*copper*) the large or double sou, the sou, and the half and quarter sou, or pieces of two and one liard. There are also ancient pieces, made of mixed or bell-metal, denominated pieces of six liards, value one sou and a half.

The *franc* is equal to ten-pence English. It is assumed as the basis or unit of all their computations, and all values are reckoned upwards by tens, hundreds, and thousands of francs; and downwards, by tenth parts, and hundredth parts of francs. The tenth part of a franc is a *decime*, and the hundredth part of a franc, a *centime*.

The coins in circulation, according to this system, are, viz. in *silver*, pieces of five francs; pieces of two francs; pieces of one franc; pieces of thirty sous, being half of the *ecu*; pieces of fifteen sous, a quarter of the *ecu*; and half francs and quarter francs, or five sous pieces; in *copper*, pieces of five centimes, (five hundredths) equal to the old sou; and of ten centimes (ten hundredths) or one decime, equal to the double sou.

<i>French Coins.</i>	<i>Engl. Val.</i>
The double louis (47 fr. 4 sous) is equal to	£ 2 0 0 st.
The double napoleon (40 fr.)	1 13 4
The louis, containing 23 fr. 11 sous	1 0 0
The single napoleon (20 fr.)	0 16 8
The five franc 16 sous piece	0 5 0
The five franc piece	0 4 2
The fifty-five sous piece, or petit <i>ecu</i>	0 2 6
The two franc piece	0 1 8
The thirty sous piece	0 1 3
The fifteen sous piece	0 0 7½
The double sou	0 0 1
The six liard piece	0 0 0½
The sou	0 0 0¼
The two liard piece	0 0 0¼
The liard	0 0 0⅛

Foreign coin may always be exchanged at Paris for that of Franc, at an exchange regulated by Government, at the *Boutiques de Change*, established in the Palais Royal and its environs.

French Weights and Measures.—Before the Revolution, the weights and measures of France differed in almost every province; at present they are uniform throughout the kingdom, and calculated decimally, the primitives or unities being the *gramme*, the *metre*, the *are*, and the *litre*, which have three divisors, the *deci*, the *centi*, and the *milli*, or the 10th, 100th, 1000th; and four multipliers, the *deca*, *hecto*, the *kilo*, and the *myria*, or 10, 100, 1000, 10,000 times.

The *gramme* weighs one cubic centimetre of distilled water.

De- scend- ing Series	{	Decigramme... $\frac{1}{10}$		As- cend- ing Series	{	Decigramme, 10
		of the gramme.				grammes.
		Centigramme... $\frac{1}{100}$				Hectogramme. 100
		Milligramme $\frac{1}{1000}$				Kilogramme 1000
						Myriagramme. 10000

The kilogramme supersedes the ancient *livre* (pound) and is the common weight for gross merchandise; it is equal to 2 lbs. 5 gros. 49 grains, ancient Paris weight, and to 2 lbs. 3 oz. 4 drs. 81 English avoirdupois.

Long and Road Measure.—The *metre* is the 10,000,000 part of the quarter of the meridian, or the distance of the pole to the equator.

De- scend- ing Series	{	Decimetre..... $\frac{1}{10}$		As- cend- ing Series	{	Decametre..... 10
		of the metre.				metres.
		Centimetre., $\frac{1}{100}$				Hectometre..... 100
		Millimetre.. $\frac{1}{1000}$				Kilometre..... 1000
						Myriametre.. 10000

The metre is the common measure of cloths, and supersedes the ancient *aune* (ell). It is equal to

Ft. In. Lin.

3 0 11 $\frac{23}{60}$ Paris feet ancient.

3 3 4 $\frac{84}{100}$ English measure.

The myriametre, the usual road measure, which supersedes the ancient league, is a few inches more than 10943 English yards.

Superficial Measure.—The *are* is 100 square metres, or one square decametre.

Ascend- ing Series	{	Deciare $\frac{1}{10}$ of the		Ascend- ing Series	{	Hectar, 100 ares.
		are, or 10 square metres.				Myriare, 10,000.
		Centiare, $\frac{1}{100}$ of the are, or one square metre.				

Solid Measure.—The *stere*, 1 cubic metre, or $\frac{1}{4}$ cord.
The *decistere* $\frac{1}{10}$ of the *stere*.

Liquid Measure.—The *litre* is one cubic decimetre.

Descend- ing Series	{	Decilitre, $\frac{1}{10}$ of the litre. Centilitre, $\frac{1}{100}$		Ascend- ing Series	{	Decalitre..... 10 litres.
						Hectolitre... 100 Kilolitre... 1000 or 1 cubic metre.

The litre is $\equiv 1\frac{1}{2}$ ancient Paris pints, or 2,114 pints English, one hectolitre being 52,85 gallons.

The government finding it impossible to force the use of the new weights and measures on the people, have been obliged to modify them to a certain degree, and to permit the use of the ancient denomination in the common business of retail. Thus the new aune is 120 centimetres, or nearly an inch longer than the old. The livre is half the kilogramme. The cord of wood is four stere; and the new pint is the litre.

The correspondence of the French ancient measures with the English are,

10 feet English $\equiv$ 9,383 French.

For common purposes, it is sufficient to say that 15 French feet are equal to 16 English, the exact proportion being

15 French $\equiv$ 15,986 English.

The Paris pound is 7561 grains troy, 100 Paris pounds being $108\frac{2}{7}$ English.

HINTS TO CONTINENTAL TRAVELLERS.

1. Every traveller should endeavour to lay down an *exact plan*, from which he should never deviate, without the most urgent motives. He should also *make notes* upon the relays, the inns, and the most remarkable places where he may intend to stop. This caution of laying out some plan cannot be sufficiently recommended; there are too many of our countrymen even in the present day, who exemplify the remark of Voltaire:

Parfait Anglais, voyageant sans dessein,
Achetant cher de modernes antiques,
Regardant tout avec un air hautain,
Et méprisant les saints, et leurs reliques.

2. Previously to your departure, determine the place to which letters may be addressed to you, or where you may receive answers, carefully arranging both the time and the manner. Those directed *poste restante*, or to be left at the post office, are certainly the least secure of any : it is preferable to direct your letters or packets to some *banker*, or some respectable *merchant* or *bookseller*, at any of the places predetermined.

3. Excellent servants, Swiss, Germans, or Italians, may always be procured by speaking to masters of respectable hotels at Paris, or any of the great cities on the Continent. You cannot be too scrupulous in your choice of a servant as one of this description, faithful, sober, discreet, active, neither too young nor too old, is a real treasure. There are many advantages in choosing a servant from the place of his birth. One who can *do the honours of the kitchen*, will be very useful.

4. If you travel by *diligence*, always secure a place in the *cabriolet*, by far the best and most convenient part of the vehicle.

5. Persons who wish to preserve health during a *long journey*, should avoid sitting many hours together in a carriage, by *alighting at every post*, and *walking on while their horses are changed*, and likewise by walking up steep hills.

6. Never give in a *wrong name* at the gates of any place, or in the place itself ; as it may be productive of great inconvenience.

7. The *French language* is become so general that a stranger who wishes to visit any country, with the language of which he is unacquainted, ought at least to understand French, of which he may say, as of money, *cette langue passe par tout*.

8. Whoever goes abroad merely for observation, should *avoid his own countrymen*. If you travel in a party, (observes Mr. Forsyth) your curiosity must adopt their paces : you must sometimes pass through towns which are rich in art or antiquity, and stop where the only attraction is *good cheer*. While you linger with fond delay among the select beauties of a gallery, your friends are advanced into other rooms, and the keeper complains when you separate : you thus lose the freedom of inspection, your ears ring with impatience, and often with absurdity.

9. Procure the most exact information as to *prohibited or contraband goods*. If by chance you should have them with you, the wisest way is to get rid of them, or to make an *open declaration* of the circumstance before the proper authorities. Never suffer your domestics to have any concern with these articles, as in this case it is the master alone who is always responsible.

10. Never take into the French territory either packets or simple letters *sealed*; as you are subject to be thrown into prison, and to pay a fine of 500 livres for each letter.

11. A traveller should never *interfere with the received opinions* of the country where he is a stranger, though ever so closely connected with error or prejudice, much less discuss, or set himself up as a judge of them. As much as possible he should likewise *avoid* all conversation upon *politics*. To hear and forbear ought to be the order of the day with every traveller. This however does not absolutely prohibit any kind of observation *en passant*. Every thing remarkable occurring in the course of the day, if prudent, he will not fail to *note* every evening, in order that nothing may escape him which is truly worthy of attention.

12. Never fail to purchase the *map or plan* of the interior of the large towns and cities which you may visit. This is the best guide which you can have, as it contains at least, the panoramic view of the streets and public places. With this map in your hand, ascend the highest tower in the place, and request the guide to point out to you the principal objects.

13. It very frequently happens that persons may be found in *coffee-houses* capable of giving you very useful information relative to celebrated *artists* co-residents with them; the work-shops or *manufactories*; the *Pensions* or *Instituts*; and it is never advisable to attempt to view any of these without some kind of introduction.

14. Travel as much as possible with persons of whom you have some knowledge, and avoid *strange faces*; but as this cannot always be put in execution, take care how you place any reliance upon persons whom you may casually meet with. Never *ask them any questions as to the object of their journey*, nor where they intend to put up, etc. and be sure if they put such questions to you, to avoid giving any positive answer. Even persons

whom you may have seen before are not to be too hastily recognized or trusted. It is equally imprudent to take up foot passengers on the road from a false principle of compassion ; this has been the cause of many murders and assassinations.

15. *Letters of recommendation* not only to substantial bankers, but to other respectable persons, are by no means to be despised. It is not likely that a stranger should have too many friends among foreigners, and cases may occur possibly, in which their assistance to extricate you from embarrassments, or to afford protection, may be highly valuable.

16. An excellent method of *preserving papers and writings* is to have an envelope of paper nearly the strength of cartridge paper, and then deposit them at the bottom of a trunk or coffer, after having taken a note of their contents ; this is also the place for *rouleaux* of money, books, or any other objects, the weight of which might bruise or spoil other things of a different texture. The large port-folios that are shut with a lock, are still the best for papers. For those of importance, Count Berchthold recommended a *kind of belt, covered with red leather*, with four pockets to it, at about the distance of an inch from each other, in order that the whole may be pliable. This belt may be worn under the waistcoat and buckled round the waist. Each of the pockets is fastened by a flat metal button.

17. *Trunks and coffers* short and deep are preferable to those that are long and shallow ; these at all times should be very strong, and even the outsides of them should be strengthened with iron, and with flat pieces of wood, to resist the pressure in the packing of the diligences and carriages. Nothing can be worse than a simple *leather trunk*.

18. A traveller should invariably *make up his packages* the night previous to his departure, and never wait till the last moment.

19. What are called *Vaches* and *demi Vaches* are of excellent use upon the continent; they are chiefly intended for clothes, a lady's toilette, etc. and possess the convenience of suffering the clothes to be extended at their full length.

20. When a person has his own carriage, he will do well to have what are called *Magazins et poches* to put

things in, which may be liable to be wanted in the night, without being obliged to open the trunks, etc. Persons who have no carriage of their own, should at least have a portmanteau, or for greater convenience, a *sac de nuit*.

21. Another indispensable article to travellers, is a *strong box* for their money, jewels, bills of exchange, etc. These sometimes contain pens, ink, paper, and visiting cards, in the latter of which, written or printed, the traveller should never be deficient. In great cities, the name of the inn, or the number of the house where the traveller is, must be mentioned. These cards often prevent a great deal of trouble, when travellers are examined at the gates. The *cassettes* or strong boxes, for security, should be attached to the sides or the bottom of the carriage, or in one's chamber at the inn. Most of these *cassettes* are provided with an *escritoire*, basons, bottles, razors, soap-dishes, etc.

22. The *rouleau de voyage* is a modern luxury, and renders the movement of a carriage infinitely more easy. It is made of sheep-skin, five or six inches thick, covered with hair, and filled with goose-down, and is used as a pillow to sleep on, and with the assistance of straps, as a garment for wear.

23. A traveller who uses his own carriage, ought to confine himself to one trunk, *vache*, or *cassette*; considering how many objects may be stowed in the pockets of the coach, the traveller would find more than these extremely embarrassing.

24. Servants should always have a quantity of linen, needles, and thread, and things necessary to light a fire.

25. A person travelling post without delay, and who eats, drinks, and sleeps in his carriage, will, whatever he may lose in his prospects, gain it again in his pocket. As for what is given to the guards, keepers of public edifices, gardens, museums, etc. for a sight of these places, people will save considerably by not going alone, but with the company they may find at their inns.

26. Ever so short a stay in great towns and cities is always dear; but may be considerably reduced by making proper arrangements. One part of these is to take a *ready furnished lodging*, where you may practise economy without apprehension or embarrassment.

27. *The Traveller at his Inn.*—It is an uncontroverted rule, that inns most frequented are those whose charges are most reasonable. We may add, *that the traveller, whose deportment is civil and obliging, will always be better served than the rude and overbearing.* To know the best inns, is to listen to the voice of common fame, but by no means to depend upon the eulogies of the postillions.

28. A traveller who has no servant, will do well to *take a note of the name of the inn, and that of the street, at which he puts up, as there are sometimes two houses of this description of the same name.*

29. It is of the greatest importance for a traveller to *have a bed to himself, and a bed-chamber, if he can ; as it is a common practice all over the continent to put three or four beds in a room, he cannot be too much upon his guard against becoming the dupe of a bed-fellow.*

30. When you intend to be absent, you should *take care to leave your trunks, etc. well secured, to prevent their being searched, for various purposes ; and when you go out, to leave the key of your chamber in the care of the landlord, or one of the principal waiters, as this step renders them responsible for your property.*

31. In large places, a *valet de place* is sometimes indispensable. If no price be fixed for his services, you must agree with him for his wages. If you employ him to make any purchases for you, you must take care that there is no collusion between him and the dealer, to wrong you.

32. Innkeepers are in the habit of asking their guests what they would choose to have for dinner, etc. ; but your best way is to *enquire what they have in the house ; otherwise, if you order any thing particular, they will make you pay for that and the ordinary provision into the bargain.*

33. If you are in a *bad inn*, never eat any *ragouts*, as these may be made up of scraps and leavings, or other unwholesome matters : rather ask for roast meat, hot or cold ; for eggs, milk, etc. In such places put up also with *ordinary wine* ; for if you ask for other kinds, it is generally drawn from the same cask, and you only lose your money for your pains.

34. Every traveller who is alone, may live at a much cheaper rate and much more agreeably in a *table d'hôte*, or by dining at a *restaurateur's*, than if he is served in his own chamber.

35. At most inns it is best to *pay your bills every day*, or at furthest every three days. This is a method not very pleasing to many innkeepers; but it is the best way to *prevent being fleeced*, because your host is always under some apprehension, that if not well treated, you will change your house. It is not necessary to ask what is the sum total of the charge: but to keep and give in a specific account of all you have had. In most inns it is necessary, *the moment you step into them, to enquire into the price of the bed, the table d'hôte, etc.* unless you would pay three or four times more than the value.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
INTRODUCTION.—France—Divisions—Climate—Natural Productions—Agriculture—Trade and Manufactures—Revenue—Laws—Manners.—Plan of a Tour.—Expense of Living in France.—Manner of Travelling.—French Coins, Weights, and Measures, etc., Hints to Travellers, etc.	i
CHAPTER I.—Route from Paris to Lyons, by the Bourbonnais—by Burgundy.—Account of Sens, Auxerre, Autun, Châlons-sur-Saone—Macon—Lyons.—Route by Troyes and Dijon.—Account of Dijon—Excursion to Besançon.—From Dijon to Lyons.....	I
CHAPTER II.—Description of Lyons and its Environs.—Excursions to Chambery and Grenoble.—Description of Grenoble. — Voyage down the Rhône, from Lyons to Avignon. — Description of Vienne, Orange, Avignon, etc. — Excursions to Vaucluse, Carpentras, Cavaillon, etc.	89
CHAPTER III.—Route from Avignon to Nice.—Descriptions of Aix, Marseilles, and Toulon.—Excursion to Hyères.—Description of Nice.—Return to Brignolles.—Excursion to Digne.—Return to Aix.....	220
CHAPTER IV.—From Aix to Montpellier—Tarascon.—Excursion to Arles.—Description of Nismes and Montpellier.—From Montpellier to Toulouse—Béziers—Narbonne—Carcassonne—Description of Toulouse.—Visit to Bagnères and Barréges, in the Pyrenees.—Route from Toulouse to Bagnères de Bigorre—Auch—Tarbes—Bagnères—Barréges.—Ascent of the Pic-du-Midi.—Fall of Gavarnie.—Return to Barréges.—Route to Bordeaux, by Pau and Bayonne.....	346
CHAPTER V.—Route from Toulouse to Bordeaux—Montauban—Agen.—Description of Bordeaux—Shepherds of the Landes.—From Bordeaux to Tours, by Angoulême and Poitiers.—To Nantes, by Rochefort and Rochelle,	435

CHAPTER VI. —Tour of the Loire.—Description of Nantes—Angers—Saumur—Tours—Blois—Orleans.—Route from Orleans to Paris.—From Angers to Paris, by La Flèche, Le Mans, and Chartres	472
CHAPTER VII. —A Tour through Lower Normandy and Brittany.—From Paris, through Evreux and Caen, to Cherbourg.—Road from Cherbourg to Avranches.—The Mont-Saint-Michel.—Road from Avranches to Brest—From Brest to Rennes, the capital of Brittany, through Quimper, Lorient, and Vannes.—Return from Rennes to Paris.....	502
CHAPTER VIII. —A Tour through Champagne, Lorraine, and Alsace.—From Paris, through Soissons and Reims, to Châlons-sur-Marne.—From Châlons to Nancy, the capital of Lorraine.—From Nancy to Strasbourg, the capital of Alsace.—From Strasbourg along the Rhine to Huningen.—From Huningen, through Vesoul, Langres, and Chaumont, to Châlons-sur-Marne.—Return from Châlons to Paris.....	576
CHAPTER IX. —Description of a Tour through Auvergne.—Route from Moulins to Clermont.—Environs of Clermont.—The Puy-de-Dôme.—Excursion to the Monts-d'Or.—Route from Clermont to Saint-Flour.—Excursion to the Monts-du-Cantal	620
APPENDIX. —The various routes from Paris to Havre-de-Grace, Dieppe, and Calais.	654

GUIDE

THROUGH

FRANCE.

CHAPTER I.

Route from Paris to Lyons, by the Bourbonnais — by Burgundy. — Account of Sens — Auxerre — Autun — Châlons - sur - Saône — Macon — Lyons. — Route by Troyes and Dijon. — Account of Dijon. — Excursion to Besançon. — From Dijon to Lyons.

THE various routes to Paris, as well as that great capital itself, having become so familiar to the English reader, either by repeated visits, or by the numerous excellent descriptions which have been published, since the peace, — we shall not unnecessarily increase the cost of this work by any additional matter on the subject, but commence at once our journey into the provinces of France, — referring the reader to the last greatly improved edition of *Galighani's Guide of Paris and its Environs*, as the completest Guide extant, not only con-

taining the best account of the metropolis of France,—but of the various interesting towns which the traveller must pass through, in his journey thither, by all the different routes now so frequented by our countrymen.

The following route to the South of France, is greatly preferable in *summer*, to that by Burgundy, in No. 2; the road being, after we leave Fontainebleau, as good as any mail road in England, we can travel much more swiftly and pleasantly than on the other, which is nearly the whole of it a *pavé*, or pavement; but in *winter* this last is always to be preferred. Those who pass through the *Bourbonnais*, at the time of the vintage, the latter end of September, or beginning of October, will “travel through the sweetest part of France; when nature is pouring her abundance into every one’s lap, and every eye is lifted up; a journey, through each step of which *music* beats time to *labour*, and all her children are rejoicing as they carry in their clusters.”

No. I. From PARIS to LYONS, by the *Bourbonnais*, $59\frac{1}{2}$ posts— $327\frac{1}{4}$ English miles.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
PARIS to Villejuif.....	1	La Croisière.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Fromenteau.....	$1\frac{1}{4}$	Fontenay.....	1
Essone.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Font. to Puits-Lalande.	1
Ponthierry.....	$1\frac{1}{4}$	MONTARGIS (2).....	1
Chailly.....	1	La Commodité.....	$1\frac{1}{4}$
FONTAINEBLEAU (1)....	$1\frac{1}{4}$	Nogent-sur-Vernisson.	1
Nemours.....	2	La Bussière.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$

INNS.—(1) La Galère, l’hôtel de France, du Dauphin.
(2) La Ville de Lyon.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
Briare.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	St. Gerand-le-Puy....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Neuvy-sur-Loire.....	2	La Palisse.....	1 $\frac{1}{4}$
Cosne.....	1 $\frac{3}{4}$	La Palisse to Droiturier	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Pouilly.....	1 $\frac{3}{4}$	St. Martin d'Estreaux..	1
Pouilly to La Charité..	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Pacaudière.....	1
Pougues.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	St. Germain l'Espinasse.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
NEVERS (1).....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Roanne (2).....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Magny.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	St. Symphorien-de-Lay	2
St. Pierre-le-Montier..	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Pair-Bouchain.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
St Imbert.....	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	Tarare.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Villeneuve-sur-Allier..	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Arnas.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
MOULINS.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Salvagny.....	2
Bessay.....	2	LYONS (3).....	1 $\frac{5}{4}$
Varennnes.....	2		

We quit Paris by the faubourg *St. Marceau*, one of the most gloomy and disagreeable of its suburbs, and by the barrier of Italy; one of the best of all those strange whimsical buildings round the city. It was by this barrier, then called *Des Gobelins*, that J. J. Rousseau first entered Paris; and the aspect of this dismal and dirty faubourg made such a strong impression upon him, to the disadvantage of the French capital, that all the real magnificence he afterwards beheld could never efface it.

The stranger who travels on this direct road to a royal palace, only forty miles from the capital, is surprised not to see it bordered by country seats: though, indeed, all the approaches to Paris offer, more or less, the same

INNS.—(1) L'hôtel Royal, Golden Lion. From the last, diligences set out for Lyons and Clermont. (2) Hôtel de Flandre. (3) Hôtel du Parc, in the Place des Terreaux; Palais Royal, in the rue du Plat; Hôtel du Commerce, etc., etc.

subject for astonishment. This road is planted for a league with two rows of clipped elms, which increase more than they diminish the monotony of the country : unfertile at first, it appears less so as we advance ; but even then we find that extensive crops, though they constitute the riches, do not much contribute to the picturesque beauties of a country. On our left, we leave the road which leads to *Choisy*, as well as to a number of charming country seats, agreeably situated on the banks of the Seine. *Choisy* is a pretty village, formerly celebrated for an ancient royal castle, in which Louis XV took great delight, but of which, at present, not even the ruins are to be seen. The plough goes over the ground it once occupied, on the left bank of the Seine. The buildings which served to lodge the servants, and for stables, have alone been preserved ; and are now converted into manufactories of earthenware and soap.

The parish church, contiguous to which was the house occupied by the famous Madame Dubarry, is only remarkable for its noble simplicity. The steeple exhibits a peculiarity, perhaps the only one in France, which consists in its being lower than the church. The cause of this singular construction is still more singular ; it arose from a caprice of Louis XV, who did not like the sound of bells. Farther to the right is the road to Orleans, between which, and the road we are now pursuing, runs the little river of Bièvre. We next pass, on the right, the *Bicêtre*, which being situated

at the extremity of a long avenue, has a fine effect.

Villejuif consists only of a single street, and is chiefly remarkable for the obelisk erected here, not to indicate the meridional line of Paris, as is commonly said, but to mark the northern extremity of the base of a triangle, the object of which was the measurement of an arch of the meridian, the opposite extremity of which base is marked by a similar obelisk at Fromenteau. Between the first obelisk and the chateau, the whole of Paris may be seen, presenting a singular view of black looking stone buildings, and irregular steeples; the elevation is so great, as to enable us to discover every object with facility: some persons, indeed, pretend that the road is on a level with the summit of the towers of Notre-Dame. The plain of Villejuif is entirely composed of corn-fields, but the environs of the village present some pretty vineyards and orchards; about a quarter of a league towards the West, are quarries of plaster, remarkable for the fossils frequently found in them. « The day I visited them, » says a late traveller, « a workman had just extracted, at the depth of 120 feet, the jaw-bone of an unknown animal, which he thought was of a wild boar, but which belongs to one of those lost species, the ancient existence of which is attested by the great number of fossils of this nature, found in different parts of the globe. This jaw-bone, in very good preservation, adhered to a small block of plaster, which the workman sold me

for sixpence. A fragment, of so little value to him, became a treasure to the celebrated Cuvier, as it afforded him a piece, or a variety, that was wanting for the recomposition of the skeleton of that animal, which he designates by the name of *Paleotherium*. Here also are found the jaw-bones of divers fish, several of which belong likewise to species that no longer exist.

What catastrophe could have thus united and heaped up together these ancient wrecks of animal life? What new revolution, or what long series of ages, could have again covered these wrecks with a bed of earth or rock above 100 feet thick? An inexhaustible source of conjectures and systems, a vast field of scientific researches, where man obtains no other certitude but that of his ignorance!" Between this village and Essone, we cross a plain which has received the name of *Longboyau*, because the trees which have been planted along the road run in a direct line for more than eight miles, and form an alley which, of course, extends farther than the eye can reach. The soil is sandy and bad. To the right of this road are the ruins of La Saussaye, an old abbey of Benedictines. At the extremity of the long avenue just noticed is the village of *Fromenteau*, where is a companion pillar to that of Villejuif. The neighbouring country is extremely rich, and covered with parks, fine residences, and villages which indicate competence, animated by an abundant and variegated cultivation, bordered by the Seine,

which winds to the left, and intersected by rivulets which dispense general fertility; the whole forming a most interesting prospect. Leaving Fromenteau, we pass the *Orge*, over a fine bridge, of extraordinary height, and curious by its arches being built one above another. This fine work was executed in order to form the highway, which formerly passed through the village of Juvisy, but was dangerous and difficult on account of the steepness of the descent. The road, according to the new plan, was still to pass through Juvisy, but the *Seigneur* of the village refused to cede out of his park the ground that was necessary. Respect for private property got the better of considerations of public utility, and the high road was traced at a small distance from Juvisy, to the great prejudice of its inhabitants. The work was begun in 1722; the mountain was undermined and opened; and in order to unite the two hills, between which the little river *Orge* runs, this bold and singular construction was erected; consisting of two bridges, placed one above the other. The first, composed of seven arches, only serves to keep up the earth of the two hills; but it supports a second bridge, which has only one arch, over which passes the high road. This work, worthy of the Romans, was finished in 1728.

While the workmen were breaking up the rock, they discovered a spring which proved very troublesome; but it was soon determined to take advantage of it for the embellishment

of the bridge. Two fine fountains were constructed, which gave the place the name of *Fontaines de Juvisy*. These fountains are surmounted by groupes; one, by Coustou the younger, representing Time, holding a medalion of Louis XV; the other composed of children supporting a globe, on which were the arms of France. Each fountain has a large basin, and is adorned with a tablet, on which was the following inscription:

Ludovicus XV.
 Rex christianissimus,
 Viam hanc difficilem
 Arduam ac pene inviam
 Scissis dissectisque rupibus
 Explanato colle
 Ponte et aggeribus constructis
 Planam, rotabilem et amœnam
 Fieri curavit.
 Anno M.DCC.XXVIII.

These fountains are now, unfortunately, dry; and were much damaged, during the revolution, by the band of ruffians called the *Marseillois*, who passed this way on their road to Paris. The most agreeable views are now seen on both sides the road; on the right is *Viry*, celebrated for its excellent cheeses. Instead of monotonous plains, the prospect is changed to a pretty valley, through which, in the midst of meadows, winds the little river Orge, and bordered to the West by rising grounds covered with verdure. This eminence, which extends to the right for more than a league, exhibits one of the freshest and most

pleasing rural views in all France. There are many delightful country seats near *Viry*.

Before we reach *Essone*, we see on the left the ancient town of Corbeil, once famous for its ancient monuments, and one of the granaries of Paris. Two vast water-mills and several others less considerable, are constantly at work for the supply of the capital; there is also a great market-place and a superb magazine erected during the ministry of the famous abbé Terrai.

Essone, consisting of a fine long street, is situated on the *Juine* or *Essone*, and has manufactories of cotton, copper, and printed calicoes, where Berthollet and Chaptal's method of bleaching is pursued. The royal gunpowder manufactory is remarkable on account of its singular situation. The place in which the different substances are prepared for making the powder, is entirely blackened by the dust of the charcoal, and seems to the visitor to resemble the poetical descriptions of the infernal regions; he crosses a stream over a plank, and this may be called the passage of the Styx into the Elysian fields; for on the other side is a charming meadow, shaded by fine trees, and intersected by several branches of a small river, which serves to turn the machinery. Near this spot is the little hamlet of Moulin-Gallant, celebrated for the paper-mills, at which the famous velum sheets are manufactured for the superb typographical curiosities of the brothers DIDOT. Farther on, to the left, is seen the chateau of

Sainte-Assise, formerly inhabited by the Duke of Orleans, and the park on the banks of the Seine.

About half a mile from *Chailly*, the post station, we begin to enter the noble forest of *Fontainebleau*, which contains more than thirty-four thousand acres, and is remarkable for the singularity of its prospects. On one side are seen black and shapeless rocks, surrounded with morasses, and on the other, strata of free-stone, disposed with the utmost irregularity. One part exhibits nothing but barren sands, while another contains lands covered with the finest wood, such as oaks, beech, and firs, whose lofty summits expand in the air, or the trunks of which lie on the ground, while the whole affords the most picturesque views. Often, on leaving a fertile valley, the traveller finds himself in an uninhabited desert; but, on the other hand, many parts of the forest contain walks lined with trees, that extend farther than the eye can reach. The rocks of Fontainebleau furnish an excellent hard stone, with which, when cut into squares, many of the towns in France are paved, in a convenient and solid manner.

The streets of *Fontainebleau* are broad and regular, and the houses are well built, both of brick and stone. But this place owes its chief celebrity to its ancient chateau, the residence of several kings of France, which offers to the eye a magnificent but confused pile of buildings, each bearing the character

of its peculiar architecture. The chateau has two entrances, of which the principal is that of the *white horse*, a vast square court. The two wings of the building are of modern construction. Of the various galleries which once decorated the interior, that of Francis I alone is preserved; here is the bust of that celebrated warrior king, and the fresco paintings of Primaticcio and Rosso, still fresh in beauty, after the lapse of three centuries. This gallery itself is curious, as a monument of the history of the arts, and as a general model of a sort of building now absolutely lost. It is a singular mixture of paintings and ornaments of stucco, composed of flowers, fruits, children, men, and animals, executed by that celebrated sculptor Paul Ponci, whose genius and invention were admirable; for there is no one part which resembles another. These *cartoons* are miniatures of exquisite taste. The large paintings which decorate the gallery are fourteen in number, and eight feet high by eighteen long; the subjects, which mostly relate to mythology, are not connected.

It was in the gallery of the *stags*, that the unfortunate Monaldeschi was assassinated by the orders of Christina of Sweden. The grand *chapel* is ornamented with a number of paintings, and a profusion of gilding; it is paved with marble of various colours: that of St. Saturnin is to be converted into a library. There are some fine pieces of water in the grounds belonging to this chateau.

Fontainebleau was a royal residence as early

as the twelfth century, and Louis VII is supposed to have been its founder. Philip Augustus liked this residence, and St. Louis, who was in danger of dying here, of a serious illness, was much pleased with the place, and called it *his deserts*. At this chateau, Philip the fair was born and died. Francis I was, however, most attached to this place, and under the reign of this prince it acquired all its importance; having sent to Italy for the most distinguished artists, to superintend its embellishment. Fontainebleau was a favourite residence of Bonaparte, who expended immense sums of money in the improvement of the building, and in the most splendid furniture. Here pope Pius VII was forced to reside for two years; and here, Bonaparte, with a guard of 30,000 men, on the 11th of April 1814, signed the act of abdication of his title of « Emperor of the French and King of Italy. » At Fontainebleau also, to the surprise of the whole world, this extraordinary man again made his appearance at four o'clock in the morning of the 20th of March 1815; arriving at Paris, in the evening of the same day, and reascending the throne of France, after *a rapid journey of twenty days* only, from the Isle of Elba.

This town has two fine barracks, some public baths, and a manufacture of porcelain and queen's ware; its grapes, so much sought after at Paris, are known by the name of *Chasselas de Fontainebleau*. The inns the best of which is the *hôtel de la Ville de Lyon*,

kept by M. Mirville, may be compared to those of Richmond and Windsor for the extravagance of their charges. Population, 9000.

The road from Paris to Lyons by Fontainebleau, is connected here, on one side by Melun, and on the other, by Monet; with that from Paris to Lyons by *Auxerre*; this last junction, together with the road to Orleans, and that we are about to pursue, forms the star which we observe on leaving Fontainebleau by the south avenue. The obelisk, in the centre of this star, was erected on the birth of the Dauphin, son of Louis XVI.

Leaving Fontainebleau, we again enter its magnificent forest, which, for about five miles, presents to the eye a continual succession of the steepest eminences, which have the same effect as a distant view of the Alps or Pyrenees. This is much heightened by the greyish tint of the rocks. Beyond the cross near the village of *Bourron*, we quit the forest to descend into the plains of Nemours, and about two miles farther the *pavé* of Paris is exchanged for a deep sandy road, which is insufferably dusty in summer, hard in winter, and very disagreeable after heavy rains. We next arrive at

Nemours, a well-built town, situated on the banks of the Loing, and the canal of Briare. Here is a beautiful stone bridge with elliptic arches. The *chateau* of Nemours, for a long time inhabited by the dukes of this name, has nothing to interest the traveller. This town has some extensive tan-yards and

manufactures of blankets. The inns are tolerably good. Population, 3600.

After we have left Nemours, we again meet with piles of rocks that border the road on the right bank of the *Loing*, which is very agreeable and shady in summer, but very bad in winter. Pass the little village of *Soupe*, where some diligences stop, celebrated for its manufacture of steel articles, files, carriage-springs, etc., and continue to keep by the *Loing*, till you arrive at *Fontenay*, a small hamlet with a good inn; the old stone bridge here is said to have been constructed in the time of Cæsar. The country now becomes less hilly, the rocks less frequent, and they at last gradually disappear, and give place to quantities of flint stones, which serve to keep the road in repair. Farther on, and near the river, we at times discover the canal which is fed by it, and sometimes loses itself in the stream. The forest of *Montargis* appears, and just before we enter the town are the celebrated paper-mills of Buge and l'Anglée. Near this spot the canals of Orleans and Briare unite, in the midst of a vast extent of meadows which reach to the walls of Montargis.

The streets of *Montargis* are regular, but the houses are badly built. It is agreeably situated on the banks of the *Loing* and the canal of Briare, which serve for a promenade, and both of which are crossed by the road. The chateau, now destroyed, was built by Charles V and was long a part of the royal domain; the kings of France frequently hold-

ing their courts here. Several queens came here to lie in, on account of the purity of the air, hence the town was called the « cradle of the children of France. » But at that time there was no *canal*, which has rendered the place unhealthy, and subject to intermittent fevers. The English were compelled to raise the siege of Montargis in 1427; and the town was freed from taxes by Charles VII on account of the resistance which they made. Its trade consists chiefly in wood and grain. A great deal of saffron is gathered in the neighbourhood; the white wine is very good, and the butter, which is chiefly sent to Paris, excellent. That celebrated mystic, Madame Guyon, was born here. Population, 7500.

The country, on quitting the last town, becomes flat, sandy, and sterile; horses and oxen are here worked together. About two miles and a half from *Nogent*, the post, an indifferent village, with a good inn, on the banks of the canal, in the ground belonging to the chateau of *Chenevier*, there are some fine remains of a Roman theatre, one of the most remarkable in France.

Passing the river Vernisson, the hamlet of Bezars, the wood of Boisson, and the post station of *la Bussière*, we traverse a flat and unpleasant country, till on reaching the summit of the hill that leads to Briare, we discover at once, a new earth, and a new sky; the pleasing vineyards, the fertile plains, and the moving picture of passing vessels on the *Loire*,

afford to the eye the most picturesque and agreeable views.

Briare, which consists of one tolerable street, owes its celebrity to the *canal* which unites the waters of the Loire and the Seine. Begun by Sully, it was the first important work of the kind ever undertaken in France: its execution was interrupted during his retreat, but was recommenced under Louis XIII.

A plain, intersected with hills, fields, and vineyards, leads us to the bourg of *Boni*, containing 1,200 inhabitants. Here the *Loire* is again seen. Having passed the post of Neuvy, a vast chateau with four towers, appears, on the left bank of the Loire, in the midst of a rich and fertile country. We next reach

Cosne, situated near the Loire, and at the mouth of the river *Novain*. It possesses a theatre, and a fine hall of Justice. *Manufactures* of hardware, cutlery, nails, and iron-work for ships. To the west, on the left bank of the Loire, are the hills of Berry. These are distinctly seen from the *promenade* between the forges and the river. Their highest points, as well as their greatest embellishment, is the hill and town of *Sancerre*, celebrated for its excellent vines, but still more for the stout defence made by its protestant inhabitants against Charles IX. who was forced to raise the siege of the place, and succeeded only by starving them into compliance.

Estates are cheap in the environs of *Cosne*. One which was for sale, in July 1814, within half a mile of the town, may afford an idea of

their general value: « 1000 acres arable, 500 woodland, equal to 1650 acres English; one third of the arable, poor cold clay, of little value; two thirds pretty good wheat land; part dry enough for turnips: is let on lease for nine years (which the tenant would give up on receiving a fair price for his stock and crops) at 9000 francs, 375l. sterling; and land-tax 1600 francs, 66l. 13s. per annum; might be bought for about 22 years purchase at 8,333l. On this estate is an excellent house, and out-buildings, and a large walled garden; all in good repair.» See Mr. Birbeck's Notes on a Journey through France, p. 29.

Passing the pretty bourg of *Pouilly*, celebrated for its excellent wine, and containing a population of 2,500 persons, we arrive at the ill built and ugly town of *La Charité*, situated on the banks of the Loire. It has a fine quay and two bridges over the two arms of the river, forming an Island. Trade in iron and wood; Population, 4,000. Arrive at *Pougues*, known for its mineral waters, now neglected: the road gradually rises till we reach the summit of a hill, whence the eye discovers one of the richest views in France; descend to Nevers.

Nevers is situated at the confluence of the Nièvre and the Loire, and is entered by a sort of triumphal gate, which looks best at a distance. Its amphitheatrical situation on the right bank of the Loire, gives it a fine appearance, but renders the streets very steep; they are also winding and badly payed. The ob-

jects worthy of notice, are the fine cavalry barracks, the spire of the cathedral, and the grand square containing the ancient chateau of the dukes of Nevers. *Manufactures* of glass, enamel, earthenware, and a foundry of cannon for the marine, on the Nièvre, where are a great number of forges, the principal of which is that of *Guérini*, appropriated to anchors and balls. This establishment which has 400 men, is the the centre of the other founderies, which employ altogether 1,500 labourers. They make also mooring chains, and all sorts of iron work for ships. The mines are not far from the forges, and are the principal source of the prosperity of Nevers. The goods for Paris are sent by the canal of Briare; and those for Orleans and Nantes, by the Loire. Population, 12,000.

From *Saint-Pierre-le-Moutier*, a small town of 2000 inhabitants, there is no *place* worthy of particular remark till we reach *Moulins*; but nothing can be more picturesque than the *country*: « natural beauty and the life and activity of cultivation contribute to render it the most complete succession of landscape in France. The road is of gravel, and excellent. It is bordered by magnificent trees, but which have been so planted, as to procure shade without excluding air; the road therefore is at once shady and dry. The chesnut trees, which are numerous in this part of the Bourbonnais, exceed perhaps, in beauty the oaks, having a more rich and bossy foliage, which reminds one of the Corinthian volutes. The

French peasantry are not insensible to this beauty—for wherever there is a tree of more than common luxuriance in its foliage, a seat is made round the trunk, and the turf mowed and ornamented, to prepare it for the scene of their village sports. In the latter end of July or beginning of August, many a happy groupe may be seen, treading out their corn, which is performed in the following manner. Three or four layers of corn, wheat, barley or pease, are laid upon some dry part of the field, generally under the central tree; the horses and mules are then driven upon it and round it, in all directions, a woman being in the centre like a pivot and holding the reins: the horses are driven by little girls. The corn thrashed out, is cleared away by the men, others winnow it, others heap it, others supply fresh layers. Every one is happy and noisy, the women and girls singing, the men occasionally resting from their labours to pay their gallant attentions. * »

On approaching *Moulins*, the sentimental traveller will naturally be reminded, that within half a league of this place, Sterne « discovered poor *Maria* sitting under a poplar—her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand—a small brook running at the foot of the tree.—She was dressed in white, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted within a silk net; she had superadded likewise to her jacket, a pale green riband, which fell across her shoulder to her waist, at the end of which hung her pipe. Her

(1) Pinkney's Travels, 4to. p. 217.

goat had been as faithless as her lover; and she had got a little dog in lieu of him, which she kept tied by her string to her girdle."

Moulins, the ci-devant capital of the Bourbonnais, on the Allier, is a much more regular and better built town than Nevers; all the houses are constructed of brick, and the fronts of most of them have a singular appearance, from the mixture of black and red bricks, in the shape of lozenges, zigzags, and other grotesque figures. The remarkable objects are, a handsome bridge of 13 arches, fine cavalry barracks, fountains, and the *mausoleum* raised by the Princess *des Ursins*, to Henry of Montmorency, her husband, who was beheaded at Toulouse, under the government of Cardinal Richelieu, situated in the Royal College. *Moulins* has a fine public library, some pleasant walks, and a small theatre. *Trade* in grain, wine, iron, wood, coal, and silk: *Manufactures* of earthen-ware, cotton, stockings, and thread, but particularly of all sorts of cutlery; the scissars are much esteemed. We might, perhaps, have spared the reader this information, for the moment he alights from his carriage, he will be surrounded by a score of women and girls (many of them very pretty, and of the most insinuating address,) who will soon make known to him the staple commodity of the town. There is literally no escape from these persevering girls, with their perpetually repeated "*Achetez-moi quelque chose;*" but by laying out a few sous with them (1). The

(1) These girls will sometimes run by the side of a car-

inhabitants are distinguished by their frankness and agreeable manners: the country-women wear large straw-hats, in the shape of a boat, which is not unbecoming. There are several forges in the neighbourhood, and some quarries of red, yellow, and blue marble; population 13,800.

Moulins may be considered a cheaper residence even than *Tours*, particularly since the latter place has been overstocked with English economists. Meat is plentiful and cheap, and poultry, vegetables, and fruit abundant. A very good family-house, with a nice garden and paddock, may be had here for 25*l.* a year. Those who object to the interior of the town, may easily find a house in its charming environs. The town of Moulins is not at all ancient, and is, perhaps, the most modern of any capital of a district in France. Its origin is not anterior to the 14th century, and it appears that it was not called a town till the end of that century or the beginning of the following. Its name is derived from an old mill situated on the banks of the Allier, which was destroyed only about fifty years ago.

riage for two or three miles, importuning travellers to spend a little money with them. This is also the case at Cosne, and at other places *en route*. One of them, having once been very importunate to a gentleman who persisted in refusing to buy her wares, she absolutely got into the carriage when she saw it ready to set off. He, in order to see how far she would go, let her remain there quietly, and she accompanied him to the next post, a distance of eight or nine miles, when finding him still inexorable she departed, and bent her way homewards.

The Dukes of Bourbon, who resided at Souvigny, Bourbon, or Chantelle, had a hunting seat in this spot; it was a tower, which afterwards formed part of the castle of Moulins. This was enlarged by Louis II, Duke of Bourbon, who died in the beginning of the 15th century, and who founded there a collegiate church. The agreeable situation of the place, and the residence which the Dukes made in it, drew many private families there, till it increased to such a degree as insensibly to become a town. But a proof of its recent formation is, that down to the year 1789 it had never been the see of a bishop, and that, at that period, it had not even a parish church.

The famous mausoleum of the Duke of Montmorency, which we have mentioned above, is a beautiful piece of sculpture, and the more to be admired as it was executed at a period when that art was only beginning to revive in France. The celebrated Francis Anguier had the direction of the whole work, and sculptured the principal figures: he took for his associates, Renaudin, many of whose works are to be seen at Paris and Versailles, and Poissant. The whole was executed at Paris. The following inscription is on the pedestal of the sarcophagus, which is of black marble:

Henrico II, Momoriaci Ducum ultimo et maximo, Franciæ Pari, Thalassiarcho, Polemarcho, terrori hostium, amorì suorum, Maria-Felix-Ursina, ex Romanâ stirpe, conjux unica, cui ex immensis viri divitiis unæ amor

viventis et defuncti cineres, post exactos in conjugio felicissimo annos XVIII, marito incomparabili, de quo dolere nihil unquam potuit nisi mortem, benemerenti, F. C. Anno Sal. 1652, sui luctûs XX.

The dutchess, after the tragical death of her husband, who was the victim of the cruel vengeance of Cardinal Richelieu, and was beheaded at Toulouse, was herself accused of having excited him to revolt; and, in consequence, was arrested, and taken prisoner to the castle of Moulins, where she was kept in close confinement for a year. The following year she had more indulgence. The nuns of the visitation often afforded her spiritual consolation and assistance, which she gratefully received; she had also frequent communications with Madame de Chantal, and the Jesuit Lingendes, her director. The example of the former and the sollicitations of the latter, joined to her profound grief, determined her to live in retirement. After an imprisonment of two years, she was set at liberty; but she always lived at Moulins, and, in 1641, entered the monastery of the Visitation, where she took the veil; and died superior of it, in the year 1666, at the age of sixty-six.

In 1642, Louis XIII passed through Moulins, and lodged in the castle. This circumstance revived the sorrows of the Dutchess of Montmorency. The King sent one of his gentlemen to make enquiries after her; to whom the Dutchess gave this answer: "I beg you to tell the King, that I am much surprised he

should still bear in his memory such an unfortunate creature, and so unworthy of the honour she receives from him. »

The Cardinal, who was with the King, had also assurance or hypocrisy enough, to dare to send a gentleman, on his part, to the Dutchess. On hearing this, she could not at first contain her indignation. *On est femme avant d'être dévote* ; says a French writer : however, her piety soon got the better of nature ; she went to the parlour, and said to the gentleman : « Sir, you may tell your master, that my tears speak for me, and that I am his most humble servant. »

The bridge of Moulins, which is like that of Neuilly, near Paris, is justly considered as one of the finest works of the kind in France. Four bridges had been constructed in this spot, in the space of a century ; three of stone and one of wood : the third, which was built of stone, fell in 1689 ; a fourth was undertaken in 1706, on the designs of the celebrated Mansard ; but it was hardly finished, when it was carried off by the impetuosity of the stream in 1710. In 1754, the construction of a fifth bridge was begun, which is the one that subsists at present, under the management and from the designs of Regemortes. This construction required great care and a new method ; for all the ground being sand, it was very difficult to form the foundations, and almost impossible to pump out the water. The architect, however, surmounted every obstacle ; and

completed a bridge as beautiful as solid, which was entirely finished in 1763.

This bridge, which has flags on each side, is perfectly horizontal. It is composed of thirteen equal arches, each sixty feet in width, of an elliptical form; it is forty-two feet wide, and the length, from one butment to the other, is 1050 feet.

From Moulins to *Bessay*, the next post, we pass through a level but rich and fertile country, and observe the left bank of the *Allier*, sprinkled with vineyards, woods, villages, and chateaux; the right is still more beautiful. Some distance beyond Varennes, the *Puy-de-Dome* is seen, part of a long chain of mountains; still farther, *Mont-d'Or* raises its snow-capped summit, bounding the horizon: on the left is the modern chateau of *Gaîté*, now converted into a hospital. About five miles farther, there is a fine view from the top of a hill, of the mountains of Auvergne on the right. Pass *St.-Gerand-le-Puy*, a post, with a good inn, through a woody and hilly country, with some pretty valleys, to *La Palisse*; but before we descend to this place, we observe a road on the right, which leads to *Vichy*, much resorted to in the summer, for its warm mineral waters, celebrated for the cure of palsy, rheumatisms, and obstructions, and often visited by Madame de Sévigné, who has given an entertaining account of the place in her charming « *Letters.* » It is now visited every year by the Dutchess of Angoulême. The trade of *La Palisse*, consists of

corn, hemp, and cloth; population 1800.

As we have now passed through the departments of the Nièvre and Allier, and are about to quit the latter, we shall pause a moment, to give the reader a general idea of the climate and productions of this favoured region, more particularly with a view of affording those who wish to settle here, the best information on the subject; and as we can bear testimony to the fidelity of Mr. Pinkney's very excellent description of these departments, we shall give it in his own words. There is nothing to add on the subject.

“ The climate of the departments of the Nièvre and the Allier, which include the provinces of the Nivernais and Bourbonnais, is the most delightful under heaven, being at once most healthy, and such as to animate and inspirit the senses and the imagination; it is an endless succession of the most lovely skies, without any interruption, except by those rains which are necessary to nourish and fertilize. The winters are mild, without fogs, and with sufficient sunshine to render fires almost unnecessary. The springs answer to the ordinary weather of May in other kingdoms. The summer and autumn, with the exception of hail and thunder, which are certainly violent, but not frequent, are not characterized by those heavy humid heats, which are so pestilential in other parts of the world: they are light, elastic, and cheering. The windows of the bed-chambers are almost all without glass: or if they have it, it is for show rather than for

use; the universal custom is to sleep with them open. It is not uncommon to have the swallows flying into your chamber, and awakening you by early dawn with their twittering. When these windows open into gardens, nothing can be more pleasant: the purity of the air, the splendour of the stars, the singing of nightingales, and the perfume of flowers, all concur to charm the senses. In March and April the ground is covered with flowers, and many, which are solely confined to the gardens and hot-houses in England, may be seen in the fields and hedge-rows; the colours are perhaps not altogether so brilliant as in more humid climates, but they give the country an appearance of a fairy land. Peas are in common use on every table in March, and every kind of culinary vegetable is equally forward, and reasonable in price! The meadows are covered with violets, and the gardens with roses, and the banks by the side of the road seem one continued bed of cowslips. In a word, spring here indeed seems to hold her throne, and to reign in all that vernal sweetness and loveliness which is imputed to her by the poets(1). »

Every spot of ground is cultivated: if there be no natural soil, the peasants will carry some thither. As there are numerous woods and forests in these departments fuel is very cheap; coal also is found here. The most beautiful shrubs are common in the woods and hedges. An estate may be purchased here

(1) Travels in France, 4to. p. 227.

for two-thirds less than in England; and those who are disposed to settle in this central part of France, will find cheerful neighbours, a people polished in their manners from the highest to the lowest, and naturally gay and benevolent.

Roanne is a populous, commercial town, situated on the left bank of the *Loire*, which here becomes navigable, and continues so for more than 450 miles. All the merchandize from Lyons, from Languedoc and Provence, and from the Levant, is sent to Paris from this port, by the river and the canal of Briare. At a distance, the town appears nothing more than a large village, but it has some broad, regular streets, good houses, public baths, and a theatre. The wines of Renaison and St. André, made in the neighbourhood, are highly esteemed. Manufacture of calicoes. Population 8,000. Roanne is fifteen leagues from Clermont, twelve from Lyons, eight from Palice, and nine from Monbrisson. This town existed in the time of the Romans, and Ptolemy speaks of it under the name of *Rodomna*, as the second town of the *Segusii*: the Theodosian Table also calls it *Roidumna*, and several antiquities have been found in the neighbourhood.

Four leagues from Roanne are the ruins of the ancient castle of d'Urfé, on the top of a high mountain, and visible from a great distance. This castle, and the estate belonging to it, gave their name to a very ancient family, one of whom was the chevalier d'Urfé, author

of the famous romance of *Astrea*, which was once read with universal delight all over Europe, and may still be perused with pleasure. D'Urfé himself, under the names of *Celadon* and *Sylvander*, is the hero ; and the environs of his castle are the theatre of most of the pastoral scenes ; the brook of *Lignon*, which runs near it, will always be famous in the annals of poetry, and its banks be celebrated as the habitation of tender and gallant swains, just as the *Sylvanders* and *Celadons* will always be the models of constant and gentle lovers. D'Urfé died in the year 1625, and his family is extinct. *St.-Symphorien-de-Lay*, the next post, is a small *bourg*, with some cotton manufactures and coal mines. Hence to the mountain of *Tarare*, the country is full of ascents, but very picturesque. There is a good road over this mountain, which is safe in summer, but dangerous in winter, on account of the snows with which it is covered. Posts, however, are placed along the road to direct the traveller. Oxen are here used with horses to assist in drawing the carriages. Sterne passed over this mountain, and has given an interesting narrative of an adventure which occurred to him there, and one that is likely enough to happen to any traveller.

The little *bourg* of *Tarare*, situated on the *Tardine*, in a valley at the foot of the mountain we have just passed, has a population of 3000 persons, some manufactures of printed linens, cottons, muslins, bleaching grounds,

and tan-yards. Before we arrive at *Arnas*, the next post, there is a very steep descent by a narrow road hedged in by rocks on one side, with a precipice on the other, which the traveller would do well to pass on foot, as it is rather dangerous for carriages. *Arbrêle*, or *Bresle*, a small town of 2000 inhabitants, is chiefly remarkable for its copper mines, about two miles distant, which will well repay the curiosity of the traveller. The situation is fine, the smelting-houses large, and the excavations immense. Those of *Sainte-Bel* are less considerable. Here they manufacture copperas, verdigris, and vitriol.

Leaving *Arbrêle*, we ascend the mountain of that name, and after passing *Salvagny*, the next post, see on our right the chateau of *Charbonnières*, celebrated, at Lyons, for the mineral waters in its park. The beauty of the country continually increasing, offers to our view some of the most delightful landscapes in France; and the numerous country seats which every where meet the eye, in the most picturesque situations, announce our approach to a great commercial city, the ancient and celebrated LYONS, of which the reader will find a detailed account in our second chapter.

No. 2. From PARIS to LYONS, by *Burgundy*,
59 posts, 324 English miles.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
Paris to Charenton....	1	Rouvray to Roche-en-B.	1
Villeneuve-St.-Georges.	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	Saulieu.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Lieusain.....	1 $\frac{3}{4}$	Pierre-Ecrite.....	1 $\frac{1}{4}$
MELUN (1).....	1 $\frac{5}{4}$	Chissey.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
L'Ecluse.....	2	AUTUN (5).....	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Fossard.....	2	St. Emilan.....	2
Villeneuve-la-Guiard..	1	St. Leger.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Pont-sur-Yonne.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Bourg-neuf.....	1
SENS (2).....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	CHALONS-SUR-SAONE (6)	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Villeneuve-sur-Yonne..	1 $\frac{5}{4}$	Senecey.....	2
Villevallier.....	1	Tournus.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Joigny.....	1	Saint Albin.....	2
Bassou.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	MACON (7).....	2
AUXERRE (3).....	2	La Maison-Blanche....	2
Saint Bris.....	1	St. Georges de Rognains	1 $\frac{5}{8}$
Vermanton.....	2	Villefranche.....	1
Lucy-le-Bois.....	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	Anse.....	1
AVALLON (4).....	1	Limonest.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Rouvray.....	2	LYONS (8).....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$

Quitting Paris by the faubourg St. Antoine, we pass by the plate-glass manufactory the gate of Reuilly, and see on our right the Val-de-Grace, Observatory, the Bicêtre, and Villejuif : keeping by the walls of the park and chateau of *Bercy*, we arrive at this pretty village, which is a grand dépôt of wines, and has a manufacture of printed cottons, and a sugar

INNS.—(1) La Galère, le grand Monarque. (2) L'Ecu, the Bottle, Black Stag. (3) The Leopard. (4) La Ville de Lyon, Golden Lion. (5) L'Ecu, the Bottle, Black Stag. (6) The Park, commanding a beautiful prospect, the Three Pheasants, Three Moors. (7) The Savage, Hôtel de l'Europe. (8) Hôtel du Parc, Palais Royal, du Commerce.

refinery. The brick house, on this road, about the third mile stone, was built by Henry IV, for the beautiful Gabrielle d'Estrees. *Charenton*, on the right bank of the *Marne*, has a great trade in wine. At the end of St. Maurice, which forms a part of this bourg, is an asylum for lunatics. *Alfort*, only separated from Charenton by the Marne, has a royal veterinary school, with a botanic garden, and some fine collections of comparative anatomy. The bridge of Charenton, often rebuilt, is famous for the numerous battles fought near it, from the year 865 to 1649, when the patriots repulsed here the army of the Prince de Condé: there was also some sharp fighting on it the day before the allied army entered Paris, in the year 1814.

At the village of *Villeneuve-St.-George*, are many pretty country seats and a sugar refinery. After passing Montgeron, we traverse the forest of Senars, which is six leagues in circumference, and two across. The road to the left on entering the forest leads to Brunoi, which, before the revolution, belonged to the present King of France, but the house is demolished.

The road, through the forest of Senars, is sandy in summer, muddy in winter, and always bad.

Nothing remarkable occurs till we reach *Melun*, situated on the banks of the Seine. This place has *manufactories*, of glass, cotton thread, printed calicoes, tan-yards, large markets for grain, an Agricultural Society, and

baths. It was taken by the English in 1419, who kept it for ten years. Amyot, the translator of Plutarch, was born here. Population, 7000. Melun is mentioned in the Commentaries of Julius Cæsar, by the name of Melodunum, and he calls it : « Oppidum Senonum in insula Sequanæ positum, ut paulo ante Lutetiam diximus. » It was at this spot that his lieutenant Labienus constructed the flotilla destined against Paris.

Montereau, situated at the confluence of the Seine and Yonne, has a trade in corn, grain, and cattle, a manufacture of queen's ware, and tan-yards. On the bridge of this town the Duke of Burgundy was assassinated, in 1409, by the orders of the Dauphin. There was a sharp contest here, in 1814, between the French and allied troops, with great loss on both sides. Population 3450.

SENS, the ancient capital of one of the Gaulic provinces, and once an archbishopric upon which Paris itself was dependent, is surrounded with old ramparts, and Roman works, and is situated at the confluence of the Yonne and Vanne. The principal street is broad and regular, but the only good one in the place ; and has a handsome gate at each end. Here also is the *cathedral*. This magnificent church, dedicated to St. Stephen, was built in the tenth century, and has been augmented and embellished at various times, by the different archbishops. The entrance is heavy and irregular ; there were formerly, over the principal doors, several figures of

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angels and saints, and a representation of the marriage of the virgin. Over the left gate are still to be seen the remains of two figures, representing avarice and prodigality; avarice is sitting upon his bags, in order to prevent them from being stolen; while prodigality is also sitting, but between two coffers, which he keeps open; in one there is silver, and in the other effects of various kinds: at the feet of the figures is a sack. Over the gate to the right are the remains of the statue of Philip of Valois.

In this cathedral it was, that the impious and extravagant mummeries of the *Fête de l'Ane* or the *Fête des Fous*, were for the first time practised in France. Their invention is attributed to Pierre Corbeil, Archbishop of Sens, who died in 1222.

On this festival of folly, which was held on Christmas-day, a bishop, or even a pope, was elected for the occasion: the priests were besmeared with lees of wine, and they were masked or disguised in the most extravagant and ridiculous manner. On the eve of the day appointed to celebrate this festival, before the beginning of vespers, the clergy went in procession to the door of the cathedral, where were two choristers singing. Two canons were now deputed to fetch the Ass, and to conduct him to the table, which was the place where the Great Chanter sat, to read the order of the ceremonies, and the names of those who were to take any part in them. The modest animal was clad in precious priestly ornaments, and,

in this array, was solemnly conducted to the middle of the choir, during which procession, a hymn was sung in a major key, the first stanza of which is as follows:

*Orientis partibus
Adventavit asinus
Pulcher et fortissimus
Sarcinis aptissimus.
Hez ! Sire Ane, hez !*

After this, the office began by an anthem in the same style, sung purposely in the most discordant manner possible: the office itself lasted the whole of the night, and part of the next day; it was a rhapsody of whatever was sung in the course of the year, at the appropriated festivals, forming altogether the strangest and most ridiculous medley that can be conceived. As it was natural to suppose that the choristers and the congregation should feel thirst in so long a performance, wine was distributed in no sparing manner. The signal for that part of the ceremony was an anthem commencing, *Conductus ad poculum, etc.* (Brought to the cup, &c.)

The first evening, after vespers, the Grand Chanter of Sens headed the jolly band in the streets, preceded by an enormous lantern. A vast theatre was prepared for their reception before the church, where they performed not the most decent interludes: the singing and dancing were concluded by throwing a pail of water on the head of the Grand Chanter. They then returned to church to begin the morning office; and, on that occasion several received

on their naked bodies a number of pails of water. At the respective divisions of the service, great care was taken to supply the Ass with drink and provender. In the middle of it, a signal was given by an Anthem, *Conductus ad ludos* (Brought to play, etc.), and the Ass was conducted into the nave of the church, where the people mixed with the clergy, danced round him, and strove to imitate his braying. When the dancing was over, the Ass was brought back again into the choir, where the clergy terminated the festival.

The vespers of the second day concluded with an invitation to dinner, in the form of an anthem, like the rest *Conductus ad prandium* (Brought to dinner), and the festival ended by a repetition of similar theatricals to those which had taken place the day before.

What is the most extraordinary fact of all, and indeed barely within the limits of credibility, is, that this most shameful festival was not suppressed till towards the end of the sixteenth century! Some of its most shocking absurdities had, indeed, been removed, yet the custom was continued; and strange as it may appear, this asinine festival was annually celebrated in ENGLAND, in the *Cathedral of Lincoln*, till the *Eleventh* Century; when Grosthead, the bishop, ordered his deans to abolish it.

In the *museum*, belonging to the college, is the *Dyptic*, or missal, containing numerous representations of this celebrated ceremony. Its leaves are stretched on pannels of oak, and

the whole is contained in a frame of silver. This is a great curiosity, and well worth inspection. Here are also the bas-reliefs of the tomb of the chancellor Du Prat. The ancient church of *St. Savinian*, lately the property of a private family, who used it for a cemetery, deserves a visit. Upon the altar some red spots are shown, said to be drops of blood of Saints Savinian and Potentian, who introduced Christianity into Sens, in the third century. One of the inscriptions on the tombs, cut in a rude style, and scarcely legible, is as follows: *Per flores rosei sanguinis, sumpserunt coronas victoriæ martyres Christi Savinianus et Potentianus cum multitudine ingenti, et ibi tumulati sunt, pridie kalendarum, Januarii.* That is, "by the flowers of the rosy blood, the martyrs of Christ, Savinian and Potentian have acquired crowns of victory, together with an innumerable multitude, and were interred here on the eve of the kalends of January (the last day of December.)"

The stained windows in the cathedral are very magnificent and beautiful; that over the left door is particularly remarkable for the number of figures and the clearness of the colours; it represents Heaven, with the angels, saints and elect, and was executed about the year 1500.

During the revolution, many tombs and monuments, which attracted the attention of the curious in this ancient cathedral, disappeared. It is astonishing, that the mausoleum of the Dauphin and Dauphiness, father and

mother of Louis XVI and Louis XVIII, should have been spared, while their ashes were dispersed by the revolutionary fury. It was removed, however, from the choir into a side-chapel; but since the restoration of the Bourbon family, it has been replaced in its former situation, and is visited every year by *Monsieur*, the King's brother, when a solemn funeral service is performed. The following description of this monument is given by the celebrated antiquary Millin.

“ The execution of this monument was confided to Coustou, son and nephew of two sculptors, who had given celebrity to their name. He was assisted by his pupils, Julien and Beauvais. This groupe is composed of a great number of figures. The first is that of *Conjugal Love* ; he casts his sorrowful eyes on a weeping child, who is breaking the links of a chain interwoven with flowers, the symbol of marriage ; the links and flowers are dispersed on the ground. Round *Conjugal Love* are five stars, which indicate the number of the children of the august couple. *Time* is walking over a quiver and on ruins of architecture ; he has covered with his funeral veil the urn of the prince, and is preparing to spread it also over that of the Princess ; these two urns are connected by a garland of everlasting. The genius of the sciences and arts, surrounded by his attributes, and resting on a globe, which he is measuring with a compass, regrets the happiness and the example which the earth has lost ; but *Immortality*,

holding a circle and a laurel, is occupied in collecting into a trophy the attributes of the virtues of which the Dauphin and Dauphiness were models : these are, the mirror of Prudence, the lily of Candour, the balance of Justice, &c. ; which she consecrates to the remembrance of posterity. *Religion* places on their urns a crown of stars, symbol of the heavenly rewards destined for christian virtues.

« I had heard this monument much extolled ; but I confess it did not make the impression on me I expected. Its composition presents a very complicated allegory, difficultly understood ; and even after reading the description I have given of it, one finds that many of the figures and attributes cannot be taken in the sense which the artist meant to give them. In order to make his allegorical figures more intelligible he has surrounded them with so many attributes, that they look like toy-merchants, and lose all their solemnity and grandeur. It is impossible to determine what the child is, which, placed near Conjugal Love, breaks the chains and pulls to pieces the roses of Hymen ; nor could we guess what the five stars mean without being told. The Genius of the sciences cannot be in very great affliction, for he is amusing himself with measuring the globe with a compass. It is impossible to tell why Time, armed with his scythe, treads on a quiver. The circle, in the hand of Immortality, is an attribute of bad taste ; and the assemblage of a lily, a mirror, and

a balance, of which she is forming a trophy, is like a display of pedlar's wares. The principal allegory, which appears ingenious at first sight, is essentially defective: while the Dauphiness was still alive, it was very correct; but after her death, Time should also have covered the second urn. This boasted composition, therefore, is merely a cold obscure effort of imagination, a grotesque mixture of sacred and profane, of religious and pagan symbols, which should be banished from a christian temple: and the images of the august personages, to whom this pious monument is consecrated, are not even to be seen. If, from the composition of the whole, we pass to the execution of each figure, we cannot help accusing them, in general, of being in a mannered style: the countenances are all too much alike, and the faces have all the same character of grief. Religion, who should be happy and consoling, Immortality, who should be elevated and radiant with glory, seem to be weeping like the rest. The last, however, is the finest face, but it is the work of Julien. The urns, and all the attributes are pitiful. »

From the steeple of the cathedral a delightful view may be had of the course of the river Yonne, and of the fine adjacent country.

The *manufactures* of Sens are hats, cotton twist, stuffs, flannels, fustians, leather, and a large establishment for making *glue*, first set up by an Englishman of the name of Hall, the annual sale of which amounts to more than

16,000*l*. *Clepsydræ* or water-clocks are also made here in great quantities. They consist of a round box divided into compartments, and each partition is perforated with a small hole, to let the water escape, drop by drop; in consequence of which the box, by the successive evacuation of the water from one compartment into another, descends imperceptibly between two uprights, or scales, on which are indicated the hours, which the box points out as it descends. The price is from five to eight francs. Sens is a *Sous-Préfecture*, has a theatre, baths, and fine walks. Population, 11,000.

The environs of Sens are picturesque and well cultivated. The little river *Vanne* divides into a number of branches and streams, which not only supply the town with water, and keep the streets always clean, but serve to set in motion the machinery of the different manufactories. In the outskirts of the town these streams spread over the grounds and irrigate the gardens, called by the old French name of *courtills*, which are full of fine culinary vegetables. An immense quantity of *garlick* is grown here, which forms a branch of trade with the neighbouring towns, and the alder trees that surround the gardens afford loppings that serve for vine-props and fences. A number of botanical plants are to be met with in the environs of Sens; a catalogue made in 1684, enumerates more than 600.

Leaving Sens, and crossing the canal of the *Vanne*, with the *Yonne* on our right, we pass over a road planted with fine trees, and see on

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the left, hills covered with vineyards, and occasionally interspersed with woods. Pass by the chateau and fountain of *Véron*, famous for its incrustations, and arrive at *Villeneuve-sur-Yonne*, a small town, resembling Sens in its principal street, with two gates and a church in the centre; it has a fine avenue leading to it. *Trade* in wine, wood, and coal. Population, 3000. The road now becomes heavy and sandy; the Yonne runs to the right, while to the left, the calcareous hills are covered with verdant vines, till we reach *Joigny*, which has a pleasing appearance. A spacious quay along the banks of the Yonne with the fine cavalry barracks, and the noble stone bridge of seven arches over which we pass, all contribute to give the traveller an idea of the importance of the town; but he is soon undeceived on entering it; the streets are very narrow and steep, and the houses badly built. The town, indeed, is placed on such a declivity, that the windows of the highest tier of houses are on a level with the chimnies of those next below them. From the terrace of the *chateau* in the highest part of the town, a fine view may be had; and the building itself, as well as the roof of the small church, deserve notice. *Trade* in oak bark, wood, stuffs, and good wine, of which 35,000 hogsheads are sold annually. Population, 5500.

The promenade at the bottom of Joigny is very agreeable. In general, from the bridge as far as Auxerre, the river is bounded by fine meadows, which afford pasturage to numbers

of cattle, while the scene is enlivened by the passing carriages, as well as by the rafts and barges moving down the river. Much of the ground which we now see is irrigated by trenches; the willow and poplar grow here in great abundance, and with singular rapidity. Passing through the villages of Voves, Charmoy, and Bassou, the bridge and river of *Beaulches*, we descend the steep declivity of *Migrenne*, celebrated for its excellent wine. It is delicate, generous, and has a fine smell; very strengthening to weak stomachs and convalescents; and perhaps the best wine of Upper Burgundy. It has also the rare quality, for wines of this kind, of bearing exportation.

We admire, on our left, a fine plain fertilized by the Yonne, pass the *Clos de la Chenaye*, known for its wine, and the general hospital of Auxerre; enter on the Boulevard, and the new road leading to the port and quay.

The ancient town of *Auxerre* (*Autisiodorum*), is agreeably situated on the left bank of the Yonne, which contains a number of little islands, and is animated by the numerous flour mills in motion. Attila, the Saracens, the Normans, the Calvinists, and the English, have at different times, ravaged this town, and the marks of their excesses are still shown. The Church of *St. Germain* is a building of great antiquity, chiefly remarkable for its crypts, which contain a number of holy corpses, and are held in superstitious veneration by the people. Over the entrance, there is a Latin inscription, forbidding you to defile the sacred place with your shoes: “*Noli* *profanare* *hanc* *domum* *vestra* *pedibus* *contaminare*.”

appropinques huc ; solve calceamentum de pedibus tuis. » These crypts are composed of low arches, supported by small pillars ornamented with capitals ; the galleries, the altar, and the chapel, are arranged like upper stories. The wall appears to have been re-painted, about the beginning of the last century, and the inscriptions which point out the spots that contain the bodies of the Saints, seem to have been executed at the same time. Several of the tombs are still entire, but many others have been broken open by profane hands. The crypts in general were despoiled by the revolutionary army, as well as by the galley-slaves and prisoners of war, who were confined here at various periods.

The *Cathedral*, dedicated to St. Stephen, next attracts our attention ; the portal is ornamented with an infinity of sculptures ; the choir is very fine, but the canopy is in bad taste. The whole building is feebly lighted, and has a religious obscurity favourable to reverie. The stained windows are of the finest kind, though in part destroyed ; the rest of this grand building is in good preservation. At the entrance of the choir is the tomb of Nicholas Colbert, bishop of Auxerre, who died in 1676. This church formerly had some very remarkable customs. The *Festival of Fools* was celebrated here till the year 1407, and it was not till the year 1538 that the custom of *playing at ball in the nave* was abolished. On Easter-day the junior canon furnished the ball, and presented it to the dean, who tossed it about to his companions, and

the game finished by a banquet, at which wine was not spared. One of the most singular customs was the heirship to the dignity of canon in the house of Chastellux, in memory of Claude de Beauvoir, Lord of Chastellux, who retook the town of Cravant from a troop of banditti, and restored it, without plunder to the chapter of St. Stephen, to which it had previously belonged. The officiating canon, after preaching the customary sermon presented himself at the entrance of the choir in a military dress, with boots and spurs, while over this dress he wore a fine white surplice, neatly plaited; a large belt was thrown over all, to which his sword was suspended; the spruce canon had gloves on both hands, a falcon on his fist, an *amesse* (an ornament which canons use when they go to the holy office,) on the left arm, while in his right hand he held a hat, adorned with white feathers.

The musical instrument called the *Serpent* was invented, in 1590, for the use of this church, by a canon named Edmé Guillaume. In this cathedral is the tomb of Amyot, the translator of Plutarch.

The Church of *Saint Pierre*, called by the inhabitants St. Perè, presents a singular mixture of gothic and modern architecture. The *tour d'horloge*, is worthy of notice. The clock is placed over an arch, near a tower, terminated by a pyramid, covered with lead, and originally intended for a belfry; one of the points of the index represents the sun, and the other the moon, which have their respective

motions; the last also shows the phases. *Jean*, who executed this master-piece in 1469, had his eyes put out, that he might never be able to construct such another. The *library* contains some very curious books, and a number of Roman antiquities, busts, urns, inscriptions, etc. Near the street *Joubert*, are the remains of the ancient walls constructed with large hewn stones by the Romans. Auxerre possesses an episcopal palace, baths, a theatre, a manufacture of wax, and a great trade in wine. 200,000 *cordes* of wood are annually floated by Auxerre, to their different destinations. Population, 12,000. The *coche d'eau*, or water-coach, from this place to Paris, puts up at Lacour's.

Quitting Auxerre, near the bridge, is a handsome modern house, a delightful prospect, and some charming landscapes on the right. The borders of the Yonne are generally covered with felled wood, ready to be floated down or put into boats. This river seems to have been nobly adapted for commerce, even in the time of ancient Gaul, but its name is not to be found in the classic authors. It is of great importance to trade, and is of easy navigation; after issuing from the mountains of Morvan, in the department of the Nièvre, where it has its source, it passes on to Clamecy, where it becomes navigable, and thence proceeds to Auxerre and to Sens, carrying with its stream immense barges, laden with the richest presents of Bacchus. After having received the Cure at Cravant, and the Vanne

at Sens, it empties itself into the Seine at Montereau.

The long and narrow rafts, called *traises*, pass with the rapidity of a bird's flight, and convey to Paris a great part of the wood necessary for the consumption of that great city. This wood is cut in the forest; they sell it in bundles to burn, or square it for the carpenter. The timber intended for the latter use is conveyed by land-carriage to the river, when the boats are laden with it. The billets bear the mark of the proprietor, and are conveyed to the small rivers which join the Yonne, and into which they are thrown pell-mell. A watch is kept along the shores of the rivers, so vigilant that not a single piece is ever lost. The Cure, the Armançon, and the Yonne, are the rivers which conduct these floating logs. The overseers distinguish by the marks to whom they belong. The billets, bound with withes, are laid on casks, placed at equal distances, forming rafts, and are conducted by three men to Paris. These hardy pilots turn dexterously round the points of the shore, and avoid the flats, with which they are well acquainted; but particularly in shooting the bridges, under which they pass with the rapidity of lightning, they show the most perfect address and management; scarcely has the head of the raft appeared in view, than it is again almost out of sight. As soon as the raft is arrived at Paris, men plunge into the river up to the middle, loose the bundles, and put the billets in a heap into the waggon; however,

a sudden fall of rain, or a hard frost, occasions at times serious accidents, and sometimes, from a moment's negligence in steering these fragile vehicles, the raft strikes against the piles of a bridge, is broken in an instant, and the waters covered with the wrecks, which are taken up by the boatmen, but of which the owner seldom recovers more than a very small part.

Vermanton, situated on the *Cure*, has a great trade in wine, and excellent wood for fuel. About five miles south of this town are the celebrated grottoes of *Arcy*, which have been compared to those of Antiparos. They are composed of a suite of large chambers, narrow passages, small rooms, and galleries, incrustated with stalactites that equal marble in beauty, and stone in hardness, and assume the most fantastic shapes and figures. We can enter at one end, and go out at the other, without retracing our steps. Near the entrance is a small lake. The post-masters of *Vermanton* and *Lucy-le-bois*, will convey travellers thither, and it is not more than three miles out of the way. Before we arrive at the next post, we pass on our left, the road to *Dijon* and *Lyons*, by *Tonnere*. If we take this route, we pass through *Montbard*. Here may be seen the house in which *BUFFON* spent the greatest part of his life. It is in the high street, and the court is behind. You ascend a staircase to go into the garden, raised on the ruins of the ancient mansion, of which the walls make the terraces. On the top there still remains a lofty octagon tower, where

Buffon made his observations on the reverberation of the air. This singular and picturesque garden is well worthy of notice. In quitting this interesting spot the column erected to Buffon by his son is seen, on which there was once the following inscription: « *Excelsæ turri humilis columna—Parenti suo filius Buffon.* » That revolution which caused these words to be effaced, also condemned to the scaffold the writer of them, who died, pronouncing only in a calm and dignified tone, « *Citizens, my name is—BUFFON !* »

Avallon is agreeably situated on the *Cousin*; has broad, regular streets, and some good houses; a public hospital, and a church, of which the front is worthy of remark. No stranger ought to pass *Avallon*, without seeing the promenade of the *Petit Cours*, where he may contemplate the most delightful effects of nature, and admire the most charming scenery. It is astonishing that these enchanting landscapes are so little known to travellers. The two views of the *Petit Cours* resemble some of the scenery of Switzerland, but in miniature. The *Cousin* seems to wanton amid the fertile vallies, where it forms various charming lakes and picturesque waterfalls, near a thousand toises in depth. The town stands in a plain; a little bridge crosses the river. The valley is surrounded with small hills, where the pointed rocks show their heads from among the thickets, and above the verdure; while the most delightful gardens in terraces, appear as if suspended on the declivities of the hills. From

the terrace of Petit Cours is seen the remains of a Roman way. There are some good coffee-houses, public baths, and very respectable society at Avallon. The *trade* of Avallon consists in corn, wine, wood, grain, horned cattle, horses and mules; coarse paper, and a great quantity of casks are also made here. Population, 5500. The country of *Morvan*, celebrated for the quantity of wood it sends to Paris, its cattle, and the rough unpolished manners of its inhabitants, commences in this spot.

The small town of *Saulieu*, contains 3000 inhabitants, and has a large manufacture of casks. It has been taken and retaken many times by the English, French, and Huguenots. The ponds in its neighbourhood furnish excellent fish, particularly *trout*. Passing *Pierre Ecrite*, and numerous other small villages, we arrive at *Autun*. But before we cross the bridge over the *Arroux*, we should deviate a little to the right to examine the remains of an ancient temple of Janus, which offers a pretty specimen of plain masonry, being constructed of small square stones.

The gate of *Arroux*, through which we enter the city of *Autun*, is one of the most beautiful remains of antiquity in this place. It consists of two large Arcades for the passages of carriages, and two smaller ones for pedestrians. A magnificent entablature crowns the four arcades, and above it rises a kind of gallery, formerly composed of ten arcades but of which only seven remain. The range of arcades on the side towards the city, is entirely destroyed. The

small columns of the Corinthian order, which separate these arcades, are fluted with the greatest exactness.

The richness of the grand entablature is greatly admired; the eaves and moulding are covered with ornaments, distinguished by the most delicate lightness of workmanship and the capitals are in the best style. The solidity of the construction is no less remarkable than the elegant style of the architecture: though the stones are put together without cement, the joints are so close that it is impossible to insert the blade of a knife between them; and the arches, notwithstanding the enormous weight of the superincumbent gallery, stand firm merely in consequence of the form given to the stones with which they are constructed. A tree of liberty, in 1794, was planted over this gate, in the centre of the gallery with which it is crowned. The other gate of *St. Andrew* resembles this, except that the capitals of the pilasters are of the Ionic order.

Autun, the celebrated city of *Bibracte*, was the ancient capital of the *Ædui*, the most illustrious of the Celts, who always enjoyed very great authority in Gaul. Cæsar taking advantage of their hatred to the *Allobroges* and *Auverni*, had the address to draw them over to his side, and rewarded their attachment with the title of brethren and allies of the Roman people. They were afterwards first admitted into the senate; and it is a curious fact that, till the year 1789, the citizens of *Autun* and *Rome* respectively enjoyed the

freedom of both cities. The territory of the Ædui was situated between the Liger and Arar (the Loire and Saone,) which comprised a great part of Burgundy and the Nivernais; and they exercised authority over several people whom Cæsar calls their clients. Out of flattery to Augustus they changed the name of their capital into *Augustodunum*, from which the modern one has been formed.

The city is situated on the side of a steep hill near the Arroux, at the foot of three high mountains, which cover it on the south and east. One of these mountains is still called Montjeu (Mons Jovis, the mountain of Jupiter); the name of the second is Montdru, which is supposed to be derived from Mons Druidarum, and to have been the residence of the ancient Druids: the third is the highest; it is called Mont Cenis; and, like Mont Cenis of the Alps, has a pond on its summit, which furnishes the inhabitants of the city with an abundant supply of limpid water.

The city is divided into three parts. The higher is that called the *Castle*, and containing the two cathedrals. The ancient one dedicated to St. Nazarius, has not been finished: it is built over the subterraneous church of St. John of the Grotto, which is supposed to have been a catacomb. The *New Cathedral* was formerly the chapel of the dukes of Burgundy. The lateral gate on the side facing the hotel of the sub-prefecture, is of modern construction; and is remarkable for four columns, each of different and very singular

workmanship, which have been preserved in it.

Almost all the pilasters of the church have capitals sculptured with subjects taken from Scripture. The execution is in general extremely singular. We may distinguish the dream of the Magi: the three kings are lying asleep on the same bed; and behind them is an angel who inclines a little towards them, and points with his finger to the star which will guide them to the birth-place of the new King of the Jews. On another capital the adoration of the Magi is represented; and on another, the three young men in the fiery furnace: some of them exhibit devils, in very whimsical costumes, with wings and hideous faces. The greater part of these capitals with historical sculptures, are immediately under the beginning of the arch.

In the square in front of the cathedral, called the *Place de Terreau*, there is a handsome fountain, composed of two cupolas of the same shape, the one placed over the other, and supported by fluted Ionic pillars. The second dome is surmounted with a pelican: an ingenious allegory of the abundance which water every where diffuses. Under the lower cupola stands a balustre, supporting a handsome cup; the water which flows over it falls into the basin formed by a circular wall. The grand *Place of St. Ladre*, (a corruption of St. Lazarus,) is situated in the division called the *City*, and is surrounded with handsome houses; the centre being planted with rows of trees, and serving as a convenient promenade to the

inhabitants. It was here they used formerly to act a kind of religious and military farce called the Game of St. Ladre. The third division, called the *Marchaux*, (Martis Campus,) is the site of the ancient city of *Augustodunum*. The streets are narrow, the houses low and ill-built; the clock-tower, however, has a very picturesque appearance.

The library belonging to the *Chapter* contains many curious manuscripts and books. We ascend to it by the stair of the steeple, which is a very remarkable building: it is a spire of a very great height, and distinguished by elegance and solidity of construction. It was erected at the expence of Cardinal Rollin. The interior of this steeple is quite smooth, and has the shape of an inverted drinking-glass. Architects conceive it to have been a master-piece in their art, to raise a scaffolding for building a hollow spire, more than 300 feet in height, and only from five to six inches in thickness.

From the following inscription it appears that the inhabitants of Autun had deified their city, and that religious worship was paid to the Goddess *Bibracte* there, in the same manner as to the God Nemausus, at *Nismes*:

DEAE BIBRACTI
P. CAPRIL. PACATUS
IIII VIR AUGUSTA
V. S. L. M.

A tower, supposed to have belonged to a

temple of Minerva, and which bears that name, is now a part of the Abbey of Saint Andoche. A single wall only remains.

The monument called *Pierre de Couars* is an immense mass of rough stones, kept together by a white cement, of a pyramidal form, and more than 70 feet in height. It is rather more than half a mile from the town, in a place called the *Field of Urns*. The *Seminaire*, out of the town, is a fine building. The *manufactures* of Autun are cotton velvet, water-watches, and English glue. Population, 9200.

It will take more than an hour to ascend the mountain of Autun, one of the granitic chain which crosses the southern part of Burgundy. Passing *St. Emilian*, the post, we are conducted, by several steep descents, to *Couches*. A road on the right leads hence to *Creusot*, remarkable for its cannon-foundery, and the finest manufacture of crystals in France, both of which, but particularly the latter, deserve the notice of the traveller. The sand used in the manufactory of crystal, which is very fine and white, is brought from Fontainebleau, at an expense of two sous the pound for carriage. It is washed and sifted here. The minium is not prepared in the house, but brought from Paris; and the annual consumption amounts to about 100,000lbs. A considerable proportion of it is employed in the manufacture of the crystal, which renders it very brittle, like the English glass of the same kind. A cubic foot of the crystal made

at Creusot, weighs 240lbs. The potash is imported from America, and costs about 52 fr. per quintal ; so that it is cheaper than the potash made in Lorraine. The glass-makers work twice a day, and each time for four hours and a half. They are paid by the month.

The steam - engine, Wood's cylindrical blower, and other kinds of machinery invented in England, are used here ; to most of which, are added some improvements, for the purpose of saving time, increasing their velocity, augmenting their force, or to give a more pleasing appearance to the whole.

The ore is brought partly from Couches, situated at a small distance, and partly from Autré in Franche-Comté. They cast here a considerable number of cannon for the sea-service. Government pays for them at the rate of six sous the pound. They are proved on the spot. The cannon and other heavy articles are moved from one part of the manufactory to the other by means of carriages running on rail-ways. Here is also a *boring-machine*, much admired for the precision with which it acts. Most of the machines are put in motion by means of steam-engines. The piston of the principal pump was made in England, and served as a model for the others. There are five furnaces ; four large ones, in which pit-coal is used ; and a small one in which charcoal is burnt. The quantity of fuel consumed is estimated at about twenty tons per day. Fossil coal abounds in the canton of

Creusot ; and it was this circumstance that principally induced the proprietors to establish the foundery there. In some places it is found scarcely a foot under the surface of the ground, and some of the small hills which contain it, present the singular phenomenon of spontaneous inflammation.

The workmen reside in long buildings resembling barracks, with a range of contiguous chambers ; or in detached houses, of some of which they are themselves proprietors, the directors of the works having given them the ground, on which they have built their habitations ; each of them has a small garden annexed to it.

At the post of *St.-Leger*, situated in a valley, we cross the grand *central canal*. At *Charsey* are the remains of a Roman way. Passing through some villages, we arrive at

Chalons, which being situated in a very beautiful and fertile valley on the banks of the *Saone*, and at the mouth of the grand *central canal*, has long been the centre of a flourishing trade, very advantageous to its inhabitants. Cæsar, Strabo, and Ptolemy mention Chalons. The ancient name was *Ca-billonum*, from which the modern Chalons is a corruption. Several military roads branched out from it, and the Romans had here a port and a fleet of boats, where a considerable commerce in grain was carried on, particularly for the supply of the Roman troops stationed in this part of Gaul ; for whom it served as a place of arms, and a magazine

for provisions and warlike stores. Chalons is now the grand *entrepôt*, both of the north and south of France; particularly of Marseilles and Paris, for grain, wine, iron, leather, oil, and soap. The scales of the bleak, (*cyprinus alburnus*,) caught here, are used for preparing the substance which gives such a fine, brilliant colour to artificial pearls. This town has some most beautiful walks, a pretty theatre, a library, and public baths, where every thing is neat, clean, and in the best order.

Among the public buildings of this place, the inquisitive traveller should not forget to visit the hospital of *Saint Laurent*, the whole economy of which is distinguished by the greatest order and neatness, and indeed we might even say, *elegance*. It was founded by the inhabitants of Chalons in the reign of Francis I, in 1528. The apothecary's apartment, the kitchen, the bake-house, the dormitory of the nuns, and their refectory, are all objects of curiosity and interest; but above all, the nuns themselves, who are known by the title of *Servants of the Poor*.

The number of these Servants of the Poor amounts to twenty-three; viz., sixteen nuns and seven novices: they all belong to the best families of the place, and have all a patrimony, the use of which they continue to enjoy. Several of them possessing an income of 100 to 200*l.* a year, and some even considerably more, the whole of which they apply in an exemplary manner. The hospital provides them only with lodging, each of

them having a neat bed-room, adorned with some religious engravings. They even purchase their clothes with their own money; but, as a mark of christian humility, receive annually from the governors of the house, a pair of shoes and two pounds of soap. Their dress is blue in winter, and white in summer, with a white veil. The municipal body pays a visit to the house every year, on which occasion the mistress presents the keys to the mayor, who replies, "They cannot be in more trusty hands." These words, and the consciousness of having done good, are by her and her interesting companions, deemed an ample recompense for the most courageous sacrifices. They make a vow only for one year; at the expiration of which they may quit the house, and even marry: but there have been very few examples of such a secession. It is the genuine spirit of charity which prompts them to adopt this mode of life; and the same motives induce them to persevere in it. During the revolutionary period, not one of them quitted the hospital. There are very neat baths in the house, and every accommodation is provided for the bathers at a very moderate price. The profits form part of the income of the hospital.

One of the wings, which has no communication with the rest of the hospital, is used for the reception of strangers, who pay about 7s. a day. On the first story there are three spacious rooms, with two beds in each, on one of which the patient may be laid while

the other is making. Adjoining to each of the rooms is a small recess for a servant. In the same building is the hall where the council of administrators meet. These only attend to the financial concerns of the house: the internal management of which is confined entirely to the nuns. Besides this hospital, Chalons has to boast a dispensary, and several other charitable institutions. A school particularly for orphans, where they are taught the various trades. From the bridge which we pass in going to the hospital, there is a fine view of the town and the course of the Saone. From the walk in the island, behind the hospital, which rises in a terrace on the eastern arm of the Saone, as also from the other walk on the principal arm, and right bank of the same river, there is, in clear weather, a view of the Alps; it is hardly possible to see these mountains at greater distance, as the visual ray is at least fifty leagues.

The *Hôtel du Parc*, on the quay, is one of the most famous inns in France.

The *Central Canal*, which here unites the Saone and the Loire, is the great source of the prosperity of Chalons. This canal, which traverses the department of the Saone and Loire, for the space of 200 miles, was begun in 1783, and finished in 1792. It was called the *Canal du Centre*, because it established, by the means of that of Briare, an internal communication with the two seas, in a part of France which is regarded as the *centre*. A water-coach, or barge, which is almost as

expeditious as the stage, goes every day from Chalons to Lyons, and embarks the two diligences which arrive from Paris, the one by Dijon, and the other by Autun. This voyage is very pleasant, and far preferable to the conveyance by land. Population of Chalons, 12,000.

Tournus, (Tinurtium) pleasantly situated on the declivity of a hill, on the Saone, has a good quay, a handsome wooden bridge, and some pretty walks. *Trade* in wine and grain. We next see *St. Albin*, remarkable for the pretty costume of its peasant women. Nearly opposite is the small town of *Pont-de-Vaux*, having 3000 inhabitants, the birth-place of General Joubert. From Chalons to Macon is one of the finest countries in France, abounding with rich meadows and fine vineyards. The travellers by the boat sleep at Macon.

Macon, from its ancient name Matisco, situated on the Saone, has a fine quay, and some handsome public buildings; among which are, the hôtel de ville, the ancient palace of Montrevel, the theatre, and the baths: a part of the Alpine chain may be seen from the quay, which is lined with many good houses, and always enlivened by the passing and repassing of the boats on the river. There is a stone bridge of thirteen arches over the Saone. The city, however, is dirty and disagreeable, and the streets are payed with sharp flints. The principal article of *trade* is in wines, which are highly esteemed; sweetmeats, and above all, the most

delicious *marmalade*. There is no manufacture here of any consequence. Population, 11,000.

The costume of the women of Macon and its neighbourhood is pretty, but singular. It consists of a blue cloth petticoat, with a border of deep red, a jacket of the same, and a small felt hat worn over one side of the head only, displaying a neat little white cap, and all the dressing of the hair; on entering a church they take off their small hat, and carry it in their hands. It is a very pleasing sight on a Sunday, or fête day, to see so many pretty faces all habited in the same fanciful costume.

While at Macon, we must not forget to notice *Cluny*, about twelve miles north of that place, once so celebrated for its ancient abbey of Benedictines; on which 2000 monasteries in Europe were dependent, and which makes so conspicuous a figure in the annals of France. The gothic church of the convent was one of the most beautiful, and the library one of the richest, in France, but neither exists at present. The convent, a fine modern building, has been preserved, and is devoted to several public establishments. The town is larger than Macon, but does not contain more than 4000 inhabitants. *Manufactures* of cloth, gloves, and basket work.

All the way from Macon to Lyons the traveller, by the water-coach, will be quite charmed with the right bank of the Saone; pretty villages, country seats in the most pic-

turesque situations, rocks, hills and wood: in short, every description of fine scenery, will here delight his view, and fix his attention, till he arrive at Lyons. The Soane is only navigable from Auxonne; although slow in its course, and generally very still, it at times inundates the shore, and leaves behind a thick and viscous slime, which destroys the vegetables. It is probably this slime that makes the waters of the Saone so unfit for use, particularly at Lyons; but they are good for the purpose of dyeing, and all the dyers of Lyons have their houses on the banks. We change horses at St. Romain, and presently pass Beauregard; stop at Riotier, a small village where there are several little taverns; the women and girls belonging to which run to meet the travellers on their landing, to get them for guests.

We now no longer see the little felt hat of the Mâconaise peasant; here the women are all habited à la Lyonnaise; the hair is turned up behind *en chignon*, and a cap trimmed with lace in small plaits; the bosom is entirely covered with a handkerchief, also ornamented with lace, and the gown is generally green or brown; the better sort wear a border of broad silver lace; the apron is of a rose colour, and the shoes of black leather with small heels! the neck is generally adorned with a necklace of gold, of three or four rows. Continuing our journey, we pass the little town of Trevoux; here are several pretty houses and gardens. At the distance

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of five or six miles from Lyons is a large town, called *Neuville*, where we again change horses. Several floats, composed of one or more large boats, to which are fastened ten or twelve smaller ones, may be frequently seen going up the Saone, many of which are laden with wine, soap, etc., they are generally tracked by fourteen or sixteen horses. A short distance from the river side on the right, are the quarries whence the Lyonnais have their stone for building; the chief article of commerce here. The Saone contracts by degrees, and we begin to see a succession of pleasant country houses, which present a most diversified and delightful prospect all the way to Lyons.

Those who go by *land* also, will not be without gratification in point of beautiful country. From Macon to Villefranche, we pass several villages, and numerous vineyards, and observe some pretty landscapes. *Villefranche* on the Morgon, consists of one large street, resembling a square, and is chiefly remarkable for its calicoes and handsome women. The old proverb of *la lieue d'Anse à Villefranche est la plus belle lieue du monde* is abundantly realized: we travel over the most delightful plain which separates the two towns, in the midst of quickset hedges, fruit-trees, and verdant meadows. After a rise, the hills and vineyards are agreeably interspersed with numerous country seats, a groupe of which, including a very fine chateau, forms the pretty village of *Lucenay*. On the other side of the Saone,

which flows about a mile from Anse, rises in the form of an amphitheatre, crowned with the ruins of a gothic castle, the little town of *Trevoux*, noted for the « *Journal des Savans*, » and the great « Dictionary of the French language » printed here.

Quitting Echelles, we keep by the side of the *Mont d'Or*, whose wood-crowned summit, feeds a number of goats, which supply the cheese of Mont d'Or, so well known at Lyons. This mountain also furnishes a great quantity of excellent free-stone. An almost continual descent leads from *Limonest* to Lyons, in the midst of vineyards, groves, orchards, gardens, and country seats, which ornament the banks of the Saone, in the environs of this city. On our left, we have the romantic valley of *Rochecardon*. Those who like to quit their carriage here, may enjoy a charming walk to Lyons, by a path along this vale, which leads to the banks of the Saone. Every spot, every house, in this mysterious retreat, calls to mind the eloquent, the impassioned, but self-torturing sophist, the wild ROUSSEAU.

The apostle of affliction, he who threw
 Enchantment over passion, and from woe
 Wrung overwhelming eloquence, yet knew
 How to make madness beautiful, and cast
 O'er erring deeds and thoughts, a heavenly hue
 Of words, like sun beams, dazzling as they past
 The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feelingly and fast,
 BYRON.

The wood and fountain of *Roset*, which we reach by a steep path, curiously cut in the
 F.

66 PARIS TO LYONS BY TROYES AND DIJON.

rock, were Rousseau's favourite haunts. Here his name is inscribed on a stone, amid a host of vulgar, and a sycamore bears his well-known motto, *Vitam impendere vero*.

But to continue our walk. The numerous country seats on both banks of the Saone, the *Isle Barbe* and its vicinity, present an enchanting prospect. The most remarkable of these chateaux are first, *Roset*, near the wood of that name; next, *Vernet*, on the other bank of the river; farther still, one elevated on a fine terrace; the tower of *la belle Allemande*, who was condemned to pass her life here by her jealous husband; and last and most celebrated of all, the *maison de la Claire*, on the right bank of the river, having some fine gardens laid out by Le Notre. Approaching Lyons we pass between this house and the spacious and well-built chateau of M. Duchere, situated where the two roads from Paris meet. This vast building was, at the time of the Revolution, one of the principal *avant-postes* of the besieged as well as of the attacking army. The *Place de la Pyramide*, where the faubourg of Lyons commences, is nearly opposite.

No. 3. From PARIS to LYONS, by *Troyes* and *Dijon*, $62\frac{1}{2}$ posts, $331\frac{1}{4}$ English miles.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
PARIS to Charenton...	1	Mormant to Nangis...	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Grosbois	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Maison-Rouge.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Brie-Comte-Robert....	1	Provins.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Guignes.....	2	Nogent-sur-Seine.....	2
Mormant.....	1	Pont sur-Seine.....	1

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
Pont-sur-Seine to Gran-		Ampilly to Chanceaux.	1 $\frac{3}{4}$
ges	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	St. Seine.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Greze.....	1 $\frac{3}{4}$	Val de-Suzon.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
TROYES (1).....	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	DIJON (2).....	2
St. Parre-les-Vaudes...	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	La Baraque.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Bar-sur-Seine.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Nuits	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Mussy-sur-Seine.....	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	Beaune.....	1 $\frac{3}{4}$
Chatillon-sur-Seine....	2	Chagny.....	2
Saint Marc.....	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	Chalons-sur-Saone....	2
Ampilly.....	1	Chalons to Lyons.....	15 $\frac{1}{2}$

This route, being the shortest, is that commonly pursued from Paris to Dijon; passing over sites of ground celebrated for the various battles fought there, between the French and the allies. There are three other roads to Dijon; one by Fontainebleau, one by Melun, and another by Auxerre, but the distance is nearly the same in all. They, however, who have seen Paris, and do not wish to deviate for the purpose of viewing Lyons, may proceed direct from *Calais* to *Dijon*, by Saint Omer, Arras, Laon, Rheims, and Langres, the whole distance being 66 posts or 351 miles.

Quitting Paris by the faubourg Saint Antoine, as in the route N.^o 2, (which see) we pass Charenton, and afterwards reach the village of *Grosbois*, which contains a fine chateau, with a walled park of more than 1700 acres. The gardens contain some fine statues, and the gallery some good pictures.

This place, which, before the revolution,

INNS.—(1) Hôtel du Commerce, du Bourgelot, etc.
(2) Du Prince Condé, Comte d'Artois, du Parc, etc.

belonged to the present King, passed successively to the nation, to the director Barras, to general Moreau, and finally to general Berthier, by whose widow it is now occupied. *Brie-Comte-Robert* is a small town on the right bank of the Yères, and has a trade in corn and cheese. *Provins*, an old town on the *Vouzie*, is divided into upper and lower: its trade consists in corn, flour, and wool; and its manufactures are druggets, cotton stuffs, and leather. Excellent conserve of roses and violets is made here, and the town has some mineral waters. Population, 5500. *Nogent-sur-Seine* trades in wood and grain. Population, 3200. About a league from Nogent, on the right is the celebrated abbey of the Paraclete, founded by Abelard, and given by him to Heloisa, where she died, and where they were both buried.

Troyes, the ci-devant capital of Champagne, situated on the Seine, is an episcopal see, and has a tribunal of commerce; the houses are built of wood. The water from the wells of this place is excellent for cleansing stuffs, as well as dyeing wool, silk, and thread, and tanning leather. It has *manufactures* of calico, caps, fustian, dimity, serges, paper, etc. etc. Great quantities of excellent pork, corn, wine, fruits, etc., are furnished by this town. The long suburb of Saint Martin forms the approach to Troyes; and its parish church is worth visiting on account of its beautiful modern front-door, surmounted by a handsome colonnade, and its spacious

gothic inside, in the form of a latin cross, with windows of stained glass in perfect preservation.

All the other approaches to this town are equally distinguished by the length of the suburbs. The ancient capital of Champagne, it has always been regarded as one of the most considerable towns in France, both on account of its circumference of a league, without the extensive suburbs, as also from its population of 30,000 inhabitants; it is moreover one of the most ancient from its origin, and one of the oldest from its construction, which appears to be just what it was four centuries ago. The sharp ridges of the tops of the houses, the pannels of wood painted, some grossly sculptured, dismal old sheds, and very irregular fronts; such is the aspect of almost all the streets; they are notwithstanding generally broad.

This town has not renewed its churches any more than its houses; it is very rich in gothic buildings, containing nine or ten churches. The cathedral is one of the finest in France, though not one of the largest. The nave is lofty and is supported by 24 pillars, which, decreasing in bulk on both sides, form the round point of the choir. Twenty-four corresponding pillars divide the isles into two galleries, and 24 more corresponding to these are let into the walls. These double isles, with beautiful painted glass in fine preservation, and the magnificent pavement of the choir, are the most striking objects in this church.

The exterior has nothing remarkable. Almost all the other gothic churches in Troyes are worth visiting. That of Saint Pantaleon is a true gothic miniature. Twenty statues fixed on pedestals, on as many pillars, give this little church the appearance of a museum of sculpture.

The Hôtel-Dieu, and hôtel-de-ville are handsome modern buildings.

The public walks called the *Mail* are very pretty and agreeable. The population is in general active and industrious, but more composed of calculators than of amateurs: on which account the arts and sciences are but little cultivated, and the public places ill attended, even the walks: the toilet of the ladies is not very brilliant, and the buildings in general are neglected.

Stone for building is very dear, as it must be brought from a great distance; but they construct houses of wood, in such a way, that without much trouble or expence they may be transported from one place to another: which might make it a problem in law at Troyes, whether houses are moveable or immoveable property.

Though on the confines of Champagne-Pouilleuse, this town, surrounded with meadows, orchards, and bowers, which border the banks of the Seine, enjoys a fresh and agreeable situation, and its environs present a great number of rural walks, with winding shady paths, at a small distance from the walls.

Called *Augustobona* in the Itinerary of An-

toninus, and *Augustomana* by Ptolemy, it preserved this denomination till the middle of the fifth century, when it assumed the ancient name of the tribe, *Tricasses*, of which it was the capital. This was corrupted into *Trecæ*, and from that came *Troyes*.

This town has produced many illustrious men, among whom may be distinguished Peter and Francis Pithou, the latter of whom discovered the manuscript of *Phædrus's* fables, and published it conjointly with his brother; Passerat, a poet and critic of the same age; Pope Urban IV, finally Mignard and Girardon, one of whom was as famous a painter as the other was a sculptor.

At *Bar-sur-Seine* there are manufactures of caps, paper, and cutlery, and a population of 2300 inhabitants. The next town is *Chatillon*, divided by the Seine, and having several iron mines and forges in its neighbourhood; as well as manufactures of coarse cloth, serges, caps, druggets, paper, cotton, thread, and some excellent tan-yards. Population, 4000.

An eminence on the left, before we enter *Chatillon* presents a majestic ruin of an ancient castle of the Dukes of Burgundy. The elegant modern building on an eminence to the right, near the road, belongs to Marshal Marmont, a native of this place. The park and pleasure-grounds are on the same magnificent scale as the house. It is said that the Marshal has already expended 1,500,000

franks on this place; and he is still enlarging and embellishing it every day.

Chatillon was the seat of the Congress held in 1814, between the plenipotentiaries of the Allies and those of Bonaparte.

Between *Chanceaux*, a village, and post, and Saint Seine, the source of the Seine is found in a place called Evergeraux. At a little distance from Chanceaux, it is only a little rivulet, which we pass over on a small stone bridge. It is remarkable that the Seine is as serpentine while only a brook, as it is afterwards, when a river, in any part of its course. *Saint-Seine* is a small town situated in a deep valley, the road to which is very steep and winds very much to avoid the rapidity of the descent. The church formerly belonged to a rich and celebrated abbey.

In this part of the country they cover the roofs of the houses with small slabs of calcareous stone, which are readily found in the fields. From its being proper for this purpose, it is named *pierre téguulaire*, or as the people of the country call it, *lame*. They have only to look for this in the fields, but they would have to send for tiles from a considerable distance. Their manner of roofing houses requires that the walls should be very solid, as well as the carpenter's work, to support the weight. If the walls were not solid, at the end of two or three months they would begin to crack and bend; but a good roof constructed in this way, will last for nearly half a century.

The little *lames* are also employed to make the walls which separate the inclosures, in the rudest fashion and without cement. They content themselves with placing them one on the other, taking care that the highest shall be of the largest size, the small ones being placed in the middle. The high road has a wall of this kind, and there are also in the fields, walls like them, which separate the lands of the different owners.

Before we arrive at Val Suzon, we descend a very long and steep declivity; on the one side large rocks, and on the other precipices, beyond which another mountain is seen almost entirely covered with rocks. The village of *Val Suzon* is formed of two clusters of houses situated in the bottom of the same valley, at a little distance one from another upon the borders of the Suzon, a small river that, in the summer months, is nearly dry, but which has a stream sufficient to turn some mills. It abounds with trout; the largest do not weigh more than half a pound, but are excellent. They are much esteemed at Val Suzon and are greatly in request at Dijon at the best tables.

On leaving Val Suzon we continue to ascend for about three miles, but the road is good and kept in excellent repair: the side of the mountain is bordered with immense oaks, between which pines rear their heads. The appearance of this place is truly picturesque, and affords the traveller a rich recompence for his fatigue. While contemplating with

pleasure this magnificent scenery, we come to a less mountainous part; and, having passed Talant, a castle which the ancient Dukes of Burgundy made their residence, we soon after come in sight of

DIJON, the chief town of the department of the Cote-d'Or, one of the most highly cultivated districts in France; situated in an agreeable and fertile plain, between the rivers Ouche and Suzon. There being no *faubourg* on this side of Dijon, the first edifice that presents itself is the gate, like a triumphal arch, forming the entrance of the town.

If the old buildings and dirty streets of Troyes have a dismal appearance, the interior of Dijon excites quite a contrary impression. The extent of these two towns is nearly the same, and they are placed in the same geographical class; but they differ in every other respect. Troyes contains 30,000 inhabitants, Dijon only 21,000. The first is composed of old wooden houses, the other is handsomely built of stone. If one seems full of workmen and tradesmen, one would say that the other was inhabited by people of fortune and noblemen. There is a constant activity in the dirty populous streets of Troyes, while silence and quiet, the dumb witnesses of want of commerce, prevail at Dijon. In short, the streets of the one are as clean and gay, as those of the other are dirty and dismal. The houses in general are only two stories high, which, if it diminishes the grandeur of their

appearance, contributes to make the streets more lively, clean, and salubrious.

Among a great number of *hôtels*, the most remarkable are that of the prefecture, formerly of the intendance, and the ancient palace of the Dukes of Burgundy, also called *Palais des Etats*, and *Logis du Roi*. The states of Burgundy held their meetings in it, and devoted a sum of money to its embellishment every year. There are only some rooms remaining of the ancient palace of the Dukes, and an old square tower finished by *Jean-sans-Peur*: he raised it considerably during his quarrels with the people of the Orleanois, that he might have a view of the flat country, and guard against a surprise. In the key of the vault, a plane is remarked, which that prince took for his device, when he heard the Duke of Orleans had taken a knotty club for his. In front of the palace is the Place Royale, in the form of a horseshoe, consisting of a range of arcades, in the centre of which was a fine equestrian statue of Lewis XIV, demolished during the revolution.

The palace contains a museum of painting and sculpture, more remarkable for good copies than good originals. It is composed of several halls, filled with pictures, marble statues, casts, and various curiosities. Most of the copies, which are from the best Italian paintings, were executed at Rome by pupils of the school of Dijon; the most remarkable is that of the *School*

of *Athens*, of Raphael, done at Rome under the direction of Poussin.

In the hall of the statues, there are 70 small figures of different religious orders; these figures, made of marble, and not above a foot high, are delightful for the expression of grief, and the flow of the drapery; those are especially admired which are entirely veiled. They surrounded the magnificent tombs of the Dukes of Burgundy, in the Chartreux near Dijon. Almost all the remains of these tombs have been saved except the figures of the Dukes.

The hall of engravings is well lighted, and contains 40,000 pieces, the greatest part of which are by French engravers.

Another ornament of the capital of Burgundy is a botanic garden, in one of the walls of which there are many fragments of ancient architecture, frises, bas-reliefs, pilasters, etc. This garden was founded by Mr. Legouz, who died in 1774, and was buried in the church of Saint Magdalen. When this church was demolished during the revolution, the bones of most of those who were buried there, were carried to the burial ground: but the members of the old academy of Dijon requested of the municipality that the remains of Mr. Legouz might be transferred to the botanic garden of which he was the founder. This translation was effected in a solemn manner, one Sunday evening, with a numerous concourse of people; the members of the academy and the administrative bodies assisted

at it, and a military detachment attended the procession. Three members of the academy pronounced discourses on the occasion, and the remains of Mr. Legouz were deposited under the trees at the extremity of the garden, where there is now a black sarcophagus on a pedestal.

Three gothic and one modern church deserve the attention of travellers at Dijon.

That of Saint Benignus, now the cathedral, is greatly admired for the boldness, height, and extreme lightness of the spire which is 280 feet high. There were some fine marble tombs in this church, most of which have been destroyed, but some still remain, executed by different artists of this town. The porch of the cathedral is curious and filled with sculptures.

The church of Saint Michael is worth visiting. It has three porches: on the pillar of the middle one, there is a carved pedestal, on which was the statue of Saint Michael vanquishing the devil. This pedestal is extremely curious on account of the bas-reliefs with which it is adorned; on the half to the right of the spectator are subjects drawn from the Bible — Judith holding the head of Holophernes, and the judgment of Solomon: the other half presents pagan or mythological subjects; Apollo standing, holding his lyre; Venus and Cupid; and the Pythian Apollo, holding an arrow in the right hand, and a bow in the left. Below these bas-reliefs there are others very small, disposed in the same manner; the Christian subjects to the right, the mytholo-

G.

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gical ones to the left. There are besides many other ornaments of tracery and foliage finely executed.

The church of Notre-Dame, the ancient cathedral, is also remarkable for its front and porch, the two orders of little columns above which have a singular effect. This church, though greatly admired by the people of Dijon, is much inferior both externally and internally to the two preceding.

The modern church, called Des Orphelines-Sainte - Anne, is an elegant building, surmounted with a handsome dome. A canopy above the high altar, formed of different coloured marbles, is much admired, as well as two statues in front of it, executed by an artist of Dijon.

The public library, in the college formerly belonging to the Jesuits, is supposed to contain about 40,000 volumes. There are many fragments of Roman antiquities in the town hall and in some private houses.

Near the rampart, between the gates Guillaume and Saint Nicolas, there is a gothic castle, in the form of an ancient citadel, flanked with enormous towers, and is the only remains of the fortifications of the ancient capital of the kingdom of Burgundy. These ramparts are well preserved and are planted throughout with fine trees. The walk round the town is also planted with trees, so that there is a double inclosure of walks. There are others outside the gates, of which three are very handsome, namely: 1.^o The Arque-

buse, a charming grove, which contains an enormous poplar tree 24 feet in circumference; 2.^o A superb mall, half a league long, near the gate of Saint Pierre; 3.^o At the end of this mall, and on the bank of the river Ouche, the park, which was planted, by the famous Le Notre, for the Grand Condé, and now belongs to the town.

Dijon has always been distinguished among all the towns of France, for its taste for the sciences and literature. It still maintains its ancient reputation though with less splendour, and shows a great interest in the preservation and support of its divers establishments for education and instruction. The academy of Dijon, founded in 1725, held a distinguished rank among literary societies; and its memoirs, the publication of which began in 1769, present an assemblage of very interesting dissertations.

This town, the native place of a great many illustrious men, gave birth to several distinguished princes of the house of Burgundy; to the famous Aubriot, architect and provost of Paris under Charles V, who confided to him the construction of divers edifices at Paris, in particular the Bastille, where he was himself confined; the great Bossuet; the three authors of the name of Papillon; La Monnaye, equally famous for his erudition; the three celebrated presidents of the parliament, Jean-nin, Bouhier, and De Brosses; Longepierre, Crebillon, Piron, Larcher, Guyton-Morveau

the celebrated chemist, and several celebrated painters and sculptors.

To the cultivation of sciences, literature, and fine arts, this town also adds the amenity of manners of an ancient capital, and the good style of a town that had a parliament. Before the revolution, it was the residence of a number of opulent noblemen, and it was reckoned that a hundred carriages were kept, a number now greatly reduced.

This town, first the capital of the kingdom, and afterwards of the province of Burgundy, is now the *chef-lieu* of a part of the same province, out of which has been formed the department of the Côte-d'Or. It has preserved its bishopric. Its former *Intendance* is replaced by a *Préfecture*, its parliament and other courts of justice by a royal court, a court of assise, and two tribunals of *première instance* and commerce. Its commerce is very inconsiderable being almost confined to the exportation of the wine and wood which its territory produces. The most renowned manufacture of Dijon is its mustard.

The theatre is not handsome, but much frequented as the actors are generally good.

The origin of Dijon, in latin *Divio*, *Castrum Divionense*, *Castrum Divionum*, is unknown, most geographers consider it as certain that this town did not exist when Julius Cæsar began the conquest of Gaul; and that he here established a camp. Gregory of Tours, however, describes it as a considerable town. In the demolitions and foundations of

the ramparts many fragments have been found which give Dijon a claim to high antiquity.

The plain of Dijon is in general monotonous like most other levels. It is not much wooded, and is highly cultivated, partly in vines, partly in arable. Wheat gives 6 for 1; they plough both with oxen and horses. To the west, is a pretty range of hills, variously shaped, and covered with vineyards on the slopes, and with woods on the top. These woods contribute to the supply of Paris. The wine is pleasant to drink; but has not the qualities of the famed Burgundy wines, which only begin at Gervev, a league south of Dijon, on the road to Beaune.

The *Chartreux*, near Dijon, once so renowned for its palaces, its church, its mausoleums, and its luxurious table, fell a sacrifice to revolutionary fury (1). The two tombs of the Dukes of Burgundy, in Parian marble, and other magnificent monuments of the arts, were destroyed; and the ploughshare has passed over a great part of the monastery which contained them.

If the traveller should intend to remain some time at Dijon, a very cheap and agreeable residence in every respect, he should not omit to make an excursion to the interesting town of *Besançon*, one of the strongest and most remarkable fortresses in France; or, if he propose to visit *Switzerland*, he will find this, the most striking entrance to that

(1) In the year 1780, the annual revenue of this convent was more than 12,000*l*.

romantic country, though almost unknown to the English tourist; he is thus gradually prepared for the noble views which burst upon him at every step; and ascends from pretty to picturesque; from romantic to sublime and awful scenery (1).

No. 4. From DIJON to BESANÇON, $11\frac{1}{4}$ posts—
63 English miles.

FROM	POSTS,	FROM	POSTS.
DIJON to Genlis.....	2	Dole to Orchamps.....	2
Auxonne.....	$1\frac{5}{4}$	Saint Vit.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Dole.....	2	BESANÇON (2).....	2

At *Genlis*, within sight of the road, is a chateau, belonging to the lady of that name, so well known by her numerous works for the instruction of youth. Near *Auxonne* is a plain where a battle was fought between the French and the Allies. This town is situated on the Saone, and has a castle, an arsenal, a school of artillery, a foundery of cannon, and magazines of powder and saltpetre. It also has a *trade* in grain, cloth, serges, wine, and wood. Population, 5000.

Dole, situated on the Doubs, has a trade in hosiery, iron and glass works, and coal mines. It was once a place of great strength, but Louis XIV destroyed the fortifications in 1674. The Church of Notre Dame, the

(1) See Galignani's « Guide through Switzerland », in which this entrance to Switzerland is particularly described.

(2) INNS.—L'Hôtel du Park.

College, one of the finest in France, and the magnificent public walk, called the *Course*, are worthy of notice. The *Canal of the Rhine* is also an object of great importance; it commences below Dole, and forming à junction with various canals and rivers, reaches as far as *Basle*, where it unites with the Rhine; thus facilitating the transport of goods from Switzerland and Germany, to the neighbouring French departments : the tedious *ascent* of the Rhine from *Basle* to *Strasbourg*, being entirely avoided. Great progress has been made in this work. Near *Dole* are the remains of a fine Roman way. Population, 8200 (1). Proceeding through a mountainous and picturesque country, we arrive at

Besançon, a fine large city, divided into two parts by the *Doubs*. This place was strongly fortified by Louis XIV., the citadel being elevated upon a precipitous rock. *Besançon* has an Agricultural Society, an academy, royal college, school of artillery, library, museum, botanic garden, and some much frequented hot baths : here are some fine remains of Roman antiquities, as an amphitheatre, a triumphal arch, and the ruins

(1) As far as *Dole*, is the high road to Geneva (about 20 posts, or 110 miles distant.) From *Morey* to *Gex* in this route, is a succession of the wildest and most picturesque scenery. In ascending and descending the mountain of *Gex* (one of the *Jura* chain,) eight or nine hours are employed : this is one of the magnificent new roads cut by order of BONAPARTE, and is a part of the grand route leading to the *Simplon*. See *Galignani's Guide of Italy*, 18mo.

of a temple. The gardens of the Granvelle palace, is the general rendezvous of Besançon : the walk of Chammars is also very agreeable. The student of natural history will find abundant occupation in its picturesque environs, full of rare and curious plants. Here is a *manufacture* of clocks and watches, which equal those of Geneva, and fire-arms of the best quality ; iron-ware, hardware, printed calicoes, muslins, cloth, and stuffs, form a part of the *trade* of this place. Population, 30,000.

Supposing the traveller to have returned to *Dijon*, we shall now proceed to describe the route from that place to LYONS, as laid down in our Itinerary, No. 3. page 66.

We leave Dijon by the faubourg of the Ouche ; and having proceeded about a mile, we see rising on the right, towards the S. W., the celebrated hill, over which Bacchus has spread a verdant and magnificent carpet. This hill well deserves the name of *Côte-d'Or*, or Gold Coast, which has been given it on account of the excellence of its wines, and the riches they produce. We continue to enjoy this smiling view ; and every point that presents itself, is a spot more or less celebrated for the excellence of its wine. After having passed Chenone and Marcenay, the wines of which are in high estimation, and before we arrive at Baraque, the first stage, we see the vineyards of *Chambertin*, of which our countrymen have so high an opinion. Soon after, we perceive the vineyards of Morey

and Chambolle. The name of *Clos Vougeot*, written in large characters, now attracts our attention; this vine-land derives its name from the Vogue, which flows by, at a small distance from it, over which we cross by a small bridge; it formerly belonged to the monks of the Abbey of Citeaux; its extent is about 250 acres. It is now the property of MM. Tourton and Ravel, two eminent merchants, who pay great attention to its culture and improvement. Formerly it was not allowed to appropriate to this species of husbandry any lands, except such as were proper for it; but now, when the regulations relative to this point are no longer in force; vines are frequently planted in low watery grounds, which possess none of the properties requisite for a vineyard: but this is not the case with the vineyard of Vougeot, which is cultivated with extreme care; the wine made here is sold in bottles, the price of which is six francs (five shillings) each. The proprietors have always 500,000 bottles in store. Some of the wine is twelve years old; but it will not keep beyond that age. This vineyard enjoys the greatest celebrity; but that of *Vosges*, at a little distance from it, on the road to Nuits, has gained an almost equal degree of reputation.

These names recall to mind the disputes which recur at every banquet among the Burgundians, relative to the superiority of the produce of the several vineyards; and which frequently become very animated, ge-

nerally ending in very considerable wagers. We now soon arrive at

Nuits, a place celebrated on account of its vineyards, and the great trade carried on there with the gifts of Bacchus. The wines of the neighbourhood rose into great repute after the illness of Louis XIV, in 1680; who received great benefit from being recommended, by his physicians, the old wine of Nuits, as a restorative. The price of the article, which till then had been very moderate, was considerably increased, and large quantities are now exported. Nuits is a small town, situated at the foot of a hill called *Côte Nuitone*, on the bank of the Meuzin; planted with the excellent vines, which have raised the reputation of the place, where every thing has an air of comfort and competence. *Manufactures* of coarse cloths and other common stuffs, such as druggets, serges, flannels, etc., paper-mills, and tan-yards. Population, 2600.

The tract of vine-land opposite to Nuits is covered with forests, the wood of which is employed in smelting the ore of the iron mines, or sent as a supply of fuel to the capital. The Côte d'Or formerly produced a considerable number of chesnuts, but it is a remarkable fact, that this tree will not now thrive there. This tract of country ends at Vosnes; but the vineyards as far as Beaune continue to have the reputation of producing excellent wine.

Beaune, situated in an agreeable and fer-

tile plain, upon the Bouzeoize : at the foot of Mont-Afrique, is of an oval form, and has some handsome houses and wide streets ; it stands on a calcareous soil, about three leagues from the Saone ; and its situation between Chalons, Dijon, and Autun, is well suited for inland trade. Of the castle nothing but ruins remain. The church of St. Peter is the handsomest ; but the most remarkable edifice is the magnificent hospital, founded in 1443, by Nicholas Rollin, chancellor to Philip, Duke of Burgundy, of whom Louis XI of France used to say, « It is but an act of justice in him, who has made so many poor, to build an hospital to lodge them in. » The court of this house presents some remains of Gothic architecture, which have a picturesque effect. It does honour to the inhabitants of Beaune, that this asylum of sickness and misfortune is kept in a very good state of repair, and that they pride themselves upon it as an institution of great importance.

The animosity of the Athenians against the Thebans was not greater than that of the inhabitants of *Dijon* against those of *Beaune*. The Dijonese will have it, that the very air of the country has a stupifying effect ; and they vie with each other in ascribing the most ridiculous bulls and simplicities to the good folks of Beaune.

Is there any real foundation for this opinion of the great simplicity of the Beaunese ? we must own, that having heard so much of it, and read the hundreds of nai-

vetés and blunders told of them, it was difficult to divest ourselves of prejudice; and during the time we were in the town, there occurred nothing calculated entirely to remove this prejudice: it seemed as if no one gave a proper answer to the questions put to them. But our stay was too short to enable us to form a correct opinion: and we will not follow the example of a certain fellow-country man, who wrote in his journal, that at *Blois* all the women were carrotty and peevish, though he had seen only the hostess of the inn where he put up.

But even admitting that the Beaunese in general have little wit, and a sluggish imagination, this rule is not without an exception; and they may cite with pride the names of some very eminent men to, whom their town has given birth — and particularly *M. Monge*, to whom we owe so many discoveries in physics, chemistry, and geometry.

There are some fine walks at Beaune, particularly that of the fountain of *Aigue*. Its *trade*, in excellent wine, is very considerable; and it has *manufactures* of woollen and cloth, and some quarries in its environs. Population, 8500.

Passing the celebrated vineyards of *Pomard* and *Volnay*, and several small villages, we arrive at *Chagny*, a small town on the left bank of the *Heune*, which has a great trade in fine wines. Here is also a cloth manufactory. Hence, nothing worthy of remark occurs till we reach *Chalons*, which, with

the route to Lyons, we have already described, at page 57.

CHAPTER II.

Description of Lyons and its Environs.—Excursions to Chambery and Grenoble.—Description of Grenoble.—Voyage down the Rhone, from Lyons to Avignon.—Description of Vienne, Orange, Avignon, etc. Excursions to Vaucluse, Carpentras, Cavailon, etc.

Eight principal roads, and two great rivers, meet at Lyons, and thus facilitate the communications on every side. At the spot where the two great roads from Paris meet, a circular place was formed, in 1783, in the midst of which was erected an obelisk called the *pyramid of peace*. On the table of the pedestal, towards the town, was this inscription :

Ludovico XVI utriusque orbis pacificatori.

This obelisk is surrounded by curb-stones, connected together by strong iron chains. The place is 470 feet in circumference, and is planted with limes, with stone benches in the intervals.

This monument was erected on occasion of the peace of 1783, under the *intendance* of M. de Flesselles, the last provost of Paris, who was massacred there by the populace, on the ever-memorable day of the 14th of July, 1789.

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This town is surrounded by four great faubourgs: that of Vaise, on the road to Paris; Croix-Rousse, on the right bank of the Rhone, and at the foot of the mount St. Sebastian; St. Just, or St. Irénée, on the road to Monbrison; and the Guillotière, which is on the other side of the Rhone, towards Dauphiny.

Two considerable rivers traverse or border Lyons in its whole length. The Saone, the stream of which is very slow, washes the foot of the mountain Fourvière, on the lower part of which is a considerable quarter of the town, and it forms, from the faubourg of Vaise to that of St. Irénée, a very remarkable bend.

The Rhone, which is very rapid, and almost in a strait line, separates the town from the *promenade* of Bretteaux, and from the faubourg La Guillotière, and unites with the Saone at the southern extremity of Lyons, and below the Allée Perrache. The most extensive and most populous part of the town lies between these two rivers.

The town is commanded by two mountains; that of Fourvière, which is on the right bank of the Saone, and on which Lyons was originally built; and the mountain of St. Sebastian, which rises to the north of the town, between the Rhone and the Saone.

Most of the streets are narrow, and bordered with footpaths, not broad enough for two persons to go abreast; but the quays on the rivers are beautiful, and that of the Rhone is one of the most magnificent in the world.

The squares and public walks announce, by

their grandeur, the opulence of the inhabitants. The most remarkable are, the place where the two roads from Paris meet, the new quay of the Rhone, the Place des Terreaux, that of Belcour, and the Promenade des Breteaux.

Lyons is celebrated for its antiquity, its vast commerce, its opulence, and its misfortunes. The bustle on the quays and in the streets, the multitude of houses, the shops and warehouses crowded together, would almost make one believe we were again in Paris, or in a second capital of France.

From the place of the Pyramid, where the two roads from Paris meet, we enter the long narrow *rue de Vaise*, which runs between the Saone on the left, and the hill of Fourvières on the right. This hill, which appears from time to time above the row of houses fixed against its base, presents a variety of rural spots, which quite delighted me the first time I entered Lyons on this side. Long strips of vines, meadows shaded with fruit-trees, groves intersected with picturesque rocks and verdant hollows, together with pretty little country seats interspersed in the various sinuosities of this enchanting landscape—all together is truly romantic, and has a wonderful effect at the gates and almost in the interior of a great town.

The Soane and the mountain seem hardly to leave place for a narrow road between them; nevertheless two rows of houses were constructed on it, which, of a narrow road,

made a still narrower street. Many of the buildings on the border of the hill have conquered a part of their site from the hill itself; and its granitic base has been formed into the back wall of these houses; most of them have an inclosure, which rises to the level of the roof, or even above it, according as the hill, which forms the uneven surface of these inclosures, is itself more or less elevated. The ascent to them is by an inner staircase, and the entrance from the garret.

These extraordinary situations, which one might naturally expect in a village hung on the rocks of some Swiss mountain, are however to be found in Lyons; and though calculated strongly to attract the attention of a stranger, have hardly ever been described, either by travellers or geographers.

To complete the picture, the rock of Pierre-Scise advances its enormous mass into the middle of the road. The slender passage which it leaves between it and the Saone, has been wrested from it by force, and thence the name of Pierre-Scise, *Petra Excisa*. This work is supposed to have been begun by Agrippa; and certainly the position of this rock must have embarrassed the issue of some of the great roads which that general formed, to proceed from Lyons, as a central point, into all parts of Gaul.

The perpendicular projection of the rock of Pierre-Scise is a subject which has always been the admiration of painters, especially when it was crowned with the gothic castle

to which it gave its name. This castle, long inhabited by the Archbishops sovereigns of Lyons, and transformed into a state prison after the wars of the League, was demolished after the siege of the town during the revolution. The rock will also disappear, being now used as a quarry; and the stones extracted from it serve in part to rebuild the town wall, which, beginning at this rock, rises on its heights, and encloses them within the town. Its destruction will widen the road, but it will be a loss to the admirer of picturesque scenery. The houses on the bank of the Saone are also to be demolished to form a quay, which will make this entrance to Lyons as handsome as it was otherwise formerly. The spot where the old castle stood presents a delightful view of the rich hills, bathed by the Soane, in the neighbourhood of Lyons.

Almost opposite, on the other bank of the river, the rock St. Jean, which is a part of the hill called Croix-Rousse, seems to be the counterpart of Pierre-Scise; it had also a fort, which bore its name. The large building one observes at the foot of this last rock, on the border of the Saone, was the old *granary of plenty*, now a barrack. The analogy of these two rocks, which are of the same granitic nature, has suggested the idea of their having been separated by art. This work, also attributed to Agrippa, had, it is said, the double view of opening a road, and of forming a passage for the waters of the Saone, which, ac-

according to the same system, then formed a lake in this part. This lake, in which some modern historians have believed, makes the primitive course of the Saone to have been on the other side of the hill ; but one is not more proved than the other. On advancing, you perceive almost above your head, on another projection of rocks, a wooden figure, of colossal proportion and a gothic form, known by the name of « The man of the Rock. » When destroyed by time, it is renewed with great solemnity, and is a festival for the inhabitants of the faubourg. This statue is the simple monument by which they immortalize the memory of one of their fellow-citizens, who signalized his benevolence by giving marriage portions to poor girls.

The view of these different objects has diverted our attention from the oldest veterinary school in France, near which we pass, before we come to the rock of Pierre-Scise. It was established by the famous Bourgelat, in the year 1761 ; but is now surpassed by that of Alfort, near Paris. The pupils remain in it three years, and have different exercises for each day. In the hall of preparations is the marble bust of Bourgelat, on the pedestal of which is this inscription :

Artis veterinariæ magister.

And on a slab of white marble, in front of the monument, is the following :

Claud. Bourgelat equiti
Ob institutam
Artem veterinariam
Discipuli memores
Annunte Rege
Posuere
Anno M.DCC.LXXX.

The house in which it is established was the ancient convent of the nuns of St. Elisabeth, otherwise called the Convent of the Two Lovers, (*des deux amans*), from an ancient monument that stood near it, called *Le tombeau des deux amans*. This tomb was an insulated monument, curious from its simple, solid, and elegant form. The plan of it was a square. From a large pedestal rose four pilasters, supporting an entablature, crowned on two sides by a pediment. The space between the pilasters, on one side, was walled up; the other three sides were open. This monument having no inscription, and bearing the name of the Two Lovers only from tradition, threw the learned into endless conjectures respecting its origin.

It was hoped that some information concerning it might be found in its foundations; and therefore, notwithstanding the representations of several zealous antiquaries, it was demolished in the year 1707; but without realizing any of the expectations that had been formed as to the knowledge of its origin or real destination.

This tomb of the Two Lovers was formerly a sort of altar where true lovers met to swear

to each other eternal love. Romantic friends also went there, to strengthen, by a solemn oath, the bonds of their mutual attachment. In D'Urfés Astrea, Hylas says : « The friendship between Periander and me became so great, that they commonly called us the two friends ; and wishing to preserve it, and strengthen it still more, we went to *the sepulchre of the two lovers*, which is outside the gate called Pierre-Encise. There, holding each other by one hand, and with the other the corners of the tomb, we made reciprocal oaths of faithful and perfect friendship, according to the custom of the place ; calling on the spirits of those two faithful lovers, as witnesses of the oath we took. »

As we advance, the city opens by degrees, and seems to unfold itself before our eyes ; the hill called Croix-Rousse, on the eastern bank of the Saone, contrasts its picturesque declivities with those of the western bank, in the interior of Lyons. Both, reflected in the waters of the river, produce a truly magical effect, when it is illumined by the rays of the sun. The grand arch of a circle, which the river describes round the mountain of Fourvières, adds to this picture, which is beautifully finished by the rich amphitheatre of verdure that covers the mountain.

We arrive successively at the bridge of St. Vincent, and the Pont-au-Change ; and having passed the Soane, the eye turns spontaneously to the pretty eminence of Fourvières ; which

exhibits a view, singular in its kind, and which, though often painted, offers a finer picture than any that can be made of it.

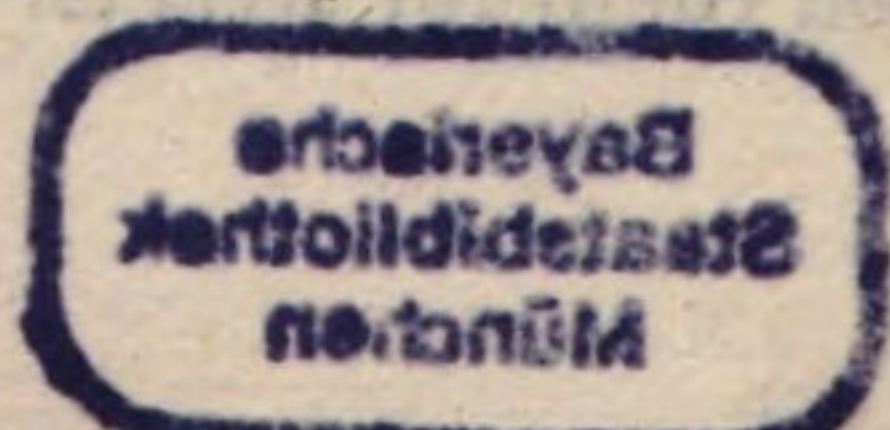
The church of Notre-Dame, and the house called Antiquailles, are the most eminent points of it. The first of these two buildings occupies the place of the ancient *Forum Trajani*, or *Forum Veneris*, which was still known some years ago by the name of Fort Vieil, (*Forum vetus*,) from which the name of Fourvières is derived. The second, remarkable for having been constructed on the ruins of the palace of the Roman emperors, where the imbecile Claudius was born, and which the mad Caligula inhabited, is now become, as if in consequence of the destiny of the spot, a lunatic asylum. It was called Antiquailles, on account of the number of antiquities that have been found there.

After having enjoyed the interesting view which this hill presents, when seen from the quay of the Saone, we long to enjoy that which its heights seem to promise, along with the coolness of its shades. But in this expectation we are disappointed; the streets or roads which lead to the summit are inclosed between walls that shut out every prospect.

We are fully indemnified however, when we arrive at the terrace of the church of Fourvières, by the beautiful view we there behold. Look down, Lyons is at your feet; its black and crowded houses, like the cells of a bee-hive, seem hardly to leave space enough between them for streets. The quays,

the streets, the squares, and the bridges are filled with crowds of people, who all appear actively engaged; a perpetual hum, a confused murmur, and the sound of various voices is continually heard. How small this great town appears! It is true we only distinguish clearly the principal part, pent up between the Saone and the Rhone, and bounded, on the north, by the mountain of Croix-Rousse, of which it covers all the slope; and to the south, by the marshes, which occupy the point of land as far as the confluence of the Rhone and Saone; while the stranger is inclined to consider the quarter situated on the right bank of the Saone as a suburb, though it forms a third part of Lyons; and only considers the town properly so called between the two rivers. On their banks are cheerful gardens and pleasant country houses, which embellish the whole landscape; while the eye wanders to the right and left, along the meanders and isles of the rapid Rhone, and the more calm and even course of the Saone, and fixes on the point where their waters meet.

In front, an immense horizon unfolds itself, and exhibits, beyond the banks of the Rhone, the vast fields of all Dauphiny; and beyond, the mountains of the Chartreuse and Chambery, terminated, further on, by the magnificent curtain of the stupendous Alps, above which, the imposing mass of Mont-Blanc rises as high, as the Alpine chain itself rises above the plain.



The eminences of the Croix-Rousse, which command the town to the north, as that of Fourvières does to the south, seem to have the same extent of prospect, but less local beauty. It has three different aspects, namely: on the Saone, on the Rhone, and on the town. The first two have, together with the fine views from the hill of Fourvières, some of its striking situations. The third, which can only be properly enjoyed from the terrace of the Chartreux, exhibits the town in its whole length. On the slope of this hill is the botanic garden; in the midst of which is a basin, which occupies the site of an ancient naumachia and amphitheatre, of which some vestiges may be traced. The department produces many rare and curious plants, which grow in it spontaneously: a nomenclature of them has been published in the « *Chloris Lugdunensis*. » The church of the Chartreux, the only remarkable edifice on this hill, has a pretty dome, and its interior is worth visiting; it contains a very handsome marble altar, surmounted by a magnificent canopy. On this hill were found the two famous bronze tables, on which is inscribed the harangue of the Emperor Claudius to the senate, in favour of the Lyonnese.

The fine quays of the Rhone are not visible from the point where we now are. Beyond the bridge of La Guillotière, the long faubourg of that name has less the appearance of a suburb, than of a neighbouring town; it is

peopled with seven or eight thousand inhabitants.

Having thus surveyed the inclosure and environs of Lyons, we should now penetrate into the interior; but we must not quit the hill that has served for our observations, without seeing the antiquities which it offers to our admiration, the principal of which are: the fine remains of an aqueduct near the church of St. Irenæus; a beautiful mosaic in the house Cassere, *rue du Gourguillon*; some vestiges of a theatre in the inclosure of the Minims; with subterraneous reservoirs in that of the Ursulines, as well as in the house called Antiquailles. We shall content ourselves with merely mentioning these objects here, as we are desirous, before we proceed farther in the description of Lyons, to present to the reader, in this place, a sketch of the origin and history of this celebrated city.

The ancient Celtic name *Lugdunum*, from which the French name of Lyons was formed, was common to several towns of Gaul; and therefore gives us reason to suppose it was anterior to the establishment of a Roman colony. Cæsar, however, so exact in describing the smallest places, never mentions *Lugdunum* in his commentaries; and Polybius and Livy, who have described the march of Hannibal through Gaul, and his passage at the confluence of the Saone and Rhone, say nothing of it.

It is evident, therefore, from the silence of such respectable historians, that this town

did not exist in the time of Cæsar; and that the Celtic name Lugdunum belonged to the mountain now called Fourvières, or, perhaps, to a hamlet built upon it. Soon after the death of Cæsar, the inhabitants of Vienne being driven from their town by the Allobroges, Munatius Plancus, who commanded several legions in Gaul, received an order from the senate to collect these fugitives, and establish them at Lugdunum. This colony became very powerful in a short time. Its advantageous situation, the assistance of government, and the necessity which the inhabitants of Vienne were in of building new dwellings; formed, in less than fifty years, a town which by its population soon rivalled Narbonne; where a mint for gold and silver coins was soon established, and which the governors of Gaul made their residence. Lutetia (Paris) was as yet hardly in existence, when Lugdunum was a flourishing city; which is happily expressed by the poet Bordes in these verses:

J'ouvre les fastes de l'histoire;
 Déjà la fille de Plancus,
 D'Athènes émule révérée,
 Elevait son front dans les cieux,
 Quand Lutèce, obscure, ignorée,
 Croupissait sur ses bords fangeux.

The epoch of this foundation, according to the chronological system generally adopted, must be fixed in the year of Rome 718, and 36 years before the birth of Jesus Christ.

The advantageous situation of this new

town, at the confluence of two great rivers, particularly engaged the attention of the Romans, who soon embellished it with several superb edifices. Mark Antony constructed for it a magnificent aqueduct; and Augustus, in the division which he made of Gaul, established Lyons the metropolis of all Celtic Gaul, which he had subdivided into four parts, called the first, second, third, and fourth Lyonnese. His son-in-law, Agrippa, fixed, at Lyons, the centre of the four great roads which divided all Gaul. Augustus, himself, in order to be nearer the barbarous nations, and force them to respect him, went with all his court to reside at Lyons, where he remained three years, and greatly contributed to the embellishment and opulence of the town.

The emperor Claudius, a native of Lyons, procured for the town the right of a Roman colony.

Four years after the departure of Augustus, sixty cities, which had commercial communications with Lyons, resolved to erect there, at their joint expense, a temple consecrated to that emperor.

This temple was erected near the very spot where the Rhone and Saône unite their waters; in the middle was a great altar, the form of which is preserved in several medals; its principal front exhibited a vast low relief, representing two Genii, with an olive tree on the side of each, and a great crown in the middle. Above the altar were placed sixty

statues, the divinities of the sixty nations of Gaul, who had contributed to the erection of the temple, and had each established a priest in it. The statue of Augustus and that of Rome were on the same altar, but in the centre, and much elevated above the others, on a sort of tripod.

On the two sides of this great altar were two columns of granite, of which fragments are still preserved. On each of these columns, which were a little higher than the altar, was placed a statue representing a Genius or Victory.

Ten years after the erection of this temple, the mad and furious Caligula established at Lyons a sort of academy of eloquence, and founded a prize for the best compositions that were offered; but the vanquished were obliged to give the prize to the successful candidate, and to pronounce an eulogium on him.

It is also said that if any of the works produced was so bad as to seem unworthy of the academy, the author was obliged to efface it with a sponge, and even sometimes with his tongue; or else submit to be flogged or plunged into the Rhone. To this Juvenal alludes, when he says:

*Palleat, ut nudis pressit qui calcibus anguem
Aut Lugdunensem rhetor dicturus ad aram.*

One hundred years after the foundation of Lyons, in the 64th year of our æra, when this town, embellished by a vast number of Roman edifices, rivalled the most flourishing

capitals of Gaul, it was reduced to ashes by a dreadful conflagration. Seneca speaks at length of this dreadful fire, and says with great energy: *Una nox fuit inter urbem maximam et nullam*. Tacitus mentions it, and says that the emperor Nero gave a considerable sum of money to rebuild it. Lyons soon rose from its ashes, and Trajan erected a magnificent edifice in it, destined for the markets, fairs, and tribunals of justice. This public monument, which was called *Forum Trajani*, and afterwards *Forum vetus*, subsisted till the ninth century, and is said to have fallen down in the year 840.

In the beginning of the third century, under the emperor Severus, the inhabitants of Lyons suffered a horrible persecution; nineteen thousand of them are said to have been massacred, and the city was almost laid in ruins.

In 470, Lyons was ceded to the Burgundians, by the emperor Anthemius, and became the capital of the ancient kingdom of Burgundy, then of the duchy of Lyons; at length it passed under the domination of the French kings of the second race. Charles the Bald established a governor there, who made the government hereditary in his family, and died in 890.

Lyons afterwards became subject to the emperors of Germany, who, being too distant, insensibly allowed their authority to be usurped by the archbishops of the town. These prelates acted in so tyrannical a manner, that

the inhabitants placed themselves under the protection of the King of France. In 1271, Philip the Bold took them under his protection, and in 1310, Philip the Handsome delivered them from the tyranny of their archbishops, and annexed the city to France, to which it has ever since belonged.

One of the most remarkable and interesting events that ever happened in Lyons, was the grand ceremony of the federation, in the year 1790. On the 29th of May of that year, fifty-nine detachments of the national guard, consisting of above 50,000 men, entered the town. Among them were seen many country-women, with swords in their hands, like so many Maids of Orleans. At eight o'clock in the evening the report of fire-works and cannon, resounding from the four sides of the town, commenced the solemnity of this grand festival.

On the 30th a discharge of artillery awoke the inhabitants at four in the morning. The *generale* beat to arms, and all the companies of the federation assembled on the ground on the borders of the Rhone, near its confluence with the Saone. There, after divers evolutions, they united into one army, and each deputation, preceded by its band, kept its ranks, under its own colours. The march began with the firing of cannon, and the whole army defiled along the Rhone, and the quays, as far as the Pont Morand, in front of the Hôtel-de-Ville. A considerable detachment of the national guard of Lyons, then went for the members of the town council, in order to

escort them into the midst of the army, which received them and conducted them to the camp, in the midst of an innumerable multitude, transported with joy, and rending the air with acclamations.

A vast plain, situated on the other side of the Rhone, about half a league from the town, beyond the *promenade des Bretteaux*, was chosen as the situation for the camp.

In the centre, a group of rocks had been erected, covered with plants and shrubs, and from the top of which several cascades seemed to descend. On the four sides of this monument, which was 80 feet long at the base, were steps that led to four porticos, which formed the entrance of the Temple of Concord, constructed in the interior of the rock. Above the temple and the rocks, was an esplanade fifty feet above the ground, on which was the statue of Liberty, placed on a pedestal. In one hand she held a lance surmounted by a cap, the symbol of freedom; with the other, she presented a civic crown to the confederated militias. At the foot of this figure was the altar destined for the celebration of the Mass.

On the pediments of the porticos were several emblems and inscriptions relative to the event. One was particularly remarked, where Diogenes was represented breaking his lantern, with these words; « I was looking only for one man and I find millions! »

At length, the army that was expected with impatience entered the camp. It required

near three hours for them to defile in the camp, and form, in three lines, a square battailon. The grenadiers first entered the inclosure and ranged themselves near the porticos of the temple, which was surrounded by bands of music. Four hundred and eighteen stand of colours were seen waving in the air, and displaying the colours of the nation; and their devices and emblems expressed the patriotism with which the militias were animated. Reiterated acclamations accompanied all the detachments. When they were allowed to rest, each federation placed its arms in a heap. The different troops mingled together, and expressed their satisfaction with the most lively transports of joy.

But a more august spectacle was now exhibited; the troops resumed their arms and the mass was celebrated. At the signal, which announced the moment when the solemn oath was to be pronounced, all the colours were brought from different points of the circumference, towards the centre, and surrounded the temple.

The commandant, placed near the altar, addressed the troops and pronounced the civic oath. Immediately the air was filled with the words *Je le jure*; every hat was thrown up, and then raised and supported a long time on pikes and bayonets, while the same words were again repeated with a degree of delirious transport which it is impossible to describe.

After having sworn to maintain the constitution, to be faithful to the Nation, the Law,

and the King, and to consider as irreconciliable enemies all who should make any attack on these sacred objects of the love and respect of the French people, an address of the federated militias to the National Assembly was read, applauded, and adopted : it concluded by this apostrophe to liberty.

“ Liberty ! thy sanctuary is in the midst of our representatives, but we honour thee wherever thou art, and our artillery, after having resounded our acclamations and manifested our respect for the Nation, for you, Gentlemen, the wise interpreters of its supreme will, and for our King, has also testified that which we bear to the majesty of the British people, to those brave English, formerly our rivals, now our friends; to the United States of America, to every free people, to those who desire to be so, and to that society of the revolution in London, which, the first to applaud your courage, has proved that liberty is the eternal bond that must unite nations as well as individuals. ”

Dances, and different expressions of joy succeeded this solemn ceremony, and the confederates, who had never seen each other before, appeared to be an assemblage of friends and brothers.

These transports were renewed with fresh ardour, when, about five in the evening, the army again entered the town amid the shouts of the multitude. Twelve hours under arms had neither broke their spirits nor their gaiety.

Fire-works, a general illumination, and a dress-ball terminated the memorable day.

We have seen Lyons consumed by fire, under the reign of Nero; we have seen it suffering from a cruel persecution, under that of Severus: in the eighth century it was almost depopulated, and laid in ruins, by the Saracens, and dreadful ravages were made there by a visitation of the plague, in 1628; but perhaps under none of these calamities did it experience sufferings so severe as in the devastations to which it was condemned after its surrender to the conventional army, in 1793. Before the revolution one of the most populous and opulent cities in France, abounding in fine buildings; it was, till within these few years, and indeed in some respects is even at the present time, a sad monument of the fatal excesses to which an insatiate thirst for vengeance may be carried, when freed from all restraint and control.

Till the final overthrow of royalty, however, up to the 10th of August, 1792, no steps had been taken against Lyons by the zealous revolutionists; but from that period its sufferings may be dated; under the notorious *Châlier*, the worthy friend and emulator of Marat, a Central Club was formed, by whom such endless vexations were inflicted on the Lyon-nais, that their patience being exhausted the citizens determined to make an effort to shake off the yoke. On the night between the 29th and 30th of May, they rose upon their Jacobin oppressors, and expelling both the Central Club, and the Sans-culotte Mayor, with all

their dependents, they hoped that an end would be put to their troubles. Alas! how great was their error! instead of being the termination it might be called but the beginning of them; all their former sufferings were nothing to what they subsequently encountered. The day which followed the night of this victory, presented a most affecting spectacle. Persons of all ranks and descriptions, who before were scarcely known to each other, met in the streets and squares, with embraces and congratulations on what had passed, mingled with tears of joy and gratitude, and the union of hearts and sentiments which now burst forth, seemed to assure to the city the enjoyment of peace and tranquillity. But these flattering hopes were of short duration; the Convention, incensed at what had passed; indignant likewise against the Lyonnais, for having disowned their authority as the legal representatives of the nation, and for having rejected the constitution which they had imposed, ordered an army to march against this devoted town, under the command of the generals Kellerman and Dubois Crancé. (See Plumtree's Residence in France, vol. I. p. 233, 236.)

The bombardment of the city was commenced, but its effect considerably retarded by the exertions and precautions of the inhabitants in preventing conflagrations, and extinguishing the fusées of the bombs. The investment was, however, so close, that famine began to be severely felt: corruption found its way within the walls, and treasons, discovered and punish-

ed, only created alarm and mistrust. New missionaries were sent to the besieging army, among whom were Couthon, Maignet, and Chateauneuf Randon; they addressed a proclamation to the inhabitants, requiring an unconditional surrender, which being disregarded, a more furious bombardment and cannonade was commenced, the works were carried by main force, and several important posts fell successively into the hands of the assailants. General Doppet, who arrived from the army of the Alps, to command the siege, was preparing to make a last attack, when the people opened their gates, and surrendered at discretion. General Pr  cy, at the head of two thousand five hundred men, and escorting many women and children, made his escape; but an ammunition waggon being blown up, occasioned great destruction among his helpless followers: and the country being raised, and the fugitives being pursued by a party of the victorious enemy, the whole detachment was put to the sword. In the fate of their defenders the people of Lyons might anticipate their own; a decree passed the Convention for razing all the buildings, except the abodes of the poor, of murdered patriots, and houses of industry and public instruction. On the site of it a column was to be raised, with an inscription, "*Lyons warred against liberty—Lyons is no more:* " and the name of the city was changed to VILLE AFFRANCHIE. This decree gave additional energy to the measures of vengeance, already pursued: twenty thousand

men, who had signed a petition, were devoted to destruction at once, on the motion of Dubois Crancé; and an intention was publicly professed of reducing the population from a hundred and forty thousand to twenty-five thousand souls at the utmost. As a means of exciting the Jacobins to relentless revenge, the remains of Chalier were brought to view, and worshipped, like those of his political preceptor, Marat. Robespierre pronounced his eulogy to the Jacobin club and Dorfeuille, at Lyons; and Collot d'Herbois, Montaut, and Fouché, were deputed by the Jacobins to accelerate measures of cruelty, and instituted an impious fête, at the close of which it was proposed to murder all the prisoners; but a sudden storm drove the people to their houses. No time was, however, lost in forwarding the work of destruction; the missionaries boasted to the Convention of their inflexibility, and required the explosion of mines, and the rapidity of flame to gratify their desires of extermination; and the Convention received, with coldness, a petition from the inhabitants of this large, beautiful, and rich city, referring it to the committee of public safety, which had ordered their destruction (1).

More than three thousand of the inhabitants of Lyons fell a sacrifice to the siege and the guillotine. The venerable DELANDINE, who has published a *Catalogue Raisonné* of the MSS. in the public library, narrowly escaped falling a sacrifice in this dreadful carnage. He was

(1) Adolphus's History of France, vol. I. p. 457.

imprisoned for some time, and has published a deeply interesting, but heart-rending narrative of the siege of this place by the republican army, and of the massacre of its loyal inhabitants. The guillotine was erected in the *Place de Bellecour*, which literally overflowed with the blood of its victims. (1)

The death of that monster *Robespierre* having put an end to the sufferings of this devoted city, on the 29th of May, 1795, funeral honours were celebrated to the memory of those who fell under the reign of terror. "On the field of death itself, in the midst of the earth which covers the remains of so many innocent victims, on the plain of the Brotteaux, a cenotaph was erected. On a large base, ascending in steps like an amphitheatre, was placed an immense sarcophagus, round which was hung a drapery of black, festooned with bunches of laurel, of oak, and of roses. They to whom this monument was dedicated had a right to the laurel, since they had fought for their country; to the oak, as the civic crown, since they had proved themselves good citizens; and to roses, since this flower has been considered, by all nations as the emblem of virtue, as the symbol of that transitory life which blooms for an instant, then to disappear for ever. At each corner of the sarcophagus were *Larvæ*, the genii considered by the Egyptians, and after-

(1) See the *Histoire du Siege de Lyon, depuis 1789 jusqu'en 1796*, 8vo. 2 tom. Paris, 1797; or Miss Plumtree's three Year's Residence in France, vol. I, where the most interesting parts of this narrative are given at length.

wards by the Greeks, as the Guardians of the tombs; they supported tablets of stone, on which were groups of owls, the birds of night, emblems of the long, long night of the tombs, and these again supported the *thuriferæ*, or vases, in which were burned the perfumes and incense. From the centre of the sarcophagus rose a pyramid, surmounted by the funeral urn, and at its base were two female figures, veiled, holding lacrymatories, and appearing overpowered with grief and despair. On the four fronts of the sarcophagus were inscribed four stanzas, of which the following is a spirited translation :

Here, Lyonnese, your sighs be breathed;
 Here o'er your friends your requiems swell:
 To you their courage they bequeathed,
 O live like them ! O die as well !

Death to their eyes, wore victory's face :
 Sated with crime's unceasing round,
 Glory they clasped, in death's embrace,
 Repose beneath this sod they found.

Traveller, who journeyest near our dust,
 With fond respect one flower bestow,
 And teach thy sons, O sacred trust !
 That from our deaths their blessings flow.

Field, scene of many a bloody feud,
 What tombs, what trophies, shall be thine !
 Sunk in thy bosom's solitude,
 What prowess, virtues, power recline.

A band of music, vocal and instrumental, with drums muffled and decorated with bunches of laurel, and black crape, marched first, playing and singing a solemn requiem. They were

followed by an immense concourse of the inhabitants of Lyons, of all ranks and degrees, all bathed in tears, which felt alike for departed friends and a degraded country." (See *Miss Plumtree's Residence in France*, vol. I. p. 360.)

This memorial, however, was not suffered to remain more than a year: since the change of affairs let us hope that some simple monument of these melancholy times, may yet rear its head, as a warning voice to future generations.

The *situation* of the modern town of Lyons, nearly in the centre of two navigable rivers, and at the junction of many public roads, is extremely favourable to commercial pursuits. The Rhone affords an expeditious communication with Languedoc, Provence, and the Mediterranean; the Saone, uniting with the Doubs, lays open the trade of Burgundy and Franche-Comté; the vicinity of Geneva, Switzerland, and Savoy, facilitates an advantageous traffic with these states, and invites, through their channel, to more extended dealings with a considerable portion of Germany, Piedmont, and Italy.

Though the *climate* of Lyons is very fine, no place is subject to more sudden changes from heat to cold. The greatest heats are in June and July, and in a part of August; towards the latter end of this month a considerable quantity of rain falls, till about the middle of September: and from this time to the end of November is the pleasantest part of the

year. The cold is often very severe in winter, and frosts sharp enough to destroy all the vine-buds have sometimes occurred in the month of April.

Among the *natural productions* of this part of France, are the white mulberry tree, which is stripped of its delicate leaves to furnish food for the silkworm; the two sorts of chesnut (*marron and chataigne*) the first held in the greatest estimation; and that delicate little bird the *bec-figue*, erroneously supposed to live upon figs; fine horned cattle; excellent potatoes and other vegetables. In several villages of the Mont d'Or, very nice cream-cheeses are made; and the sausages, called *cervelats de Lyon*, are deservedly celebrated. Much of the *wine* made on the banks of the Rhone is excellent, particularly that of Condrieux; the waters of the Saone abound with delicious fish. Wood for fuel is not very plentiful, but there are numerous mines of coal in the Lyonnais.

Before the Revolution, Lyons was reckoned, after Paris, the most polished town in France; it is now much altered as it respects the male population; warmly devoted to commerce, the Lyonnais are active, industrious, keen calculators, and prudent in their speculations; consequently, gracefulness of manners, and a taste for letters are not to be expected in this great provincial town: yet we must do them the justice to observe, that though, like the inhabitants of London and Liverpool, they are continually immersed in trade, they are

not backward in contributing a portion of their enormous wealth to the encouragement and support of literature and the arts. The women, *toujours séduisantes*, particularly in the South of France, are not very handsome, but engaging in their manners, and are said to possess a little of the vivacity of the Provençals, and of the coquetry of the Avignonese.

A long stay at Lyons is very expensive. To those who remain here some time, it is much more economical to hire ready furnished apartments on one of the quays, and to dine at a table-d'hôte, of which there are several at different prices. This is generally the best method in all great towns.

Lyons is, in general, well built, but the streets are narrow, and from the great height of the houses have a dark, gloomy appearance, many of them being much loftier than at Paris; the pavement also, composed of small sharp stones, is very unpleasant to pedestrians. In the quarter of Gourgillon, chiefly inhabited by mechanics, the streets are so steep, that excepting the public road, which has been made somewhat more convenient, it is not possible for carriages to pass; on each side there is a kind of foot-path, the steps to which are so very high that in great rains the water runs in torrents. The black colour of the houses, dirty, ill built, and badly glazed, gives to all this quarter a dismal and disgusting appearance. Notwithstanding this there are some fine parts or quarters. The *Place de Bellecour*, before the Revolution, was con-

sidered one of the handsomest squares in Europe; it is one thousand feet in length, and six hundred and fifty at the widest end; one end being fifty feet narrower than the other. An equestrian statue in bronze of Louis XIV stood on a pedestal of marble raised upon a base of three steps, and at the foot, were two bronze figures representing the Saone and the Rhone, which last were saved from destruction and placed in the town hall. At the two ends of the square was a range of handsome houses, built on a uniform plan, and between these and the statue were lawns, with a basin and jet-d'eau in each. It is still a noble square;—a statue of Louis XIV is again to be placed here. This quarter is inhabited by the rich, and contains some fine houses. The quarter of *St. Clair* is another fine part of the town, which with its handsome quay, answers to the *Chaussée-d'Antin* of Paris, and is chiefly inhabited by merchants. The *quay* is the *Boulevard Italien* of Paris; in this quarter is the *maison de Tolosan*, whose magnificent façade was so much admired by Joseph II of Austria. He is reported to have said: "The merchants of this town are better lodged than the princes in Germany". The *Place des Terreaux*, the second square in Lyons, was formed on the filling up of a canal which crossed the city from the Saone to the Rhone, and it was from this circumstance that it had its name. Before the Revolution, this was the place of all public executions.

There are many *bridges* at Lyons, princi-

pally of wood, and of the boldest construction. The most remarkable is that of *Morand* of the lightest woodwork, over the Rhone, leading from the place St. Clair to the promenade and faubourg of Brotteaux. The heaviest waggons pass over it; there is a foot path of brick for the pedestrians. The stone bridge of *la Guillotière* is more substantial than elegant; but the new one of *l'Archevêché* leaves nothing to be wished for.

The *remarkable edifices* are the government house, the hôtel-de-ville, the magnificent library, the cathedral, the hôtel-dieu, and hospital of La Charité. The useful and literary establishments are the royal college, the academy, the veterinary school, the Athénæum, the society of agriculture and of medicine, the exchange, chamber of commerce, and the mint; and, as an object of great curiosity to the stranger, the silk mills at the Hotel de Milan.

The *Hôtel-de-Ville*, after the Stadthouse at Amsterdam, considered the handsomest edifice of the kind in Europe, was built in 1647, from the plan of Simon de Maupin, surveyor of the town. It was burnt in 1674, and Mansard replaced the front, which together with the principal stair-case, grand hall, and court, are very fine.

Here are the celebrated *bronze tablets*; discovered in 1528, containing the harangue which the Emperor Claudius made in favour of Lyons. It was engraved on three tablets, but there only remain at this time two of

them, which are under the vestibule in the building, and are placed against the wall on the left hand as you enter. In front is the inscription, by which the consulate of Lyons has commemorated the epoch, to which they refer.

These tablets are very important monuments of antiquity. Tacitus has given the speech of Claudius in the eleventh book of his Annals, but it may be seen that he has retouched it. The style of that emperor was feeble, but from the pen of the writer it has acquired vigour and perspicuity, which establishes the opinion that the ancient historians have taken from the notes or traditions of the times, the substance of the harangues which were attributed to their princes and generals, but that they embellished and altered them after their own manner.

The statue of the *Rhone*, is supported on an oar, and on a lion, who appears in the act of roaring. It has a furious air; but the attitude is strained; near it is an enormous salmon.

The *Soane*, which fronts it, is also supported on a lion; the attitude is more tranquil, but as much out of nature, without expression, and without dignity. These two colossal statues once ornamented the Place de Bellecour; they were executed by Guillaume Coustou.

The beautiful *tauribole*, or altar, which was discovered in 1705, on the mountain of Fourvières, is equally worthy the attention of the antiquary. It is known to have a curious inscription which represents the ceremony of

the bull-offering in the year A. D. 160, for the health of the Emperor Antoninus the Pious, and for the prosperity of the colony. The ceremony of the bull-offering was as follows. They dug a large hollow in the ground, into which the priest descended, who had to make the expiation; he was attired in a robe of silk, a crown upon his head, and a fillet. The bottom of the hollow was pierced with several holes; and the blood of the victim sprinkled the priest, who was to turn, that he might be entirely covered with it. Then every one knelt before him as if he represented the deity, and his bloody garments were preserved with the most religious veneration. This altar, which is the most beautiful of the kind, has three fronts; the principal one bears a bucranium, or bull's head, decorated with fillets for the sacrifice, and has part of the inscription. The second, the head of a ram, which proves that this bull-offering was also the same as was offered in memory of Atys, to whom they sacrificed that animal. The third, the crooked sword of sacrifice, made in the form of the harp, with which Perseus cut off Medusa's head. Over this sword is the following inscription:

CVIVS MESONYCTIVM

FACTVM EST. V. ID. DEC.

That is, The mesonyctium (of this bull-offering) took place the 5th of the ides of December. The mesonyctium was probably the

eve of the feast, the bull-offering was repeated every twenty years, and the women received this kind of regeneration as well as the men. The inscription is as follows :

TAVRO BOLIO MATRIS D. M. I. D.
Quod Factum est ex Imperio Matris D.
 DEVM

Pro Salute Imperatoris CAES-T. AELI
Hadriani Antonini AVC-PII PP.

Liberorum que EIVS
Et Status Coloniae LVGUDVN

L. AEMILIUS CARPVS I^{IIII} VIR AVG ITEM
 DENDROPHORVS
 VORON FECIT.

(*Here is the figure of a Bull's Head.*)

VIRES EXCEPIT ET A VATICANO TRANS
 TVLIT ARA ET BVCRANIVM
 SVO INPENDIO CONSACRAVIT
 SACERDOTE

Q. SAMMIO SECVNDO AB. XV VIRIS
 OCCABO ET CORONA EXORNATO
 CVI SANCTISSIMUS ORDO LVGDVNENS
 PERPETVITATEM SACERDOTI DECREVIT
 APP. ANNIO. ATILO BRADVA T CLOD VIBIO
 VARO COS
 L. D. D. D.

« For the bull-offering of the grand mother of the gods Idenius, Drudyminius, which was made by order of the divine mother of the gods, for the preservation of the emperor Cæsar, Titus, Ælius, Adrian, Antoninus the

Pious, as much a father to this country, as of his own children, and of the state of the colony of Lyons. Lucius Æmilius, Carpus, Sextumvir, Augustal, and Dendrophorus, have preserved the sexual organs of the bull, have conveyed them to the Vatican, and have consecrated the altar, and the bucranium at their expence, under the priesthood of Quintus Sammius Secundus ornamented by the Quindecemvirs, with an occabo (or bracelets), and a crown, to which the most holy order of Lyons decreed the perpetual priesthood, under the consulate of Appius Annius Atilius Bradua, and of Titus Clodius Vibius Varus. The place was granted by a decree of the Decurions."

Among the remarkable *Churches* at Lyons the traveller should first visit the *Cathedral*, a fine specimen of the Gothic, or rather Moorish architecture, constructed at various times, principally in the reigns of Philip Augustus and Louis the Eleventh.

In one of the transepts of this cathedral is a famous clock made by Lippius of Basle, in 1598. In the upper part are a number of little figures which move mechanically to the chimes which play every hour, the hymn of St. John. A cock crowns the whole, and announces the hour by clapping his wings and crowing. Above is an astrolabe, shewing the positions of the sun in the signs of the zodiac, and the phases of the moon. At the bottom is a perpetual calendar.

The traveller should also visit the church of St. Paul, which has an altar-piece by Le Brun; those of the ci-devant Feuillans, where are the

ashes of Cinq Mars, and of the celebrated *De Thou*, who were executed by the command of the Cardinal Richelieu, in the place Des Terreaux; of Saint Nizier, built in the XIV century; and of the College which has a very fine nave.

The *Library*, which commands a beautiful view of the Rhone, is one of the finest structures in Europe, and the most considerable in the departments. The building consists of a long and spacious hall, surrounded with a gallery, as in the Royal Library at Paris, and contains more than 120,000 volumes, 800 of which are MSS. The library suffered much during the Revolution. A battalion was lodged here, and the soldiers during six months kindled their fires with the books. The library of the late M. Adamoli, an individual, who bequeathed his noble collection of books to the public, is placed in an apartment on one side of the grand hall, which fortunately remained unopened during the siege. Adjoining is a small closet of antiquities, which contains many interesting and estimable curiosities. A considerable quantity of gold and silver medals, valued, in the mass, at 800*l.*, were disposed of to a goldsmith, in the reign of terror.

The *Museum* contains some good pictures and antiquities, among which is the bronze leg of a horse, probably belonging to an equestrian statue, the history of which is very singular. From time immemorial, the watermen and fishermen had observed in the

Saone, between the wooden bridges, on one side of that at Aisnay, when the water was low, a large substance which they called the *Broken Iron Pot*. The fishermen carefully avoided the place for fear of breaking their nets; the watermen, on the contrary, laid hold of it with their boat hooks to help them up the stream. However this supposed pot resisted all these efforts for fifteen hundred years. On the 4th of February, 1766, the water being frozen hard, and at the same time very low, a boat builder, one Bartholomew Laurent, perceived that what had been taken for a pot till that time, was something of greater magnitude, and that it would be worth while to get it up. He confided his intention to one of his friends, a man named Louis l'Etoile, and as they were not strong enough themselves, they called some porters to their assistance, and making use of a rope, after many efforts, they dragged out this horse's leg: they offered it to a citizen of Lyons for eighteen livres, which he refused to give; they then carried it to the hôtel-de-ville, and received two louis from the prevost: it was afterwards placed in the museum. The quadrangular court belonging to this building, is filled with Roman monuments and inscriptions, which are tastefully arranged or let into the walls, as in the Townley Gallery of our own British Museum.

We have mentioned above that there are several remarkable antiquities on the moun-

L.

tain Fourvières, and shall now proceed to describe them more particularly. This excursion may also be considered as a pilgrimage; for besides the numerous monuments and inscriptions of Roman antiquity, there are stations and objects on every side, which recall the memorable history of the first Christians of Lyons. But to proceed to the Roman antiquities, we first see, near the the gate of St. Irenæus, the beginning of the aqueducts constructed by Mark Anthony. Here there are six arcades. Continuing our road, we pass before the old castle of Francheville, now in ruins. These gothic remains of the feudal times form a fine contrast with the Roman ruins, and add to the beauty of the landscape. Above the castle, on the left of the road, begins the series of these fine arcades.

These aqueducts, destined to furnish the inhabitants with potable water, and also what was necessary for the baths and naumachias, are very remarkable, and have engaged the attention of some distinguished antiquaries. There were two; one of which is called the aqueduct Pila, because the water was principally collected at the foot of mount Pila; the other is called the aqueduct of Mont-d'Or, because its sources are at the foot of the vast hill of that name. The length of the aqueduct Pila is estimated, on account of its windings, at more than thirteen leagues; though there are only eight in a strait line.

The country through which the aqueduct passes, being intersected with a number of

vallies, more or less deep, it was impossible to conduct it in a strait line, and according to the direction of the summits of the hills: many bridges also were necessary, of which the finest remaining are those which form the tenth and eleventh series. The last is the one that is chiefly shown to strangers: it had ninety arcades, of which sixty-two are still standing. But the other, though less elevated, is the most interesting to the observer and the architect, on account of the inequality of the ground: it is evident that the engineer must have had a thorough knowledge of hydraulics, and have made profound calculations in order to give the water the necessary slope.

A part of the water was thus conducted into the grand reservoir of the house called *L'Angélique*; another fell into a cistern, discovered in a vineyard, about thirty years ago; a third part was directed to the amphitheatre, the remains of which are seen at the Minims; a fourth went to the palace of the emperors, at the Antiquailles, and a fifth to an imperial villa, of which there are some subterraneous ruins in the house called *De la Serra*.

The construction of these aqueducts proves that the Romans contrived, by very delicate operations in levelling, to give them the necessary slope; nevertheless they possessed only one very imperfect instrument called *chorobates*, and yet they obtained a degree of precision which we indeed attain, but with much more perfect instruments than theirs. As to

the masonry, it was formed of small rough stones in a bed of mortar, which left no vacuum, and formed in every part a homogeneous and unalterable mass; the mortar was made with river sand, and lime was not spared; the cement was composed of pulverised bricks for the last layers, and broken bricks for the first. It has been thought that they mixed wine or vinegar with the cement or mortar, which was what gave it its excellent quality.

The arcades which supported the aqueducts have a facing of small stones, cut in the shape of lozenges; and what is singular, they are placed obliquely, or on their angles, and form a sort of mosaic-work. These stones are of quartz or granite, and from their flinty nature should be a protection to the aqueducts; but they prove the contrary: for the peasants, who know their value, carry them off to line the inside of their ovens, and thus gradually destroy this invaluable monument. The arcades are supported by pillars which have a base a foot high, projecting two inches, and formed of large stones without any facing. These pillars are composed of several layers; the largest about three feet and a half. On each of the large layers there is a smaller one, consisting of two ranges of bricks; between which is a band of cement about an inch thick.

The road of Chaponnost is bordered with hawthorn, privet, wild cherry trees and honeysuckles, and the country is very fertile. It is

delightful to consider these fine works, which attest the power and genius of the Romans, in the midst of this pleasant, animated, and rural scenery.

The next piece of antiquity we shall mention is a mosaic found in 1676, in the vineyard of the house Cassere; it is situated Rue des Farches, au Gourguillon, N^o. 128, which I mention, because we lost a great deal of time in finding it. This mosaic is one of the largest and best preserved in France. The subject is thought to be a caricature of the gymnastic exercises, but has been differently explained by antiquaries.

In the year 1806, another fine mosaic was discovered on the other side of the Saone, in the *quartier d'Enay, rue de Pusy*. It represents a chariot race in the circus, and strongly recalls the fine description of that game in Virgil. The competitors are seen with their whips, animating their horses, and showing their impatience by the impetuosity of their motions. This mosaic is much better preserved than that in the house Cassere, and is also much larger, as it is above twenty feet long.

The church of St. Irenæus, on the hill Fourvières, adjoining to the convent of the same name, the front of which was much damaged during the siege of Lyons, also contains a mosaic, but of the middle age, and coarsely executed. The subterraneous vaults of this church contain the bones of the 19,000 Christians, who were massacred at Lyons, with St. Irenæus, under Severus.

In the vineyard of the ancient convent of the Minims, are some remains of porticos and vaults which are supposed to be the vestiges of a Roman theatre; and not far from it, in the convent of the Ursulines, is a curious subterraneous construction, commonly called the *Conserve d'Eau*, as it is supposed to have been a reservoir for baths.

Round and below these divers monuments, have been found a great quantity of medals, coins, and antique vases; several marble and bronze figures, sepulchral lamps, and lacrymatories. Many tombs and stones, with various inscriptions, are also continually found in all this quarter, with remains of the conflagration under the reign of Nero.

Every thing proves that this town was one of the principal Roman colonies, and that it then occupied the top of the hill, at the foot of which it now is. It appears to have come down insensibly, as the commerce and wealth of the town increased. Notwithstanding, the situation of the temple of Augustus, on the spot now occupied by the church of Enay, and the mosaic lately discovered in the same quarter, with other discoveries, show that the town was not entirely on the heights, but began to cross the Saone even in the time of Augustus.

Descending from Fourvières, we pass by the archbishopric, and before the cathedral which we have already mentioned. The canons of the famous chapter of Lyons, before the revolution, were all obliged to be noble, and to

prove their sixteen quarters, and bore the title of Counts of Lyons. The King was the first Count.

In order to pass to the left bank of the Saone, from the southern side of the town, we have the choice, either of a pretty wooden bridge, or a superb stone bridge lately erected near the archbishop's palace.

The church of Enay, situated at the extremity of this quarter of the town, near the old confluence of the two rivers, and on the ruins of the temple of Augustus, presents no other vestige of that edifice, but four thick short columns of granite which support the cupola. They are near twelve feet in circumference, and are not much higher. Only two were found which were of proper proportion; but they were sawed into four for building this church. The enormous hewn stones, which are seen intermixed in the masonry of the church, were probably taken from the ruins of the ancient temple: one of these stones, placed above the porch, represents three goddesses or matrons in low relief.—This is all that remains of the famous temple erected by sixty nations of Gaul, each of whom furnished a statue to adorn the altar. The statues, the temple, and the god have all disappeared.

The churches of Lyons, in general, scarcely deserve the attention of the traveller. We have already noticed the most remarkable.

Lyons has many *hospitals* and benevolent *institutions*, which are indispensably neces-

sary in a place where the bulk of the inhabitants is composed of mechanics and manufacturers. Most of the common people are supported by *silk works*; if, therefore, the produce of the mulberry trees should fail, (as is sometimes the case), the manufactories stop, and the workmen become destitute. A prolonged war, successive court mourning, and above all, the caprice of fashion, have similar effects. The *Grand Hospital* is a very fine building, and has not its equal in France; its immense front of the Ionic order, looks towards the Rhone. In the interior is a fine stair case: in the interior of which is represented the *crocodile*, said to have been taken in the Rhone, at the beginning of the last century. The size and distribution of the apartments, as well as the excellent administration of the income of this hospital, amounting to more than 16,000*l.*, will excite the most pleasing reflections in the mind of the philanthropist. It is attended by the *sœurs de la charité*, who are distinguished from the novices by the cross which they wear at their bosoms. The brothers wear at the left side a plate of silver, on which is engraven an image of the Virgin Mary at the foot of the cross. The establishment of *La Charité*, devoted to various purposes, and particularly to the support and employment of the indigent poor, contains about 450 objects of commiseration. They have four meals a day. At seven o'clock breakfast, which consists of soup or

bread, whichever they please; at half-past ten, dinner, being soup, and sometimes vegetables; at two o'clock, a repetition of the breakfast; at five o'clock, supper of soup and bouilli. They have meat every day, and at each meal the value of three *décilitres* of wine, about a bottle of wine a day for each person. The dress of both the old men and women is black. They have liberty to be unemployed between meals, or to work, to get money to supply their little luxuries, such as tobacco, coffee, etc. They have the entire produce of their labour; and are furnished with dress, food, and lodging. The principal objects of curiosity in this building are the work-rooms; the refectory for girls; the *oratory* for the old men; some cells; the manufactory for carding and spinning wool; the refectory for the brothers, and the manufactory for winding silk. Besides the children maintained in the house, there are *four thousand* boarded in the country at the charge of the establishment. There are also classes where they are taught reading, writing, grammar, and arithmetic: at the age of fourteen years, the boys are apprenticed to different masters in the city.

In the room called called La Creche, there are about forty or fifty cradles. They keep the children as short a time as possible, and in general send them to the country the next day. They also receive and deliver in this establishment pregnant unmarried women.

The other charitable establishments are, the hospital of the Antiquaille; the *Dépôt de Mendicité*, for the reception of the poor, the insane, and others; the *Bureau de Bienfaisance*, for the distribution of fuel and food; the *Institution de Bienfaisance*, and other establishments of a similar nature. There are also four *Maisons de Charité*, one in each quarter of the city, for the relief of the sick. The sisters who attend these last, also keep schools, to teach young girls to read, write, sew, and knit.

Besides two small theatres, that are opened to the people every Sunday, Lyons has two principal ones; the great theatre, and that of the Celestins; the latter is appropriated to the sort of pieces played on the boulevards at Paris. The great theatre is that which is chiefly frequented by the best society.

The houses at Lyons are in general gloomy, even though they have a fine front. Narrow and dark courts, into which the rays of the sun seldom penetrate; stone staircases, of which the balusters are concealed by strong walls from top to bottom, and a height of five or six stories much loftier than those of Paris; all this gives them an appearance of mourning and imprisonment that is quite melancholy; their only advantage is, they are very solid and substantial. In the parts inhabited by the artisans, almost all the windows have paper instead of glass, in order to make the light softer for the workmen.

Silks and gilding form the basis of the com-

merce of Lyons. Silk stuffs of every kind, velvets, ribands, silk stockings, galloon lace, and embroidery are the produce of this numerous collection of manufactories, and are sent all over Europe, particularly into Germany and Russia. The latter country alone absorbs half the velvet stuffs; while France does not consume more than one tenth.

The hats of Lyons are well known in commerce; but these, with the breweries, manufactures of coloured paper, books and printing, are only secondary branches of the commerce of this town, which is besides the principal *entrepôt* between the north and the south of France. The cloths of Normandy are warehoused there for the supply of the towns in the South, as the oil, soap and wine of Provence and Languedoc are for the towns of the North.

One would hardly suppose that chesnuts could be an object of commerce for this town; but on the quay of the Soane there are several warehouses entirely appropriated to them, neither do they grow near Lyons, but are brought from a considerable distance.

Lyons contains many rich merchants but few *millionnaires*. One would think there was some sumptuary law which forbade them to amass above a certain sum; but this proceeds from the nature of their trade, which produces fewer great fortunes, and is also less liable to great misfortunes than maritime commerce.

Several of the manufactories are worth visit-

ing. That of gold wire is very curious. The galloon lace is not made of pure gold, but of silver gilt; and a stick of gold, about two feet long, and an inch in diameter, is drawn out in gilt wire to the astonishing length of 100 leagues, without losing any of its gilding, notwithstanding this wonderful extension and the force with which it is rubbed. Two gilders and one frame for wire are amply sufficient for all the manufactories of Lyons; which, in their greatest activity, never consumed more than 1400 ingots.

Considering the richness of the country round Lyons, strangers are surprised to find every thing so dear; particularly the wine, in a town situated between the vineyards of Burgundy and the Rhone, and surrounded by them itself. The ordinary wine of Sainte-Foi is commonly sold at a franc a bottle, and other wines in proportion.

The Lyonnese are active, laborious, good calculators, prudent in their speculations, exact in their engagements. The luxury for which they work does not seem to have made the same progress at Lyons as in other towns of that class. Crimes, consequently, are less common, vice less general, and families more happy. It would seem as if commerce and manufactures absorbed all the other passions.

There is no commercial town, however, which cultivates the arts and sciences more than Lyons. It is the birth-place and has been the residence of many distinguished men, especially in the fine arts. Delorme, Coysevox,

the two Coustou, the celebrated engravers Audran, and the painter Stella were born there. During the 18th century, the celebrated naturalists, Jussieu and La Jourette, flourished there, with the abbé Rozier and Bourgelat, authors of the best treatises on agriculture and the veterinary art in the French language.

Sidonius Apollinaris, the antiquaries Spon and Menetrier, and the Abbé Terasson were also natives of this town.

We have thus described at length, and in the manner it deserves, this great commercial town, interesting in so many respects; which was one of the principal colonies of the Roman empire, at the height of its glory, and has always been considered the second town in France.

Before the revolution, the population of Lyons was estimated at 140,000 inhabitants; but, according to the enumeration in the year 1806, it was then reduced to 90,000.

If there be any town that can be compared to Lyons, it is that of Rouen; which, however, is much inferior to it in commercial wealth, and also in population. Rouen is for cotton what Lyons is for silk. The two greatest manufacturing towns in France, they also resemble each other very much in their appearance, in their old houses, and narrow crooked streets. The houses at Rouen are almost all of wood, and those of Lyons of stone; but both are so black with smoke, that the colour or nature of their materials can no longer be

distinguished. The only beauty of both towns is the environs, but those of Lyons are superior. The neighbourhood of Rouen has few country houses, and the manufactories extend several leagues round; while those of Lyons are concentrated in the town, and the environs are wholly devoted to country seats.

Lyons is very subject to fogs and rain, in which it again resembles Rouen; but the climate of the latter is much more humid.

From the measures taken of the elevation of Lyons, it appears to be 780 feet above the level of the sea.

Public Walks.—The Brotteaux, the Banks of the Saone, and the Allée Parrache. From the quay of the Rhone, in clear weather, Mont Blanc may be distinctly seen. The view from the mountain of Fourvières we have already described.

The charming *Environs* of Lyons deserve an attentive examination, and afford a striking contrast to the gloomy interior of the city.

Les Etroits, a path on the banks of the Saone, reaching from Lyons to the bridge of Mulotière, is a most delightful walk, which never tires. Here is a grotto formed in the Poudingues, at the top of which is a fountain, a spot where *Rousseau* passed a night with two small pieces of money in his pocket, which he was compelled to reserve for his breakfast the next morning. There is an exquisite description of this adventure, in his *Confessions* (Part I. liv. iv.) For the benefit

of the English reader we have ventured on a translation: « I remember to have passed a delightful night outside the walls of the town, in a road which borders either the Rhone or the Saone, I forget which. The opposite side of the road was lined with gardens, elevated above each other in terraces. The day had been extremely hot; but the evening was delicious. The dew bathed the drooping herbage—there was not a breath of wind—all was tranquil—the air was fresh, but not cold—the red clouds, which still lingered after the setting sun, cast a reflection of rose colour on the water; and the trees on the terraces were filled with nightingales, which, from time to time, answered each other. I walked about in a sort of estacy, abandoning my heart and my senses to the rapture which every thing about me inspired: only sighing now and then at being obliged to enjoy it all by myself. Absorbed in this delightful reverie, I continued wandering about it till it was very late, without perceiving that I was tired. At length I grew fatigued, and composed myself to rest, in a sort of niche or alcove, which had been cut in the wall of the terrace. The curtains of my couch were the branches of the trees; a nightingale was singing directly over my head, and I went to sleep by his song. My slumbers were sweet; but my waking was still sweeter. It was broad daylight—the sun was shining in my face—the water and green grass were spread at my feet—and a beautiful prospect stretched itself into the distance before

me. I got up—shook myself—felt that I was hungry—and walked gayly towards the town to get my breakfast. »

The *confluence of the Saone and the Rhone* is now about half a league below Lyons. It was formerly under its very walls, and the space which lies between the town and the present junction was an island called Mogniat, from the name of the family to whom the property of it belonged. Under Louis the Fourteenth an attempt was made to reclaim this island, as a royal domain, when the proprietor answered the claim by addressing the following quatrain to the king :

Qu'est-ce pour toi, grand monarque des Gaules,
Qu'un peu de sable et de gravier ?

Que faire de mon île?—il n'y croît que des saules,
Et tu n'aimes que le laurier.

His majesty, who loved flattery as well as most men, pleased with the compliment, relinquished the claim. In 1770, *Michel Perache*, an architect and sculptor of Lyons, but not of any great reputation in his profession, in concert with some other citizens, formed a plan for enlarging the city, by filling up the bed of the river between the island and the continent, and building there a number of new streets and squares. To fill up any part of the bed of a river so rapid as the Rhone, seemed so wild a project, that the serious reasoned upon it as a matter of impossibility, while among the gay and the witty it was a subject of much mirth and pleasantry. Many little

squibs, in ridicule of the idea, flew about, one of which was a pamphlet, entitled « *A Project for drying up the Mediterranean, and building a few towns there, by a Company of Masons.* » But Perrache was not discouraged, either by the reasonings of the old, or the satire of the young; and having obtained the royal sanction to his undertaking, soon demonstrated to the reasoners that there was nothing impracticable, and to the wits that there was nothing ridiculous, in his plan. The two rivers were confined within the new bounds which he had chosen to prescribe them, and the island was so effectually joined to the main land, that no one could see that they had ever been separated. A road and walk, shaded by two rows of poplars, run along the side of the Rhone to the end of the ci-devant island, where the rivers now meet; it is extremely pleasant, and in summer is a fashionable promenade. — (See Plumtree's France, vol. i. p. 266.)

The traveller must not quit this town without visiting the Isle Barbe, where all the inhabitants go, at the feasts of Easter and Pentecost. On either bank of the Saone you meet with blooming, and sometimes very pretty boat-women, eager to serve you at a very moderate rate. Their robust forms, their neat dress, and especially their great straw-hats, afford a good specimen of the female peasants near Lyons. Most of this class are here good-looking, both men and women, and in easy circumstances. If these natural beauties do

not occupy the traveller entirely, he will be greatly delighted with the beauties of nature on both banks of the Saone. « I know nothing so beautiful in the world (says the author of the *Soirées Provençales*), as the landscape which extends from Lyons to Trévoux. The environs of the Isle Barbe, like those of Tivoli, have been drawn a hundred times. The divers aspects of Roche-Taillée, Fontaine and Saint Cyr, are as fresh, as rich, as lovely, as the vales of Arcadia and Tempe. »

The island itself exhibits new beauties. It is divided between a pretty grove and an enormous rock of a most picturesque appearance. The admirers of ancient monuments will behold with pleasure the remains of the castle of Charlemagne. That prince founded there a celebrated library and an abbey. Both were burnt by the Calvinists in 1562. There are still two churches on the island.

A boat goes three times a week to Avignon, and every day, during the fair of *Beaucaire*, which begins the 22d of July, and lasts a week. Bonafous and Co. in the rue Bât-d'Argent, have a diligence which goes to *Turin*, in four days and a half in summer, and four days in winter. A boat goes from Lyons to Chalons in sixty hours, and from Chalons to Lyons in forty-eight. The Compagnie Grün have stages for Besançon, Strasburgh, and Germany, on the Quay St. Clair; and Gail-lard, on the same place, for Geneva; a journey of twenty-four hours. Galline and Co. have a diligence for Marseilles every day.

Excursion to Chambery, Grenoble, and the Grande Chartreuse.

It would be inexcusable in the admirer of the romantic beauties of nature; to quit Lyons without paying a visit to some of the most picturesque scenery in France, particularly at Grenoble, and its environs. Chambery, though now a part of the King of Sardinia's dominions, borders so closely upon France, that we shall include it in our excursion. Those who are going to Geneva may take Chambery in their way.

No. 5. From LYONS to CHAMBERY $14\frac{1}{2}$ posts, $79\frac{3}{4}$ English miles.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
LYONS to Bron.....	$1\frac{1}{4}$	La Tour du Pin to Gaz.	1
St. Laurent-des-Mûres.	1	Pont-de-Beauvoisin....	$1\frac{1}{4}$
La Verpillière.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Echelles de 'Savoie....	2
Bourgoin.....	$1\frac{2}{3}$	St. Thibault-de-Cour (1)	$1\frac{1}{2}$
La Tour du Pin.....	2	CHAMBERY (2).....	$1\frac{1}{2}$

On arriving at Pont Beauvoisin, situated on the Guier, which rises on the confines of Savoy and Dauphiny, a sensible change takes place in the country, the climate and the people. The mountains of Savoy, with their woods, rocks, precipices, and waterfalls, forcibly arrest the attention of the traveller; and from Pont Beauvoisin, till we have passed Mont Cenis, the complexions of the men and

INNS.—This and the last are foreign posts. (2) Perfect Union, Post, Three Kings,

women become of a darker hue, particularly on leaving Maurienne.

We next pass the *Guier*, over a handsome wooden bridge, of a single arch, and enjoy the view of a rich and fertile country, while we are traversing a well-cultivated plain, covered with trees, vines, and cattle. We now enter SAVOY, and five or six miles farther reach the pass of *Chailles*, celebrated by Rousseau, in his « Confessions. » (Part. I. liv. iv.) « It is the same with me now, » says this inimitable writer, « in relating my travels, as it was in making them. I never wish to get to the end. My heart beat with delight, as I thought of again approaching my beloved *Mama*, and yet I did not go a step the faster for it. I like to walk at my ease, and to stop just when it pleases me. The life of a pedestrian is of all others the one that suits me. To my taste, travelling on foot, in beautiful weather, through a beautiful country, without being hurried, and yet always having an agreeable object in view, is of all modes of life the most delightful. A flat country, however fine it may be, does not appear so in my eyes. I must have torrents, and rocks, and fir-trees, and gloomy forests, and hills difficult to mount and to descend, with precipices at the sides of them, which almost frighten me.

« I found this pleasure, and enjoyed it in all its charms, at *Chambery*. Not far from a hill which is called the *Pas de l'Echelle*, just below the main road, which is cut in the rock, at a spot called *Chailles*, a little river runs

boiling along through frightful gulphs, which it would seem to have required thousands of ages to work out. To prevent accidents, the road is bordered by a parapet. From hence I was able to look down, and become giddy at my ease. I have always found something pleasant in looking down from spots which make my head turn round. I like this giddiness, provided I am in safety. Resting on the parapet, I used to lean over and gaze for hours together on the blue and foaming waters; listening to their dashing, as it came up to my ear, mingled with the cries of the rooks and sparrow-hawks, that were flying from rock to rock, and from bush to bush, a hundred fathoms below me.

“Where the declivity was sufficiently steep and clear of bushes to admit of stones falling, I used to go and fetch some as heavy as I could carry, collect them together in a pile on the parapet, and then throw them down one after another; and delight myself by watching them roll, and leap, and fly, in a thousand directions, before they reached the bottom.

“Nearer to Chambery is a spectacle of the same kind, but in a different point of view. The road passes at the foot of the most beautiful waterfall I ever beheld. The rock is so perpendicular, that the water detaches itself immediately on coming over the edge, and falls in a kind of arch, sufficiently distant from the rock to enable you to pass between that

and the water, and sometimes without even being wetted. »

Traversing a well-cultivated plain, covered with every kind of tree, vines, and cattle, we begin to ascend the mountain of *Echelles*, on the most elevated part of which the road is protected by walls; farther on, the road is cut between the rocks, and is much exposed to *avalanches*, when the winter snows begin to melt. The village of *Echelles* is situated in a plain; and, on the neighbouring heights are some ruins of castles which once defended the passage to it. At a short distance from the village, the traveller ascends the steep mountain of *la Grotte*, by a broad and well-paved road, scooped out of the rock and made by order of Charles Emanuel, second Duke of Savoy, in the year 1670, and greatly improved and enlarged by Bonaparte. Quitting this road we pass to colder regions, where, at the end of June, wheat is still green, although, in other parts of Savoy, it is nearly ready for the sickle.

Approaching Chambery, the country sinks into a plain, and the climate is much milder. About three miles before we arrive at this town, on the right, at a little distance from the road, is a cascade of the most limpid water, which, when the sun shines on it, presents all the colours of the rainbow. The environs of Chambery are agreeable and well cultivated. The large quantity of mulberry trees announces to the traveller the country of silk-worms.

Chambery, situated at the confluence of the *Laise* and *Albano*, is the most considerable town of *Savoy*, and has a population of 12,000 persons. The houses are lofty and well built, but being constructed of a dark-coloured stone, and the streets not very broad, the town has somewhat of a gloomy appearance. The inhabitants are polite and well-bred, and their society is very agreeable. The public walk of *Vernay*, at one of the gates, is formed of six rows of trees, and is well frequented. Here are seen the remains of a palace which was burnt in 1745. Other objects worthy of notice, are the castle, the cathedral, the hôtel-de-ville, the *Tir de l'Arquebuse*, the market-place, and the public library, where is deposited a low-relief of great merit. About a mile from the town are some sulphureous waters—and, at the same distance, are *les Charmettes*, celebrated by *Rousseau*. About three miles from *Chambery*, at a place called *les Abîmes*, in the year 1249, a town of the name of *St. André*, together with sixteen villages, were buried by an earthquake.

From *Chambery* we can proceed to *Geneva* ($11\frac{1}{4}$ posts, or $46\frac{1}{2}$ English miles,) return to *Lyons*, or first visit *Grenoble*; we shall adopt the latter route.

No. VI. From CHAMBERY to GRENOBLE, seven posts, or $38\frac{1}{2}$ English miles.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
CHAMBERY to Chape-		Chapereillan to Lumbin.	$2\frac{2}{2}$
reillan.....	2	GRENOBLE.....	$2\frac{1}{2}$

From Chapereillan the road proceeds along a sort of terrace, between the river Isère on the left, and the first elevations of the mountains of the Chartreuse on the right. At Barraux, on the left, is seen the fort of that name, for which France is indebted to the vanity of Charles Emanuel, Duke of Savoy, who thought it an amusing thing to erect it in presence of a French army, then commanded by the famous Connétable de Lesdiguières. The latter thought it would be still more amusing to let it be built, and to take it as soon as it was finished. Henry IV having reproached him for allowing it to be erected, he replied: « Your Majesty wants a fortress to check that of Montmelian; and as the Duke chooses to be at the expence of it, we must let him; but as soon as the place is well provided with cannon and ammunition, I will engage to take it. » Lesdiguières kept his word, and took it by moonlight on the 13th of March 1598.

Fort Barraux is now a very strong place, and is besides most delightfully situated. The view extends over the large, rich, fertile valley of Gresivaudan, watered by the numerous meanders of the Isère, and over a superb am-

phitheatre of verdant hills, surmounted by the arid and snowy crests of the Alps, which border it in its whole length from Grenoble to Montmelian. It is in fact one of the finest situations in the world.

Nearly opposite Fort Barraux, on the other side of the Isère, are the Gothic remains of the chateau of the renowned Chevalier de Bayard, one of the most illustrious characters in French history.

The first view of *Grenoble* presents the idea of a fortified town, and it may be included among the bulwarks of France. The ramparts that surround it were built by Vauban, and we enter the place by an old drawbridge. A fort on the summit of the mountain, which commands Grenoble on the north, was its principal defence. Of this fort a single house alone remains, and is still known by the name of the *Bastille*. Thence is an excellent view of the valleys of the Drac and the Isère, at the termination of which, thirty leagues distant, we may discern the summit of *Mont Blanc*. This superb prospect will amply repay the stranger for a fatiguing walk to arrive at it. An old wall, that encloses two sides of the mountains, ascends to its summit, which it contains within its circuit. As this mountain commands the city on this side, so the ramparts and terrace command an extensive plain on the other, covered with meadows and orchards.

Grenoble is divided by the Isère into two unequal parts; the least considerable of these

are *de la Perrière* and *St. Laurent*, situated between the right bank of the Isère and the foot of the mountain; and forming a long street, which gives them the appearance of a suburb. The other part, which is the city, properly speaking, is large, and the streets well laid out; though the houses are indifferently built. The fine hotel *de l'Intendance* is occupied by the prefect. The *Palais de Justice*, upon the Place St. André, is a Gothic edifice, and its delicate architecture has escaped the hand of time and the ravages of modern barbarism. The *College* contains a large library, with some valuable manuscripts; and, among others, the poetry of the Duke of Orleans, the father of Louis XII. Here are also the statues of four great men, natives of the city: the Chevalier Bayard, the metaphysicians Condillac and Mably, and the mechanist Vaucanson. Here is likewise a fine *Museum*, a cabinet of natural history, and a very small one of antiquities in which are some Egyptian mummies. Grenoble contains a Lyceum, a School of Law and another of Physic; a School of Artillery, a *Cour Royale*, and an Arsenal. The commerce of this city is much promoted by the Isère, which, notwithstanding its rapidity, is navigable to Montmelian, twelve leagues above Grenoble: its trade consists in hemp, cotton twist, cheese, gloves, shamoy manufactures, ratafia, and other *liqueurs*; iron from the forges of Alleward, and marble from the neighbouring mountains, which is cut and polished in the city; fir and walnut-trees are also used here;

the first for masts, and the latter for furniture.

In this city are four bathing houses; one of these has excellent accommodations; a pretty theatre, and several promenades, as *la Porte de France*, *le Jardin de la Préfecture*, or the town-garden, ornamented with a statue of Hercules, in bronze, from the chateau which belonged to the constable Lesdiguières, with the glacis and the *Cours de la Graile*; these extend in a direct line to the distance of two leagues from Grenoble to the *Pont de Claix*, a bridge with one arch over the Drac which is worth seeing this arch has a span of 140 feet and is 120 feet high.

Grenoble owes less of its agreeableness of situation to the orchards and meadows in its environs, than to the mountains and hills that constitute its horizon.—A more varied perspective is scarcely to be seen. The Alps have a finer appearance from hence than from any other place in France or Piedmont, where a great part of their chain may be seen more distinctly. Here, towards the east, above their summits, some of the glaciers also appear to be at no great distance. Towards the west, the view is limited by the *Sassenage*, one of the ramifications of the Alps, and towards the north, by the Chartreuse, which is completely isolated. Population, 22,000.

Grenoble was the first fortress of any magnitude that submitted to Bonaparte on his return from Elba, and was of the greatest consequence to him in his future progress to the capital. « Advancing towards Grenoble, the Colonel Termanouski was met by an

officer on full gallop, who said, 'I salute you on the part of the Colonel Henry Labedoyère.' The colonel soon arrived at the head of the 4th regiment of hussars, carrying an eagle, which had been hidden in the military chest. The garrison of Grenoble had been augmented by a part of the 7th and 11th regiments of the line, selected on purpose, as not being acquainted with the Emperor's person, and sent from Chambery. General Marchand, commanding the place, was faithful to the king. The regular force was composed of the 7th and 11th, 2000 of the third regiment of engineers, two battalions of the 5th, and the 4th of the artillery of the line, in which last regiment Napoleon had been raised to the command of a company twenty five years ago. The 7th regiment marched out of the town at four in the afternoon to meet the invaders, but were ordered back by General Marchand. The whole force was ranged on the ramparts; the cannon were loaded, and the matches lighted; the national guards were drawn out in the rear of the regular troops, and were themselves backed by the mass of the population of Grenoble. The gates were shut at half-past eight. Termanouski, with eight Polish lancers, presented himself at the gate of Bonne, just as Napoleon entered the suburbs. He demanded the keys, and was answered, that General Marchand had secured them; but at the same time, the garrison and the cannoniers, instead of firing as they were

ordered, shouted *Vive l'Empereur*, and were joined by all the inhabitants on the ramparts and those of the suburbs, who now approached with axes and began to beat down the gate. The keys were sent just as the gate was driven in; and the advanced guard, entering the town, were met by a crowd with torches, issuing out to meet Napoleon, who was soon seen walking alone, and some paces before his troops. The colonel told us that the crowd rushed upon him, threw themselves before him, seized his hands and knees, kissed his feet, and gave way to every demonstration of unbounded transport. The mayor and many of the municipality would have accompanied him to the town-house, but he slipped aside into the inn of one Labarre, an old soldier of his guard, and was there for some time completely lost to his staff, who became so much alarmed, that Termanouski and Bertrand, after many efforts, pushed their way into the room, and found the Emperor, unaccompanied by a single soldier, in the midst of a crowd, who were thronging about him in every direction to see, to speak to, and to touch him. The officers succeeded for a moment or two in clearing the room, and placed tables and chairs against the door, to prevent another irruption, but without success; for the crowd burst in a second time, and the Emperor was nearly two hours in their hands unattended by a single guard. It was during this period that the gate of Bonne was brought under the window of the inn by a vast body of people,

who cried out, '*Napoleon, we could not offer you the keys of your good town of Grenoble, but here are the gates.*' (1) »

La Grande Chartreuse.—No traveller of taste will, we are persuaded, think of quitting Grenoble without visiting this ancient monastery; particularly as the road to it has been pronounced by *Gray*, as one of the « most solemn, most romantic, and most astonishing scenes, he ever beheld.» Several routes lead to the Chartreuse; but the most frequented one is that of *St. Laurent du Pont*. This leaves the high road and the valley of the *Isère*, at *Voreppe*, and enters a defile between two mountains, which runs three leagues to the northward. Five or six torrents of water, which have formed the valleys through which they pass, must be passed, but not without some danger, before we arrive at the village of *St. Laurent*, where the heads of the order commonly stop in their carriages when they go to hold a chapter once a year at *La Grande Chartreuse*. Here the danger of passing the first torrents is at an end, but then that of the narrow roads hanging over other torrents, like the cornice of a lofty building, commences. Those who have seen the falling of cascades at a distance, have an opportunity now of being close to them. Here it is no longer a confused noise heard a great way off, but a *continued roar*, a noise that drowns all others, and does

(1) See *Hobhouse's Letters* written at Paris, during the last reign of the Emperor Napoleon. Vol. L. page 122.

not permit the bird to hear his own song, nor the travellers to be delighted with it. At length the valley closes, as it were, all at once, the two mountains meet, and their summits are lost in the clouds. On each side, however, the dreadful steeps present thorns, firs, rocks, etc., traversed by the torrents, and forming a barrier equally as inaccessible to those who might wish to penetrate into this retreat, as to others who would leave it by any other issue than this. One house built over an open archway, partly closed on each side by a gate, occupies the whole breadth of this passage. But after having passed the torrent, over a dangerous bridge, thrown from one mountain to the other, it is necessary to pass under the house with its back to the right against the mountain, and upon the left suspended over an abyss. Having passed this double gate, we find ourselves in the close of the Chartreuse, composed of a groupe of the highest mountains, the steepest and the wildest of the whole chain. Here the forests of firs that cover them from the base to the summit, the frowning rocks and torrents, are the only embellishments which supply the place of smiling meadows, orchards, and plantations. In traversing these astonishing regions we involuntarily exclaim, with the poet who visited these sublime scenes:

Oh Tu, severi Religio loci,
Quocunque gaudes nomine (non leve
Nativa nam certè fluenta
Numen habet, veteresque sylvas.)

Præsentio rem et conspicimus DEUM

Per invias rupes, fera per juga,

Clivosque præruptos, sonantes

Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem (1).

Continuing our walk about an hour towards the left, following the torrent of *Guier vif*, which falls into *Guier mort*, and forms the river *des Eschelles*, we hear the noise of the water against the rocks which obstruct the passage, but only see it at intervals through the umbrageous foliage, running along a frightful abyss, into which one false step might precipitate us. All at once we then come upon a cascade which falls down into the middle of the road from the summit of the mountain on the right. The horses may take fright, but there is no other passage; we must either venture directly under the cascade, whose volume is sufficient to crush the horse and his rider; or actually pass within the space of two or three feet between the precipice and the cascade, under the shower that it diffuses, and through the rapid current which it forms in the road. If the horse should be frightened, and should start too far to the left, he would fall into the torrent which runs in a bottom beneath this place at a depth of more than 400 perpendicular feet.

When the snows melt, the danger of the torrents is very great; but it is not so in summer, when pilgrimages are generally made, unless the torrents have been swollen by great storms.

(1) Ode written in the album of the Grande Chartreuse, August, 1741.

We still advance through the obscurity of the forest, the mountain on the right, and the torrent on the left, till we come to the second bridge, the ancient entrance, of the Chartreuse. This bridge passed, we cross to the opposite bank, and then have not more than half a league of the forest to traverse before we arrive at the convent. The same dreary scenes, the same lofty rocks and precipices, the same umbrageous gloom, still continue. We still go on ascending; and the mountains seem to rise in proportion. However the coolness we enjoy here, even in the heat of summer, is always delightful. At length the valley widens, and the darkness of the forest begins to disappear. The spreading beech now takes place of the tall fir, which is only seen crowning the heights. Already the monastery appears shining through the opening foliage of the trees. Soon the forest terminates, and we find ourselves in a vast meadow, and at its extremity the eye may measure a part of that desert of which this edifice forms the centre. "The stupendous rocks which enclose it on every side reach far above the clouds, which mostly indeed rest upon their summits; here they form a dense shade, which, like a dark awning, completely conceals the sun from the view. Were not this the case, the fierce reflexion of its beams would be almost insupportable. Even on the brightest day, the sun is only visible (owing to the proximity of the rocks) as from the bottom of a deep well. On the west, indeed, there is a little space, which being

thus sheltered, is occupied by a dark grove of pine-trees ; on every other side, the steep rocks, like so many walls, are not ten yards distant from the convent. By this means, a dim and gloomy twilight perpetually reigns within ; and it is difficult to read small print, even at the noon of the brightest summer's day. » The architecture of this building, which cost more than a million, is noble, simple, and solid. The meadow that is before the Chartreuse, is bounded by the forest which covers the whole of this elevated region. The façade is embellished by the gardens and terraces belonging to the ancient officers of the house. In the interior, we visit the apartments of the strangers, the spacious cellars and the dairy, where they make a kind of *Gruyère*, or Swiss cheese. The tables in the kitchen are formed of two slabs of rough marble. The hall of the Chapter, still embellished with the portraits of all the heads of the order, is one of the principal objects of curiosity ; the extent of the cloister is very striking. It contains eighty cells.

This convent was not sold during the French revolution ; because no purchaser could be found for it, and being situated in a kind of desert, its demolition would have been of no advantage.

The riches of this monastery were considerable, but their possessors were not envied because they received a great number of strangers (1), distributed many alms, and main-

(1) Mr. Gray thus describes his reception there, in

tained a prodigious number of people all the year round. Besides, opulence had not introduced corruption within these walls. The primitive purity of cloistered virtue was still to be found here, and the rules of the order were rigidly observed: the Chartreuse had been its cradle, and it continued to be its example.

The following are some of the regulations which were formerly strictly observed in this monastery. « Each member of the community had a cell, with a little garden adjoining. In this cell, he ate, slept, and worked, excepting during the hours of outdoor exercise, which each passed in cultivating his own little garden. By this means the recluses, however numerous, had no communication with each other. They never saw each other, but in the hour of public service; excepting on a Sunday, when they were allowed to go to the proper officer, who gave them their portions of food for

1739. « The two fathers, who are commissioned to entertain strangers, (for the rest must neither speak to one another, nor to any one else) received us very kindly; and set before us a repast of dried fish, eggs, butter, and fruit, all excellent in their kind and extremely neat. They pressed us to spend the night there, and to stay some days with them; but this we could not do, so they led us about their house, which is like a little city; for there are 100 fathers, besides 300 servants, that make their clothes, grind their corn, press their wine, and do every thing among themselves. The whole is quite orderly and simple; nothing of finery, but the wonderful decency, and the strange situation, more than supply the place of it. » Works, Vol, I. page 202. 8vo.

the week. Every one cooked his provisions in his own cell.

« Their only sustenance is a coarse brown bread and vegetables. They are likewise allowed to receive fish, whenever it is given them. In case of illness, they are allowed two spoonfuls of wine to a pint of water. On high festivals they are allowed cheese. The cells are provided with water by a brook, which runs close by, and which enters the cells through holes left in the walls for that purpose. They always wear hair-cloth next the skin. Whenever it is necessary to make any communications to their brethren, they do it by signs, if possible. Every cell is furnished with skins of parchment, pens, ink, and colours: and each one employs himself, for a certain time every day, in writing or transcribing. No one is admitted to take the vows till the age of twenty(1). »

To arrive at the *Cell of St. Bruno*, the founder of the Chartreuse, we follow a torrent by a broad and shady path for about a quarter of an hour; this cell has been converted into a chapel; and in a grotto beneath it a spring is still running, at which St. Bruno used to quench his thirst. Never was an asylum better chosen: on approaching this peaceable and profound solitude, we seem to feel a peculiar repose of the soul; a state of mind which silences all our tumultuous passions:

(1) See the interesting « Tour to La Grande Chartreuse and Alet, by Dom Claude Lancelot, » 8vo. 1813.

Here, *Solitude*, and *Silence* reign,
 With all the *Virtues* in their train,
 Here, *Contemplation*, nymph serene,
 With gentle step and placid mien,
 With *Saints* and *Confessors* of old
 High sacred converse seems to hold;
 Here *Piety*, with up-cast eyes,
 Dissolves in holy ecstasies:
 And scorning aught of this vile earth,
 That Heaven seeks that gave her birth;
 Here *Charity*, above the rest,
 E'en in the desert spreads a feast (1).

Other objects of curiosity in the environs of Grenoble, a country of wonders, are the *Sas-senage*, famous for its caves and its cheese, and *la Fontaine Ardente*, a hot spring, near the village of St. Bartholomew, a short distance from Grenoble. The phenomenon that has rendered this place famous, appears to have been more striking formerly than it is at present. Flame and smoke are said to have been frequently emitted from it. St. Augustin reports, that in his time, a lighted flambeau was extinguished on approaching it, and another lighted that had been put out. The Greeks relate the same of the fountain of Dodona. An author of the seventeenth century assures us that the country people used to be in the habit of making parties of pleasure to this spring for the purpose of making pancakes without fire. The flames used to rise very high, and travellers have more than once in passing near this spring been alarmed under the idea of a

(1) Imitation of part of the Latin Ode before quoted by Mr. Seward, the Anecdotist, printed in the European Magazine for 1791.

real fire having broken out in some of the villages. At present these spontaneous inflammations are very rare ; but an inflammable gas often escapes from the rivulet, and from the water found in the earth at a very small depth, by which matches, paper, and other light substances may be set on flame.

What is called the caves or *caves* of Sassenage is nothing but two ordinary cavities in a small grotto, situated near a larger one, much more worthy of our attention. The aspect of this grotto, the torrent which bursts through it, its internal construction, the wildness of its situation, and the road not less wild which leads to it, form all together a picture that cannot fail to captivate every admirer of real nature. This grotto is about half way up the mountain, half a league above Sassenage, from which you go to it, by ascending the torrent that traverses that village, through a woody glen, rich in picturesque scenery. After a walk of fifteen or twenty minutes, you pass the torrent on a bridge consisting of a long plank, which the guide from the village always takes care to carry with him ; and soon after you behold the water precipitated in a cascade from the bottom of a vast cavern. You now suppose yourself at the source of the torrent, and absorbed in contemplation, on the border of the adjoining forest, one can hardly help regretting that so mysterious and romantic a fountain has never had a Petrarch, to render it as justly celebrated as that of Vaucluse. But what we see is not a source, but the exit

of a subterraneous stream, which goes rolling from cascade to cascade, through a labyrinth of aqueducts, of which the bottom, the sides, and the roof are formed by the living rock.

These galleries, as they may be called, some of which extend out of sight, can only be entered by a lateral opening, as that through which the water escapes is inaccessible. The abundance of light thrown into the interior by this double opening, makes it easy enough to advance pretty far into a sort of vestibule, where two principal galleries meet, and the two torrents to which they serve as aqueducts; but here one is soon stopped by the water, which, together with the inclination of the slippery bed over which they roll, do not allow any further advance, notwithstanding the prodigious height of the vault. The eye loses itself in the extent of these rocky corridors, through which is heard the roar of the boiling waters, but at a distance that the ear can scarcely distinguish.

In concluding this account of our visit to Grenoble and the interesting mountains in its neighbourhood, we must remark that the interior of France does not contain any mountains more extraordinary than these we have described; and though their greatest perpendicular height, about 6600 English feet above the level of the sea, is much inferior to that of the Alps, yet they exhibit more real horrors than the traveller will see in any part of Switzerland, which he may visit. We shall

now conduct the traveller to Lyons, and thence to AVIGNON.

No. VII. From GRENOBLE to LYONS, $13\frac{3}{4}$ Posts, about 75 English miles.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
GRENOBLE to Voreppe.	2	Bourgoin to La Verpil-	
Rives	$1\frac{1}{2}$	lière.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Trette.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	St. Laurent-des-Mures.	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Eclose	2	Bron.....	$1\frac{3}{4}$
Bourgoin.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	LYONS	$1\frac{1}{4}$

The only remarkable object in this route is the grotto or cave of *Notre Dame de la Balme*, a little distance from the village of that name; and some miles from *Bourgoin*, a small town very agreeably situated, and a post.

About seven or eight miles from Bourgoin is the little town of Crémieux, containing 2000 inhabitants, and renowned for its turkeys. Three leagues farther, at the foot of a chain of calcareous mountains, is the village of La Balme, which took its name from a grotto, or *Balme* in the language of the country, near which it is situated. This is the famous grotto of Notre Dame de la Balme. It is nearer the road from Lyons to Geneva than the one we are now upon; but as, to reach it by that way, we must pass the Rhone in a boat, and the road is not so good, and besides as the grotto is in the department of the Isère, where we now are, and in ancient Dauphiny, of which it was one of the wonders, we have thought proper to place the description of it here. You arrive at it by ascending for some

minutes the stony bed of a torrent, which rushes from it in the winter, but leaves it dry in the summer.

The grotto of Notre-Dame de la Balme differs essentially from most other grottoes. Instead of those low apertures, which generally render the entrance so inconvenient, this grotto presents an immense arch, which elevates the mind of the spectator. A chapel of the Virgin, placed on the right of this entrance, diminishes its breadth by one half. Some imagine that the appearance would be more picturesque without this chapel; but I doubt if it would be so much so. The view of this little solitary temple in such a situation, and the religious sentiments it excites, soften the horror inspired by the first view of this vast excavation, of which the sombre and sinuous depths can only be sounded by the pale light of torches. Notre-Dame de la Balme is an object of veneration to the faithful many leagues round.

Immediately after entering the grotto, you find yourself in a spacious hall, corresponding, by the elevation of its roof, to the great arcade which forms the opening. This hall presents a species of vestibule, into which open two great galleries, one opposite, the other to the right. This subterraneous journey generally begins by the first, called the Hall of the Lake, on account of the reservoir that is found at the bottom of it. It is the largest and most curious of the two. Our first steps are over masses of rock detached from the roof, and confusedly heaped together, which

render the passage very difficult and tiresome. Though the roof sometimes rises like a cupola, it often sinks into a wicket, and leaves such a narrow passage that one can hardly creep through it on all fours.

These difficulties, with continual ascending and descending, continue till we arrive at the lake which occupies all the bottom of the gallery. There is a little boat on it in order to go from one end to the other. I went through the whole of this troublesome navigation, which lasted about an hour going and returning, by torchlight. This nominal lake is nothing but a narrow winding canal, very uneven, and embarrassed moreover by projections of rock which often impede the passage of the boat, and still more embarrass the passenger, who is obliged every instant to bend down, or even to lie flat in the boat. The water of this canal is beautifully limpid; its breadth varies from a yard and a half to two yards, and its depth is about a foot and a half.

We are obliged to return the same way to the hall of entrance, in order to visit the second gallery, which we left on the right. It is called the *Capuchin's Grotto*, on account of some concretions that are thought to resemble the habit, the hood, and the beard of a Capuchin. To arrive at it, it is necessary to clamber up a sort of internal mountain, so steep that at the first sight one despairs of ever reaching the top. Nevertheless, by following the guide, one may scale this painful ascent, after which we redescend into a vast

hall, at the bottom of which is a circular basin, some feet above the ground, and ornamented, in the middle, with a natural column that rises to the roof, as if to support it. This basin is called the Fountain, because the water from the roof running down the column, is continually increasing it by fresh calcareous deposits. A part of this hall is called the Pork-shop, *La boutique du Charcutier*, and is an assemblage of concretions, which represent, in the most striking manner, pieces of bacon, sausages, hams, suspended to the roof of the grotto. There is even the pork-woman at her counter, though this is not quite so striking as the former, and that of the Capuchin appears still less so. But it may have been more like formerly, as the succession of sediments is incessantly changing the form of the petrifications.

It is in this part that the bats constantly remain, where they stick together in heaps against the roof. If they are disturbed, they spread about like a cloud, flying right and left, and become very troublesome to those whose indiscreet curiosity has violated their asylum. These heaps of bats produce heaps of dung below, which exhale a fetid odour, but are a precious manure for the farmer of the grotto, who takes care to collect it for his garden.

This farmer pays a hundred francs a year to his parish, for the exclusive privilege of being the guide or cicerone of the grotto, on which account the entrance is closed by a barrier.

This grotto is the most curious of ancient Dauphiny, and one of the most interesting in France. We have no hesitation in recommending an excursion to it to every traveller; but it can only be in the summer, for during six or seven months of the year, a torrent rushes from it, which occupies the road that leads to the lake. Then all the basins are full, and water distills from every part, of the roof as well as the walls, and precipitates itself on every side. In summer there only remains the water of the lake, which, penetrating through the ground by infiltration, reappears outside of the grotto, at a little distance from the entrance.

Those who do not choose to return to Lyons, may proceed to *Valence* on the Rhone ($12\frac{1}{2}$ posts, or $68\frac{3}{4}$ miles), and pursue their route, either by land or water, to *Avignon*.

No. VIII. From LYONS to AVIGNON, $30\frac{1}{4}$ posts; about 167 English miles.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
LYONS to Saint Fons..	1	La Paillasse to Lorient.	$1\frac{1}{2}$
St. Symphorien d'Ozon.	1	Derbières.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Vienne.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Montelimart (2).....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Auberive.....	2	Donzère.....	2
Peage-de-Roussillon..	1	Palud.....	2
St. Rambert.....	$1\frac{1}{4}$	Mornas.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
St. Vallier.....	$1\frac{1}{4}$	Orange.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Tain.....	$1\frac{3}{4}$	Sorgues.....	2
VALENCE (1).....	$2\frac{1}{4}$	AVIGNON (3).....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
La Paillasse.....	$1\frac{3}{4}$		

(1) INNS.—The Post, Martin's hotel. (2) The Post, an excellent house. (3) Hôtel de l'Europe, very comfortable; the Palais Royal; St. Omer.

Such is the route by land, to Avignon, which may be performed with horses or *asses*, according to the taste of the traveller; the *poste aux ânes*, being established all the way from Lyons to Marseilles. Their long-eared brethren in England and other cold countries, are not to be named with the fine animals of Provence, which trip nimbly along, and post it to the full content of their employer. This road, though very agreeable, is in the summer so incommoded with a white powdery dust, even to suffocation, that every one who is pressed for time, will prefer a water excursion in the *coche d'eau*, which leaves Lyons three times a week, and arrives at Avignon generally in two days; or if the wind be contrary, in three or four. Half the vessel is filled with merchandize and packages, and in the other part there is a cabin, which will contain about thirty people; there is sufficient room to walk about on the deck; it is impelled by the current and the wind. The *bateau* stops at dusk at some town on the banks, and starts again the next morning before it is light. To enjoy, however, the fine scenery of the Rhone, and indeed of any river, to the greatest perfection, the traveller should hire a small boat for himself, and devote about a week to the examination of the various objects of curiosity on both its banks. A boat, large enough to hold a carriage, may be hired for about seven louis, and five francs a day for the two watermen who attend it: the traveller to be allowed to land and stop wherever he pleases.

The navigation on the Rhone is not entirely exempt from danger; accidents sometimes happen, and therefore the traveller should choose a good solid boat, boatmen on whom he can depend, and neglect none of the precautions that prudence can suggest.

The Rhone is a noble river, and its banks are very lofty, covered with vineyards, and now and then the ruins of a castle, a church, or a village, contribute to relieve the sameness of its swelling hills. This passage is very agreeable, and affords much bold and magnificent scenery, yet, when the wind is contrary, and the time is extended to four days (we speak here of the public boat,) the whole becomes tedious, and loses much of its natural interest. The Dart, in Devonshire, is a *miniature*, of some parts of the Rhone, which, as a whole, is on too large a scale to constitute the picturesque; yet, this again, though only a miniature of the Rhine, possesses, in a great measure, the character given of it by Lord Byron:

A blending of all beauties; streams and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, corn-field, mountain, vine,
And chiefless castles, breathing stern farewells
From gray but leafy walls, where ruin greenly dwells (1).

(1) Or in the prose description of a plain but sensible tourist: « Took boat for Vienne—altogether delightful; sweet air, exhilarating mountain scenery; the clear, and rapid, and majestic Rhone; rocks, woods, vineyards; chateaux on commanding eminences; cottages embosomed in trees retiring from the view; the busy traffic of the river, and prosperous villages on its banks.» Birkbecks Notes, page 38.

As a whole, the *Wye*, in Monmouthshire, is infinitely more *picturesque*; its numerous windings, its overhanging woods, its pure and limpid stream, have in them something of enchantment; though this is only a rivulet, compared with the Rhone. The character of the two rivers is so entirely different, indeed, that we cannot fairly institute a comparison between them; one is, generally speaking, *grand*—the other *picturesque*.

As it is an object of some importance to pass the first night at *Vienne*, where there is very good accommodation, we must leave Lyons very early in the morning: but if this cannot be accomplished we may sleep at Givors or Loire. Those who travel by land from Lyons to Vienne, cross a hilly country, at some distance from the Rhone, where few habitations are seen. The cultivation on each side of the road is better than in the other parts: there are fields of corn, and some vines; and at a distance the mountains, which have but a barren appearance. Before we reach Vienne, we cross a beautiful valley between the Rhone and the mountains; the foot of the rocks is planted with vines, and the valley itself produces corn. The entrance of the town is a pleasant promenade.

Vienne, after Grenoble, the most considerable town in the department of the Isère, was the principal place of the Allobroges, a courageous people, who were often at war with the Romans; and at length became subject to them in the time of Cæsar. The boun-

daries of their territory were the Rhone, the Isère and the Alps.

Pliny speaks of it as a colony, a distinction it received in the reign of Tiberius. It was to obtain for the inhabitants the rights of Roman citizens, that Claudius delivered the discourse in the senate, which has been preserved to posterity by Tacitus, and which may be read on the celebrated tables of Lyons. Martial notices this city with much self-complacency :

Fertur habere meos, si vera est fama, libellos,
Inter delicias, pulchra *Vienna*, suas.

It was at Vienne that the council was held, in 1311 and 1312, which pronounced the abolition of the Knights Templars; when Philippe-Bel was present with all his court.

The town of Vienne is built on a flat and narrow piece of land, extending from the banks of the Rhone, between two chains of bleak and sterile mountains, in the middle of which runs the Gier. If its situation, however, be not the most agreeable, this is amply compensated by the various prospects of the Rhone, Saint Colombe, and the beautiful appearance of the surrounding country. Near the place where we land are the remains of an old tower, which is called Pilate's tower, from a fabulous tradition believed among the common people, that Pilate having been confined in this tower by order of Caligula, hanged himself. But as the tower only received this name about five hundred years ago, it

probably owes the appellation to an antient pile of the bridge, which is well known to have been built in this place by the Romans.

Although stone is very good and sufficiently plentiful in this department, yet many of the houses are of clay. Several of these kind of houses are thirty feet high: the foundations are of common brick work. There is also another way of constructing walls and houses of the flint stones which are picked up in the fields, or in the bed of the Rhone: they give to each layer of flints a different direction, which forms a kind of mosaic.

The *ci-devant cathedral* of Saint Maurice, is a magnificent structure, and was beautified at different times by the ancient prelates of Vienne. You ascend to it, by twenty-eight steps, and from this circumstance it resembles somewhat an ancient temple. The door-way was formerly enriched with a great number of figures in alto-relievo, the Baron des Adrets had already thrown down several during the religious wars; but, at the time of the revolution, all the figures were shockingly mutilated. The interior of the building is very light and beautiful, without any superfluous ornaments, but every where are to be seen the traces of sacrilegious devastation. The vessel for holywater is of very fine marble, from the ruins of an antique temple. The altar of the choir is covered with antique green marble, taken from a beautiful column, which had been found at Saint Colombe. Round the choir is a frieze composed of foliage, and heads

of men and animals. Behind the altar is the archiepiscopal chair, affixed to the wall. Here yet remain eight windows of stained glass, on which are represented the apostles.

The archbishop of Vienne formerly bore the title of *Premier Primat des Gaules*.

The tomb of *Armand de Montmorin*, who died in 1713, is formed of the most excellent sculpture; it was done at Rome, by Slodtz, and brought to Vienne in 1747. The prelate, clothed in the cope, or ecclesiastic cloak, is sitting on a sarcophagus before a pyramid, and holds, with his left, the right hand of Oswald, the cardinal of the tower of Auvergne, who erected this monument to his memory; he points with his right hand to the archiepiscopal mitre and cross, which were placed on a cushion; seeming to tell him that these marks of dignity are destined for him, and that he will one day succeed him: a figure, which represents Religion, preserves the last words of the prelate, which are those passages of the epistle of Saint Paul to Timothy on the duties of a bishop.

Vienne has a library of 12 or 14,000 volumes, a *museum*, containing numerous Roman antiquities, inscriptions, etc., to which a drawing-school and other establishments are annexed. It has manufactures of cloths and ratteens; forges, flatting and paper-mills, and glass-houses. Population, 12,000.

A short distance from the town, between the Rhone and the high road, is the curious monument, called *l'Aiguille*. It is a pyra-

mid, composed of several layers of large square stones, and has steps on the four sides; being constructed on a body of square architecture, each angle of which is ornamented with a column, and each front pierced with an arch, one may pass from side to side, under the pyramid. These walls support a flat roof or top, on the middle of which is placed the pyramid. This monument, which is seventy-two feet in height, bears many marks of outrage occasioned by people dragging out the iron work. A Milanese who had bought the field where it stands had begun to destroy it, and had it not been for the obstinate resistance of the learned *Pierre de Brissac*, at that time chief justice of Vienne, this curious and valuable monument would have been levelled with the ground. During the time of terror and confusion, they had placed on this *aiguille*, an enormous bar of iron, which supported a large tin vane and the cap of liberty. This beautiful monument, which inspires veneration by its grandeur and solidity, appears to have been built in the time of the first emperors, and was, probably, the tomb of some distinguished personage.

Of all the Roman edifices which embellished this town, that of which the remains are the best preserved, is a square building, constructed nearly in the style of the famous *maison carrée* at Nimes, and called the Temple of Augustus. It is of the Corinthian order, sixty feet long by forty broad, and was open on all sides. The columns are composed of

several layers, and are twenty-five feet high, including the capital and base. These elegant pillars were fluted, but when the building was converted into a church in the 11th century, they were so much damaged that the fluting can hardly be perceived.

We tread at every step, in Vienne, on the ruins of its ancient splendour; inscriptions, and antique reliefs are seen intermixed with modern buildings. The plough is constantly turning up, in the neighbourhood, bronzes, marbles, medals, mosaics, fragments of columns, frises, and statues.

The subterraneous constructions discovered in the faubourg of Saint Colombe, on the other side of the Rhone, seem to have been reservoirs. It was in this faubourg that the greatest part of the marbles and mosaics have been found that are preserved in the museum at Vienne. Every thing here recalls the obscure recollection of eclipsed grandeur, and the melancholy images of destruction. The bridge, which established the communication between the town and this faubourg, and of which now only a few piles can be perceived, is supposed to be of Roman origin.

There are some rich mines of lead, worth visiting, on the banks of the Gère, a little river which falls into the Rhone at Vienne; and there are several manufactories near it.

Vienne, to which Lyons owes its origin, as we have already mentioned, is too near that great city, ever to become a place of commercial consequence, notwithstanding its natural

advantages. Under the Romans, it covered the hills, at the foot of which it is now situated; and gradually descended from the heights, to extend along the vallies of the Rhone and the Gère, as we have seen Lyons descend from the hill of the *Forum vetus*, to the banks of the river which flows at its foot. The same causes have produced the same effects; safety, and the necessity of defence, directed in ancient times the position of towns. The wants of luxury, the facilities of commerce, and the conveniencies of life are now superior considerations. Other times, other manners. These hills are not high, are granitic, filled with mines of lead and covered with vines. Those on the other side of the Rhone, opposite Vienne, produce the famous wines of *Côte-Rotie*.

The climate of part of ci-devant Dauphiné, situated between the Isère and the Rhone, is more temperate than that nearer Grenoble; and the nearer we approach Vienne the air becomes still milder. The banks of the Rhone present a warm country, celebrated for the quality of its wines.

The air of this country, and particularly near the Rhone, is very healthy, no endemic or local distemper affecting the population. They breed very few horses, but the asses are very fine, and nothing is more common than to speak of *post-asses*. Many of the people of the country have no other beast for the saddle than these humble coursers: the peasants let them out for a moderate sum. These

animals know their way so well, that they never quit the path they have been accustomed to take, neither will they slacken or mend their pace. It is in vain to attempt to turn them out of this direction; they will rather return to whence they came, or they will expire under the stroke. Among other quadrupeds common in this country may be reckoned the roebuck, hedgehog, otter, etc. etc. The race of horned cattle has been much improved by crossing the breed with those of Switzerland and Holland; the breed of Spanish sheep also has been attended to.

Leaving Vienne, we see, on the right bank, Saint Colombe, and, on the left of the public baths, the plain of the Aiguille, and the great road, planted with mulberry-trees and chestnuts; and soon discover that luxuriant shore, the red wines of which are so celebrated. These wines go to Paris by the Saone, the canal of Charolois, and the Seine. We see, at a distance, the little town of Auberive, and the place called Péage de Rossillon, where are still on an eminence the ruins of another little town, and of a chateau; indeed, during almost the whole of the voyage, it may be said, as of the Rhine:

Above, the frequent feudal towers,
Through green leaves lift their walls of grey,
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers.

BYRON.

The town of *Condrieux*, situated at some

distance from the port, has nothing remarkable; the port is well situated, and they carry on a great trade in the wine of the country. Most of the boatmen of the Rhone have their habitations at Condrieux, and they generally find a pretext to stay here some time. The people here spread on the corn-fields the scrapings of horn, which comes from the cutleries of Saint Etienne en Foret this proves an excellent manure.

Saint Valier, where there is a good inn, at the post, has a fine gothic chateau, silk-mills, and a manufacture of porcelain in its neighbourhood.

Three leagues to the west of this town is situated the little town of Annonay, which is famous for its manufactures of paper, the best in France. It was here also that Montgolfier sent up the first balloon about the year 1781.

Tain, on the Rhone, has a great trade in excellent Hermitage and Côte Rotie. Here is a *tauribole*, or bull-altar, with an inscription, a similar monument of antiquity to that described at Lyons. Population, 1800. Before we arrive at Tournon, we pass a large flat rock, in the middle of the Rhone, called by the watermen *Table du Roi*. At *Tournon* is the ancient chateau of the Dukes of Soubise, on the top of a steep rock, at the foot of a mountain; a fine bridge, of a single arch, over the Dreux, and a celebrated college for the education of youth, deserving of inspection for the excellent manner in which it is kept. Each pupil pays about forty guineas a year,

including every expence. Near this spot is the tract of vine-land, famous for its red and white *Hermitage*, the latter of which is considered the best. Excellent fish may be had at the inns, on the banks of the Rhone, such as very fine eels, pike of a superior flavour, barbel, and delicious small carp; the lamprey and sturgeon are also caught here.

Proceeding in our course we have now before us the *Mont-Ventoux*, which we never lose sight of afterwards: it is easily distinguished at a distance by the two points which form the summit. We next perceive, on the left, the *Roche de Glun*, a chateau built on a rock washed by the stream; it has a very picturesque appearance. Farther on, in front of a small island, we cross the mouth of the Isère: the name of this river, called *Isara* by the Romans, has received but little alteration from time. It takes its source from mount Iseran, and receives the Drac below Grenoble: it is navigable from Montmélian; its course is rapid, though it is winding. Its inundations are terrible, and often detain for several days those travellers who are obliged to cross it. The ferry-boat in which carriages cross this river, is of singular construction. It has a platform thrown over the boat, on which the carriages stand, but across the boat, which goes sideways. It is moved by means of a rope, stretched from one side of the river to the other, and fastened to two strong beams of wood placed vertically upon the banks. A cable and rope are fixed to this line, and the

boat is fastened to the rope; then, by means of a winch on shore, the cable is made to run along the rope, which is stretched across the river, and that draws the boat along with it. We now leave the territory of the ancient Allobroges, and enter that of the Segalauni, now the department of the *Drôme*. On the right is the territory of the ancient Helvii (the Vivarais,) which is separated from that of the *Arverni* (Auvergne) by the mountains of *Cévennes*.

The sides of these mountains are cultivated with vines. The plain which is between these and the Rhone appears fertile, if we may judge by the number of mulberry-trees with which it is covered, but there is no corn; and among so many trees, there is no fruit but the mulberry. Valence is at the extremity of this plain.

Valentia, now called Valence, which was the principal place of the Valentinois, is now that of the department of the *Drôme*. It was the capital of the *Segalauni*; Ptolemy gave it the title of a colony.

Valence is nearly as large as Vienne: the streets are narrow and crooked. It is situated on the declivity of a little hill, and surrounded by vallies, which are watered and fertilized by a number of springs. They have in this city a considerable trade in woollen cloth and skins; calicoes, thread, paper, etc. Population, 9000. This place has a school of artillery and an agricultural society. The remarkable objects are the citadel, known by the name of the *Government*, an elegant building

with some delightful gardens; the prefecture in the ci-devant abbey; the cathedral which contains the mausoleum of Pius VI, who died here in the year 1799; and the fine public walk called the *Champ-de-Mars*, which has a magnificent view of the Rhone. Near Valence is a chateau with a park called *le Valentin*; which formerly belonged to the Dukes of Valentinois. On the opposite side of the Rhone is the tower and celebrated hill of Saint Peray, which produces the wine of that name.

The wind, known by the name of *Mistral*, begins above Valence, and one feels it always increasing on advancing towards the south, where it is much more frequent. It renders the navigation of the Rhone very difficult and sometimes impossible. We shall mention it more particularly hereafter.

Montélimart (*Montilium Adhemari*) is a well-built town, situated partly at the foot and partly on the declivity of a hill. Beneath the walls, the Roubion and the Jabron unite, and from thence flow on until they mingle their tranquil streams with the majestic Rhone; the shores are enlivened by cheerful landscapes, and the more distant prospect presents the most diversified scenery; we see little hills covered with vines, and mulberry and olive-trees; in another view, plains filled with orange and other fruit-trees; in one spot the yellow harvest, in another the verdant meadow. The climate is here so mild that the orange-trees grow in the open gardens.

Montélimart was the first city of France

where the reformed religion was established : and there are still many Protestants, even among the most distinguished families. The women have particularly testified their zeal for the Protestant faith. There is still to be seen a mutilated statue of Margot de Lay (Marguerite de Lage,) who defended the ramparts at the breach, and killed with her own hand the Count Ludovic, who was one of the principal besiegers, and led the victors back into the city, leaving an arm on the spot where she acquired so much glory. Manufactures of silk, skins, and morocco leather. Population, 6500.

The ancient *Chateau de Grignan* (now destroyed), so celebrated in the Letters of *Mad. de Sévigné*, was at no great distance from Montelimart; here, it will be recollected, Madame de Sévigné died a victim to anxiety of mind on account of a very alarming illness under which she saw her daughter suffering; she was accordingly buried in the family vault of the Grignans, and a monument to her memory was erected in the church there. During the reign of terror, the chateau, with the church and the family monuments, were all laid in ruins, but when the destroyers came to the monument of this illustrious lady on which was her effigy, a name so celebrated struck even *them* with a sacred awe, and the monument was left untouched; neglect and the injuries of the weather, however, have now done what they left undone, and laid that in ruins with the rest. When they afterwards

visited the vaults, the real body, was treated with less respect; the corpse was enclosed in lead, and such was the avidity for this metal, that the temptation could not be resisted; the coffin was carried away, and the body left to the chance of what might befall it. Having been embalmed, it was found entire and in a high state of preservation. It was dressed in a long robe of silk, fastened round the waist with a silver girdle which was carried away as well as the coffin, and the body was in time deprived of its silken garment, by persons coming and taking a piece of it as a precious relic; the body remained among the ruins, and is, by this time probably mingled with its native dust. (See Plumtree's Residence in France, Vol. I. p. 370.)

Having quitted Montelimart, in doubling the point of Ancona, we have a full view of the three great rocks of lava which are on the right bank of the Rhone, and it will amply repay the traveller to land and take a nearer view of them. These three beautiful basaltic masses are in a line, and almost touch one another, but are entirely separated, and detached from the chalky mountain, to which they appear to be close. We approach them by a road which leads to a pleasant hamlet called *les Fontaines*, at the foot of a mountain covered with vineyards and olive-trees, that are always green, and which receive the first rays of the rising sun. Plantations, meadows, and gardens, enliven this delightful picture; the landscape is also enriched by an extensive

perspective, which presents first the largest river in the south of France, and next the town of Montelimart, with little hills covered with vines and fruit-trees of every kind, some villages of Provence, and at the distance the extensive chain of the Alps.

The largest of the three basaltic masses is pointed, and is three hundred feet in height; the others are not so high :—they are only accessible on one side: all three are composed of very hard black basaltes, sometimes forming irregular masses, joined and adhering together, and sometimes imperfect columns, turrets, etc. calling to our recollection the beautiful lines of the poet ;—describing the scenery of the Rhine, he says what is equally applicable to the Rhone ;—

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
The forest's growth, and gothic walls between,
The *wild rocks shaped as THEY had turrets been,*
In mockery of man's art.

We soon perceive *Rochemaure*, the ruins of which are very picturesque; they appear suspended on a pile of basaltes, which bends towards the horizon. This castle belonged formerly to the prince of Soubise. The burgh and little town of Rochemaure, are but about five or six hundred paces from the three rocks of lava before described: a part of the town is situated at the foot of the mountain, while the other on the heights, is built in the form of an amphitheatre. Several houses, which

surround the castle, have their foundations on the lava. The little colonnades of basalt form, in a very singular manner, the stairs and steps at the doors of some of these houses, while the backs of others are set against the sloping masses of lava; the windows and doors are framed in large regular prisms of basalt: and the flat pieces of lava are used to make a kind of eaves to the houses; in short, this town, among the broken ruins of a volcano, presents to the eye a very interesting picture.

The castle is but thirty paces higher. It must have been immense; it is fortified by steep masses of basalt, and very high walls of considerable thickness. The entrance is through extensive court-yards; but all is ruin and desolation; in one place are the remains of an armoury, in another of a chapel; we see here cisterns, wells, dungeons, and a sort of cave where money was coined—there we observe furnished halls, and spacious chambers. All is grand, all is vast; but all bears the marks of the ravages of time.

The tower is built on the inaccessible summit of a basaltic heap; near it is a crater, in which travellers may descend to a depth of nearly four hundred feet.

We next pass the small town of *Viviers*. Formerly the current of the Rhone flowed close to the walls of the town; it is now a gun-shot distant. There is an island formed between the shore of Viviers and the principal current. The walls of the gardens are chiefly

constructed with basalt; the streets of Viviers are narrow, and for the most part unpaved; and the walls of the houses have a blackish cast, owing to the fragments of basalt with which they are built, which adds to the sombre appearance of these habitations. The bishop's palace, and the seminary, which are out of the town, are the only remarkable edifices. The interior of Viviers is gloomy, but the environs are cheerful. At every turn we meet with some object which reminds us that the Romans were formerly the inhabitants of this country. The naturalist, the antiquary, and the philosopher, may here occupy their leisure hours; while walking, hunting, and fishing, present other pleasures to those for whom study has no charms. Viviers is celebrated for its excellent mutton.

Those who go by land will now pass through *Donzère*, a small bourg, with an inn, celebrated for its red wines, and having a population of 1500 inhabitants. The warmth of the sun and the brown complexions of the peasantry, begin to admonish us of our latitude; we begin also to recognize the vegetable products of southern climes, such as the Judas tree, pomegranate, etc.; another indication, according to naturalists, is the blackness of the hogs; to which may be added a third, the broad-brimmed beavers and short petticoats of the women, the former for shade and the latter for coolness. Here we may often see « women threshing with the men under a burning sun;—it is a family party threshing out the

crop of their own freehold : a woman is holding the plough ; — the plough, the horses, the land is her's ; — or (as we have it) her husband's ; who is probably sowing the wheat which she is turning in. You are shocked at seeing a fine young woman loading a dung cart ; it belongs to her father, who is manuring his own field for their common support. In these instances, the toil of the woman denotes wealth rather than want ; though the latter is the motive to which a superficial observer would refer it. » See Mr. Birkbeck's Notes, p. 42.

The next place is *Pierrelatte*, a small town, built at the foot of a rock, whence its name. Immediately opposite, on the other side of the river, is the bourg of St. André, or *Andéol*, remarkable for a beautiful spring that issues from the foot of a rock, and for the remains of a temple dedicated to *Mithra*. The monument is on a rock behind the spring just mentioned, and is a square bas-relief, four feet in height, and six in breadth, cut and sculptured in the rock itself, which is of a chalky substance. In the centre is a young man clothed with a *chlamys* or cloak, and on his head a Phrygian cap : he is sacrificing a bull : a scorpion is stinging it, and a dog attacks and holds it by the neck, while a serpent crawls above, and seems to threaten the poor animal. At the top, on the left, is the radiant sun ; on the right, the moon, in its increase ; and in the distance, are some rocks ; and at the bottom, the following inscription was once legible :

DS INVI MITHRAE MAX
 MANNI F VIS MON ET
 T MIRSIVS MEM D. S. PP.

Which is, To the God Sun, invincible Mithras, Maximus, son of Mannus, commanded by a vision, and T. Mursius Meminus, have erected this monument at their own expense.

St. Andéol, the martyr, after whom this place is named is said to have suffered here, in the early ages of Christianity, under Septimius Severus. The relics of this Saint are still preserved in the principal church. His supposed tomb, consisting of a sarcophagus, is now in the body of the church. It has a covering formed as a roof: the front presents a tablet supported by two winged figures, placed horizontally, and which seem to be flying. Above the seat of each of these figures is a dove with the wings spread. On each side of the tablet is a rabbit, and near the bottom a bow and quiver of arrows. The smaller sides of this sarcophagus are ornamented with wreaths of flowers. These arms and figures are not at all suitable to the tomb of a holy martyr, and the following inscription sufficiently proves that this is the tomb of a heathen.

D. M.

TIB. IVLI. VALERIAN

Q. ANN. V. M. VII. D. VI.

IVLIVS. CRANTOR ET

TERENTA VALERIA

FILIO DYLCISSIMO.

It is therefore evident that this monument was made by Julius Crantor and Terentia Valeria, for Tib. Julius Valerianus, their son, who died, aged five years seven months and six days. The environs of St. Andéol are pleasant, although the town is not much more handsome or lively than that of Viviers.

Leaving Pierrelatte, we next see the little town of St.-Paul-trois-Châteaux, which still offers some vestiges of antiquity, and a handsome convent of Dominicans. After Palud, we enter the department of *Vaucluse*, and pass the stone bridge over the Louzon. The peasants on the two banks of the river here are quite different in their manners, and sworn enemies to each other. The mountaineers of Ardeche are rough, brutal, and deceitful. The people of the Drome, or lower Dauphiny, more polished and more vicious, are not less brutal. After leaving Valence, the Provençal character begins to shew itself. The mountains here on the right bank are much higher than those on the left. We now pursue our route to *Orange*; but before we describe this place, we shall notice *St. Esprit*, which will be visited by those who make the excursion in a boat.

The town of *Saint Esprit* was first called St.-Saturnin-du-Port; it only took its new name after the building of the bridge which, occasioned its celebrity. It was begun in 1265. A bull of Pope Nicholas the Fifth, informs us, that it was built by a shepherd, who was so commanded by an angel. But it is evident that

the holy father here made a mistake, and has applied to the bridge of St. Esprit what is related of the bridge at Avignon, which was built by a shepherd named St. Benezet. The truth is, that the inhabitants of Saint Saturnin, alarmed at the frequent wrecks which happened in the passage of the river, built this bridge, which they called *Pont-de-St.-Esprit*, because they attributed this happy idea to divine inspiration. They collected contributions from every part and gathered together materials. The prior of the monastery of St. Saturnin, began then to oppose the undertaking, which he looked upon as an infringement on the rights of his monastery, but he was at length convinced of the necessity and utility of the work, and laid the first stone himself.

This bridge is a very fine piece of architecture, 3000 feet in length, and the longest bridge in Europe. It has twenty-six arches, nineteen large and seven small ones; each pile has an opening which is arched, and is of fine architecture. It is easy to conceive how valuable this bridge must be in the estimation of the inhabitants of the town, and the neighbouring departments: if by any event it should be destroyed, it would cost an incalculable sum to rebuild it, every care and precaution is therefore taken for its prevention. Carriages of only a certain weight are suffered to pass over it, and the smallest damage is immediately repaired; thus it has no appearance that denotes its antiquity. It is extremely narrow

so that two carriages can hardly pass abreast; but it must be observed, that when it was rebuilt, coaches and other carriages of the kind were not known. Gentlemen and ladies rode on horses, and merchandize and other things were generally conveyed on the backs of mules. The town is neater and better built than either Viviers or St. Andéol. The citadel, which was constructed in 1622, yet remains in good condition. Population, 4500.

In the neighbourhood of *Orange* we may see the people busied in gathering the leaves of the mulberry-trees, to feed the silk worms. The fields where these trees grow have a singular appearance; some of the trees are stripped entirely bare, and under the rays of a scorching sun, present the aspect of winter in the middle of summer, while others invite the traveller to repose, under the shade of their verdant and luxuriant foliage.

An inhabitant of northern climes will here behold the face of the country totally different from what he had been accustomed to see. Corn-fields, vineyards, and numberless mulberry trees, diversify the enchanting prospect; here are also to be seen some olive and pomegranate trees.

We are now on truly classic ground, and the farther we proceed, the more numerous and interesting are those monuments of antiquity, which the Romans left in this country. *Orange* is a corruption of the word *Arausio*, which was the name of this ancient city of the territory of the Cayares. The town is

small, and the streets are narrow, dark, dirty, and ill paved: there is not a house of a tolerable appearance. The inhabitants cover the streets almost entirely with coarse canvass, tied with strings, to shade them from the heat of the day. This custom prevails in most of the towns in the south; the canvass, composed of pieces not all of a colour, and mostly dirty, has a disgusting effect; nevertheless, it is a useful expedient to shelter the people from the rays of the scorching sun. Were it not for the remarkable vestiges of antiquity, which are the ornaments of this place, and the cause of its celebrity, every one would be desirous to leave as soon as they enter the town. Much has been said of the *triumphal arch* of Orange, but there is yet no exact representation of it. The following is a description of it, in its present state.

This arch is in a plain, about four hundred paces beyond the city, in the great road from Lyons to Marseilles: and it may be seen for more than a mile, in coming from Montdragon. It is sixty feet high, and sixty in breadth, in the form of a parallelogram, pierced with three arches; that in the middle, designed for carriages to pass, is larger and higher than the others: on each side of the arches are fluted Corinthian pillars; the middle ones, which form the sides of the grand arch, support a triangular pediment, above which is an attic, crowned with a beautiful cornice. The north front must be the principal, as it serves as an entrance to the city: it is this side, which is in

the best state of preservation; though of four columns there now remain but three, and the base of the fourth. The bas-relief on the attic, represents a combat between foot and horse soldiers; but it is impossible to distinguish the place of action, or the subject of the battle. To the left of this bas-relief, are implements of sacrifice. The trophies, which are on the two sides of the pediment, are almost entirely composed of marine subjects, such as the prows of ships, anchors, oars, tridents, etc. Those above the smaller arches consist of defensive and offensive arms, but which have no relation to the sea; being large oval shields, swords, helmets, trumpets, darts, spears, and arrows, with standards and flags, on which is the figure of a wild boar.

On one of the bucklers in the trophy, on the left, is the word *isvijvs*; on another, *beve*. On the trophy to the right, is to be seen very plainly, the word *dodvacvs*, and on a fragment, the lettres *sre*.

The south front has been much injured by the wind, which blows from the sea. The stone has been corroded by time, and the bas-reliefs are very much defaced; but they seem to have been very similar to those on the north side. There are scarcely any remains of the trophies on the left; but those on the right are in tolerable preservation. On some of the bucklers are the following names, *Sacrovir*, *Mario*, *Dacvno*, *Vdillvs*. *Av. Ot.* We observe also, on several bucklers, the letters *sre*. On this front, on the right of the large

bas-relief, on the attic, is the bust of a woman. Of the four antique columns of this front, there remain only two to the right of the spectator. The two small sides are to the east and west. The eastern front is still ornamented with four Corinthian fluted columns. Above the frieze, in which is represented the combats of gladiators, is a pediment, on the two sides of which are Nereids. Between the columns are three trophies, representing offensive and defensive arms, with standards bearing the figure of a wild boar. Under each of these trophies are two figures of captives, among whom is an old man; they have their hands tied behind them. On the middle of the pediment, on this side, is the figure of the radiant sun, under an arch, ornamented with horns of plenty, of which there is but a faint representation. On the two bucklers of the middle trophy, are the traces of two names, which unfortunately are effaced.

On the west side there are only the remains of two of the middle columns, and of the designs of the trophies, etc., etc.

The interior of the arches is decorated with designs of garlands of roses, in ornamental squares; and the borders of the arcades with branches of the vine and grapes, with flowers and fruits: but these embellishments are not all by the same hand, for some of them are greatly superior in execution to the others.

On the eastern side, the upper part is entirely repaired, and there is this inscription:

DV REGNE
DE M. MVRE,
ROY
EN

1706.

Which records, that the corps of cross-bow-men of Orange, contributed, in the year 1706, to the reparation of this triumphal arch. The Sieur Mure was at that time king of the cross-bow-men. The county of Provence, and the Dauphins had, in the thirteenth century, created or allowed, in all the cities on their territory, a corps of these archers, intending by such institutions to form their subjects to war, and to make them dexterous in the use of arms. The cross-bow-men annually elected a chief on one of the Sundays after Easter; the bow-man, who, on the day appointed, killed a bird placed at a certain distance, was declared king. This bird was a real or artificial parrot, or what was more anciently called a pie; at that time they called the parrot pape gay, that is to say, *père gai*, or *bavard*, (a chatterer). The king was likewise colonel of the corps: he presided at the exercises, and led them to the procession of the host; and, on the eve of Saint John, marched at the head to kindle the bonfire at the solemn ceremony. This king of the cross-bow-men also enjoyed certain privileges on the duties levied on merchandise, and he was exempted from finding lodging for any of the soldiers; he had the distinction of laced clothes, and a plume

of feathers on his hat or cap. The marching of these cross-bow-men was called the *bravade*. The king of the *bravade*, or of the cross-bow-men, enjoyed his dignity only a year. There is yet in existence, a regulation given by Charles the First of Anjou, to the cross-bow-men of Aix. These companies continued in some cities till the revolution. That of Aix paraded lately only on the eve of Saint John: their chief was called the King of the Bravade, or of Saint John. Until the sixteenth century, this company was armed with bows and pikes, and afterwards with muskets.

There was formerly a high tower on the triumphal arch, and the whole monument was called at that time the tower of the arch: this arch was once enclosed in an edifice, which contained several rooms. This wretched piece of architecture was demolished in 1721, by the orders of the Prince of Conti, who was at that time proprietor of the principality of Orange.

The above building has since been repaired at different times. A mason of Orange rebuilt one of the columns, which support the pediment on the south side. This clumsy column is without any ornament. The most general opinion is, that this arch was dedicated to Marius, though it is not very well supported; and there are many other conjectures on the subject, which are equally plausible.

A painful recollection embitters the pleasure which we have in examining this beautiful piece of ancient architecture; the place

R.

see

where it stands has been the theatre of many horrible scenes; it was here, that the blood of the French flowed under the axe of the executioner; it was here, that in the year 1793, many unfortunate people were brought from the prisons of the neighbouring towns to suffer death. The arch of Orange was certainly erected to preserve the recollection of battles, which cost the lives of thousands, but they were mowed down with the scythe of war; they died fighting for their country, and their memory excites sentiments which soften those of regret: the inhabitants of Avignon, on the contrary, were dragged under the same triumphal arch to be massacred without pity, and without the means or power to defend themselves against their murderers.

The most remarkable monument of this city, next to the triumphal arch, is that which is improperly called the *Circus*. It is on the declivity of a mountain. This pretended Circus is in reality a theatre; and it is the more valuable, as it is the only one of this kind in France, and the most perfect of those which have been preserved; the circular part, in which were the seats for the spectators, remains cut in the mountain: the two extremities of the semi-circle were joined by the stage. The wall, which intersects this semi-circle, and which formed the extremity of the stage, still remains entire, and has a fine effect. This wall, which is a hundred and eight feet high, and three hundred in length, is built with beautiful square stones, of an equal size,

joined with the greatest exactness, and is ornamented with two ranges of arcades, and an attic.

It is impossible to view this grand and simple wall, so well built, and so well preserved, without admiration. In the middle is a large door, which must have been the entrance for the actors and others in the service of the theatre.

At the top of the exterior front, there are two ranges of stones, which jut out from the wall; they are a considerable distance one from the other; those of the first range have a hole pierced vertically through them, which were probably for the purpose of receiving a mast, to the extremities of which were fastened the canvass or sail-cloth, that covered the theatre, and sheltered the spectators from the weather, and the heat of the sun.

It is mortifying to see a part of this beautiful theatre turned into a prison; it is still more so to notice the disgusting heaps of rubbish accumulated in the place, which was formerly the front of the stage, and the scene where the comedies of Plautus and Terence, and the tragedies of Seneca, were represented. On the summit of this mountain, are the ruins of an ancient castle, which appears to have been strongly built with large stones. From this spot is a most delightful prospect of great extent, and full of the most interesting objects. You behold the territory of Orange, whose productions are so various; the plains of the ancient Comtat Venaissin; now the depart-

ment of Vaucluse; a part of Provence and Languedoc; with the mountains of Dauphiny; and the noble stream of the Rhone. To the south, the innumerable spires of the steeples of Avignon seem lost in the perspective; while all around are the richest points of view: the Pont-Saint-Esprit, with the town at the end of it; Mont-Ventoux, and its hoary summit generally covered with snow; and the handsome embattled walls of numerous towns. Amidst this delightful scenery, the intelligent traveller looks with satisfaction, on this classic ground, where the Romans took delight in leaving so many monuments of their grandeur and power. The climate is heavenly; the soul is exalted, the eye is ravished, the imagination enchanted, you forget the world, you think you could remain here for ever!

There are at Orange the ruins of some other edifices, an amphitheatre, baths, and an aqueduct, of which there remain only some arcades, enclosed in the walls of the houses. Orange contains so many monuments of antiquity, that they may be found in almost every part of the city.

The *trade* of this place was considerable in the days of the sovereigns: at present there is not much appearance of industry. They collect in the neighbourhood large quantities of silk of very good quality, and have an abundant harvest of saffron, figs and oil; these are the sources of the riches of the country, and the concourse of travellers, who pass through in their way to Marseilles or Lyons, is the

main spring which keeps the city in motion. The inhabitants would detain travellers a much longer time among them, if they would attach more importance to their monuments, and take better care of them. Population, 7200.

From Orange to *Avignon*, either by land or water, the route does not present any object worthy of particular remark. The approach to AVIGNON from the water is very fine; its long fortress, light battlements, and picturesque ruined bridge, have a grand and imposing effect. The walls are built with small smooth stones joined with the greatest exactness; the battlements on the top are very regular, and the whole is flanked with square towers, placed at equal distances. Time has given to these walls a brownish tinge, which adds to the effect of the whole. No other town, of the middle age, has so beautiful an enclosure; but these ramparts would be but a weak defence in the time of danger. One may say of the walls, so beautiful, and so regular;

Qu'ils servent de parade, et non pas de défense.

Nevertheless they were built by Pope Innocent the Sixth, in the year 1358, to protect Avignon from the attacks of the banditti who laid the various towns in its neighbourhood under contribution. But the manner of making war in those days was very different from that of our time. Above the walls are seen the steeples of many religious edifices, which this town formerly contained; most of them

at present are used for other purposes. These beautiful walls have seven gates: the principal one was built under the pontificate of Pius the Sixth. The style of architecture is tolerably good, but the attic is too heavy and too high for the size of the gateway.

The interior of the town does not answer to the beauty of the ramparts and environs; most of the streets being narrow and crooked. There are, however, several handsome houses built in the Italian taste; among others, *l'Hôtel de Crillon*, and *l'Hôtel de Cambis*. The streets are generally covered with awnings of canvass in the summer: a custom which prevails in all the towns of Provence.

Pliny only informs us that *Avenio* was a Latin town; but Ptolemy, who corrected several of the errors of Pliny, relative to the cities of Narbonese Gaul, makes it a colony. It was situated on the banks of the Rhone, between the *Sorgue* and the *Durance*. The Franks and the Saracens took possession of it successively: in 1206 it formed a republic, under the government of a kind of elective magistrate; and at length became subject to the Counts of Provence. The Countess Jane, Queen of Naples—(that guilty and unfortunate princess, whom love caused to commit a crime, which nevertheless has not obliterated the remembrance of her accomplishments, and the noble virtues which she practised during the rest of her life) having been recalled to the throne of Naples, and wanting money for the journey, sold Avignon, its suburbs and lands,

to Pope Clement the Sixth, for 80,000 florins of gold. The subtle Pontiff gave his absolution into the bargain, for the punishment she had incurred for the murder of her first consort. It has been said, that the money was never paid; however, it was on this sale that the rights of the Pope were founded. These rights, which have been the subject of several curious discussions, it is not now worth while to examine. However, the kings of France willingly acknowledged them, until the time when Louis the Fourteenth seized the city, in 1662 and in 1668, to punish Alexander the Seventh, and Innocent the Eleventh, for their conduct towards his ambassadors. Louis the Fifteenth followed this example in 1768, to avenge the injury which Clement the Thirteenth had done the Duke of Parma. But these acts of violence had always been followed by a prompt restitution. At length the re-union of Avignon to France was irrevocably proclaimed in 1790, by the constituent assembly.

The kings of France could easily have possessed themselves of this fine country; the thunder of the Vatican had long lost its effect, nor was there any power to prevent them; but the cabinet of Versailles found it more politic to keep the popes in dependence, by menacing them on every slight occasion of discontent, with the loss of this demesne, on which the holy see set so much value, although no revenue was derived from it. The money produced by the taxes imposed, was expended in the country, in repairing the public buildings

and highways, and paying the troops (1), &c.

The cruel and terrible effects of the Revolution are every where visible in Avignon; the monasteries, the chapels and churches, built with more magnificence than taste in the fourteenth century, have been destroyed, with the monuments which they enclosed. We seek in vain for the tombs of the popes, and for that of Alain Chartier, surnamed the Father of Eloquence. The recollection of the tender Petrarch could not preserve the tomb of his beloved Laura, and the valour of the brave Crillon had not power to defend his mausoleum: these monuments, raised to the memory of piety, beauty, and valour, are all destroyed! The paintings also, which were in the churches, have been carried away.

To form a good idea of Avignon, we should ascend the *Rocher de Don*, situated to the north-west of the town. From this spot also there is a very extensive view, which has been well described by Mr. Pinkney: "The Rhone is here seen rolling its animated stream through meadows covered with olive-trees, and at the foot of hills invested with vineyards. The ruined arches of the old bridge carry the imagination back into the ancient history of the town. On the opposite side of the town are the sunny plains of Languedoc, which,

(1) Hence the ridiculous name given by the French to Avignon of *le Derrière du Pape*, from their continually chastising the Pope in the extremity of his dominions. Avignon was also formerly the Gretna-Green of France. Duels were also fought here.

when refreshed by the wind, breathe odours and perfumes from a thousand wild herbs and flowers. Mont-Ventoux, in the province of Dauphiny, closes the prospect to the north: its high summit covered with snow, while its sides are robed in all the charms of vegetable nature. On the east, are the abrupt rocks and precipices of *Vaucluse*, distant about twelve miles, and which complete, as it were, the garden wall around Avignon and its territory. » Near the cathedral, it is supposed, there formerly existed a temple, dedicated to Diana, and that the church itself was once a temple dedicated to Hercules, a statue of that hero having been found there, on the base of which was the following inscription:

HERCULI AVENNICO
DEO POTENTI PROTECTORI
C. TUSCILIUS
PRO CIVIUM VENNIORUM
SUCCEPTO VOTO
T. M. D. D.

Descending from this eminence, before we arrive at the square of the *Palais*, we see the ci-devant cathedral, or metropolitan church of *Notre-Dame-de-Don*. Before the revolution, it contained many remarkable tombs and sculptured bas-reliefs; there is still a chapel worthy of notice, and the mausoleum of John XXII. The columns which form the perystile of the church are evidently antique. There are four churches

where religious service is performed : St. Agri-col, St. Pierre, St. Didier, and the church *des Carmes* ; but neither of these contain any thing remarkable. The *Palace*, separated only from the cathedral by some ruins, presents a labyrinth of dilapidated apartments, great and small, and walls of immense thickness. Here were formerly the most splendid rooms occupied by the vice-legates; nothing, however, but the prisons on the opposite side have been preserved : we may walk all over the top of the palace, on a sort of terraces. This mass of irregular buildings, was the work of several popes, who resided here. The ancient *episcopal* residence was at the end of the palace, and contained some noble apartments. The palace is surrounded with high walls, flanked with towers, and otherways fortified : it has a very picturesque appearance, but is more like a fortress than the residence of the head of the church, and representative of the God of Peace. The *mint*, now occupied by the gendarmerie, is opposite the principal entrance of the palace. In front of the bishop's residence is the *Maison Lapalun*, a handsome modern edifice, the proprietor of which has a fine gallery of pictures, containing some real *bijoux*, and also plaster casts of the Apollo Belvedere, Venus di Medici, the Antinous, etc. The staircase which leads to the gallery is the theme of universal admiration.

Avignon is not without hospitals and benevolent institutions. The *Grand Hospital* at the N. E. extremity of the town is remarkable

for the size and distribution of its apartments, the attention paid to the sick, its large courts, and the gardens which surround it. The *sœurs de la charité*, (religious women) here give their unceasing and gratuitous assistance to the invalid. There are also an *Orphan Hospital*, and a *Maison de Bienfaisance*; the latter has the Rumford Stoves, and distributes soup to the poor. In the Chapel of the *Hospice des Insensés*, or asylum for the insane, is an ivory Christ, of most exquisite workmanship; there is also a *Succursale*, or retreat for invalided soldiers, managed with the greatest propriety. Added to this, ladies of the first rank, as well as those of middle life, form themselves into societies, and *seek out the sick and distressed* at their own habitations, and thus become the ministering angels of consolation and relief to hundreds, who would otherwise sink under their accumulated sufferings. But this is not peculiar to Avignon; there is not a town in France, in which something of this kind does not exist; Paris itself, the very temple of voluptuousness, abounds with votaries at the shrine of real benevolence.

Among the *Literary and Scientific Societies* are the Academy of Vaucluse, having a library and some pictures; the Medical Society; the Museum, containing some good pictures, a library, and collections in natural history; a College for the education of youth; Drawing-school, etc., etc. *M. Calvet* has a fine collection of statues, medals, and ancient gems:

he is also rich in objects of natural history, and has a noble library. Here are many folio volumes in MS., full of curious and useful observations, papers, etc., written by M. Calvet. At the rooms of a society called the *Cercle*, may be read the newspapers and periodical works; balls are also given here. A stranger must be presented by a member.

The *climate* of Avignon, and of the department in which it is situated, is generally fine, very little rain falling in the course of the year. During the summer season, even two three, or four months pass without a drop of rain. The only drawback is the extremely cold and piercing N. W. wind (*mistraou*), which prevails to a certain degree, every season, and roars violently down the valley of the Rhone. Its duration is various: sometimes it lasts four, seven, and even nine days; and at other times, only four and twenty hours. This wind, however, cools the atmosphere in the parching heat of summer, and dries up the humidity of the autumn. The S.E., S. and S.W. winds, called *marins*, are also vehement, but with different gradations.

Natural Productions.—The principal articles of growth here, are rye, barley, wheat, oats, oil, vines, pasturage, vegetables, madder, saffron, hemp, and flax. Among these wheat and saffron are the most precarious, and the vines the worst, from a bad method of managing them; madder, the most prolific and general; hemp, flax, and oil, the most considerable. The breeding of cattle is neg-

lected ; that of the silk-worm is on the decline ; and the cultivation of fruit is extremely limited. This department is rich in botanical varieties, both of the Northern and Southern Hemispheres. Among the numerous birds of passage here, the *bustard* is the most remarkable ; trout and eels from the Sorgue, and sturgeons and shad from the Rhone are entitled to particular notice : the entomologist will also find abundance of employment.

Commerce, Trade, etc. — The *imports* of Avignon consist of raw hides, fine cloths, oil, soap, linen, wheat, horned cattle and sheep, and provisions of all kinds ; its *exports* are the produce of the department just enumerated, and the different manufactures of the town, as taffety, cotton, copper-plates, verdigrase, aquafortis, lavender, etc., in which the balance is in favour of the town. Before the revolution, Avignon was famous for its numerous piracies of popular works, and printing was carried on to a great extent here. This abuse is still carried on in secret : and it is in vain, that the booksellers of Paris send agents, from time to time, to make discoveries. Population, 23,000.

Character, Manners, etc. — The Avignonais are, in general, well disposed and polite to strangers. The society here is divided into four classes, that of the noblesse, who have their balls and parties, to which but very few of any other rank are admitted ; the second consists of men of property, advocates, physicians, and all those who have received a

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good education; the third of merchants, manufacturers and artisans; and the last, of farmers and labourers. There are a number of handsome women at Avignon, in every class, particularly in the third rank; their costume, which is not devoid of elegance, holding a middle place between that of the common people and women of fashion. The Avignonnaises are not tall: but they have a beautiful clear complexion, a full bosom, fine black eyes, and a physiognomy full of expression. The Jewish women here are remarkably handsome (1). Not long since, we were present at a ball given in the *Hôtel-de-Ville*, for which more than 3000 tickets were issued, and we must confess we never saw so much beauty and elegance assembled together before in the same space. Among the many exquisite faces which glided before us, there were several that might have sat for a portrait of the celebrated *Laura*. The young females at Avignon are, in general, well educated, and the Italian language is as familiar to them, as French is to us; their society is particularly fascinating. Some of our most pleasant recollections are of the hospitable, the agreeable, the polished inhabitants of Avignon.

The names of *Petrarch* and *Laura*, are so interwoven with the history of Avignon, that

(1) Before the revolution, the Jews inhabited a separate and enclosed quarter of the town, the gates of which were shut every evening at eight o'clock; but these severities are now justly abolished. Both men and women of that religion were obliged to wear a particular dress.

no traveller of taste or sentiment will quit this place, without calling to mind some particulars of the poet, and his romantic passion for the beautiful Laura ; a passion which destroyed the peace and tranquillity of his mind, and tormented him for more than twenty years, notwithstanding the rigour with which he was treated by the object of it, who was a married woman ; but a passion which gave birth to those beautiful effusions of his pen, his *Sonnets*, that have formed a wreath for the brow of the poet, of fresh and unfading flowers, whose beauty and elegance will live till the end of time.

The *site* of Laura's tomb, distinguished only by a melancholy cypress, is situated amid the ruins of the celebrated church of the Cordeliers, now enclosed in the grounds of a gardener. The proprietor's name is Cerries ; a very convenient house, together with the grounds and ruins of the Cordeliers, were lately to be disposed of ; whoever the purchaser may be, we fervently hope that he will place a simple marble slab over the tomb of Petrarch's mistress, and inscribe upon it the name of LAURA.

The fountain of *Vaucluse*, a morning's ride from Avignon, will claim the notice of every one who has heard the name of PETRARCH. While a school-boy at Carpentras, Petrarch went with his father and mother to see the fountain of Vaucluse. Enraptured with the charms of this solitude, he cried out : « Here is a situation which suits me marvellously !

were I master of this place, I should prefer it to the finest cities." These lively impressions determined the subsequent residence of Petrarch at this place, were afterwards transfused through many of his works, and have immortalized the beauties of Vaucluse. The most agreeable route to Vaucluse, is by the villages of Moriènes and Chateauneuf-de-Gadagne; but this is only practicable in fine weather: the road is narrow, rough, and stony, but the traveller will be amply compensated for the *shaking* he will receive, by the beauty of the surrounding scenery. There is another route, which keeps the high road to Marseilles, as far as *Bonpas*, and then proceeds by Cavaillon (noticed towards the end of this chapter,) to Vaucluse. The traveller should stop at l'Isle, at the *Hôtel de Pétrarque et Laure*, a little without the village; and here should order his dinner to be ready on his return from the fountain. It will consist entirely of the most delicious *fish*, as trout, eels, the ombre, and craw-fish, from the Sorgue; a most excellent dish of the latter is made here, called the *bisque*. The frogs of the plain of l'Isle are very fine; and a fricassee of them will be a great treat to the gourmand. Those who have partaken of this dish at Paris will know how to appreciate its excellencies.

Before we enter the valley of Vaucluse we should endeavour to forget every thing that has been said about it; at least every description of it, even the picture of it drawn by Petrarch himself, or we shall feel greatly dis-

appointed. It is beautifully observed by Mr. Gray, « that the memory sees more than the eye in Italy, » and this is particularly the case with Vacluse. The fountain, and the rocks around it, hallowed to the imagination by the recollection of the poet's residence near them, and immortalized by his descriptions, are the chief attractions of this romantic spot. The valley of Vacluse is little more than a winding passage among the stupendous rocks which coast the northern side of the Durance. The small intervening space between the river and the road is cultivated with a little corn, a few mulberry-trees, and here and there a small spot of meadow-ground, which does not wear any appearance of verdure in the summer. In Petrarch's time also, the rocks which border this valley were *clothed with wood* ; but a few scattered vines, with some olive and fig-trees, are all that now prevent their being perfectly naked ; yet these noble rocks exhibit a wonderful phenomenon of rude and savage nature, highly gratifying to the lovers of romantic scenery.

Continuing to wind for some way among the rocks, the road terminates at the little village of Vacluse. Hence to the *fountain* is a distance of about a quarter of a mile, along a stony path, upon the declivity of the rocks, the valley being here entirely occupied by the channel of the river. The termination of this valley is an immense perpendicular rock, six hundred feet in height. Within this rock is the cavern in which rises the fountain that

supplies the river *Sorgue* so abundantly: the entrance to the cavern is 60 feet in height. Before it rises a mole of rock, so much above the entrance of the cavern, that till you have arrived upon this mole, nothing of the cavern, or of the fountain within it, is to be seen. The water, though clearer than crystal, appears *green*, as it runs from the depth of its channel(1). This fountain is, in fact, a considerable river, arising from an unfathomable rocky basin, of a circular form, at the foot of the stupendous perpendicular, or rather impending rock before mentioned. A few yards from its source, the stream falls, in the most majestic and picturesque manner, over fragments of rock, covered with a dark green moss(2), and then forms a rapid river, winding through the vale, whose sides, for some distance, rise suddenly to an immense height, from its bank, and then gradually expand into an open plain. But this is generally in the spring, after the melting of the snows; a circumstance alluded to by Sir William Jones, who, speaking of the Naiad that inhabits this grot, says,

(1) The water is not fit to drink, but is very serviceable to the tanner and dyer.

(2) Entre de hauts rochers, dont l'aspect est terrible,
Des prés toujours fleuris, des arbres toujours verts,
Une source orgueilleuse et pure,
Dont l'eau sur cent rochers divers
D'une mousse verte couverts,
S'épanche, bouillonne et murmure.

MAD. DESHOULIÈRES.

When the waking flowers of April blow,
 And warmer sunbeams melt the gathered snow,
 Rich with the tribute of the vernal rains,
 The nymph, exulting, bursts her silver chains.

In the summer or autumn, after a long drought, the water only filters through the mole, and gushes out at its base in innumerable little streams; but then the traveller can examine the interior of the cavern, an advantage denied to him when there is a fall of water. We saw it when the water was low, and had an opportunity of entering the cavern. On the declivity of a rock, between the village and the fountain are the ruins of a building, shown as the *Château de Pétrarque*, or residence of Petrarch, but in fact only part of a castle which once belonged to the Bishop of Cavaillon.

To Vaucluse Petrarch retired, to banish his passion for Laura, and indulge his taste for letters; buying a little cottage, with a field adjoining, and having no other companions than his books: but alas! the torments of love still pursued him; rocks and woods, the wildest and most solitary situations availed nothing, and all his efforts to get rid of his passion were vain and fruitless. In this solitude it was that he composed some of his most beautiful poems, and among others the celebrated address to the "Fountain of Vaucluse," beginning *Chiare, fresche, e dolci acque*, of which the English reader will form a very imperfect idea, from the paraphrastic version of Sir William Jones, and from a few other

attempts. The following translation, for which we are indebted to the kindness of a friend, possesses the rare merit of *fidelity*; and is, in our opinion, the most successful transcript of the beautiful original, that has yet appeared.

Sweet, fresh, and limpid waters,
 Where SHE alone who seems
 Woman to me, of all earth's daughters,
 Hath bath'd her beauteous limbs;—
 Green, graceful boughs, where it doth please
 Her lovely side to rest;—
 (Sighs fill my breast
 While I but think of it—) to these,
 And to the turf and flowers I call,
 That love to lie her flowing vest beneath;
 And to this air,—most sacred and serene;
 Where love at her bright eyes kindled my heart—
 My heart that's breaking now—E'er I depart
 For ever, listen one and all,
 To the last grieving words my lips shall breathe.

When death shall end my woes;—
 For it must be—
 'Tis Fate and Heaven's decree
 That by Love's hand my weeping eyelids close;—
 Could my poor dust be laid
 Within your sacred shade,
 That hope would cheer and bless my dying hour.
 When to its native skies
 My naked spirit flies,
 And all its earth-born fears and wishes cease;
 Where else but in this bower,
 Could my tired flesh, and troubled bones find Peace?

Perhaps, e'er I'm forgot,
 To this accustomed spot,
 That barbarous beauty may return again;
 But there, where on that day,
 Low at her feet I lay,
 Her asking eyes will search for me in vain.
 When—O, the piteous sight!
 Turning her looks of light,

Should they behold, among the stones
 Scatter'd about, my poor neglected bones,
 Surely she'll breathe some mercy-pleading sighs,
 Which Heav'n itself will not have pow'r to slight,
 As with her veil she wipes her weeping eyes.

From beauteous branches falling—
 (What bliss, that sight recalling!)—
 Into her lap the blossoms came in showers;
 And there she sat before me,
 Humble in all that glory,
 Cover'd all over with a cloud of flowers.
 Some on her vest descended;—
 Some with her fair hair blended,
 So that, at once, the curls
 Seem'd deck'd with gold and pearls;
 Some on the earth—some on the water fell—
 While some came sporting in fantastic twirls,
 Seeming to say, «Here Love doth reign and dwell!»

Then to myself I said,—
 Delight half lost in dread—
 «Surely in Paradise this being dwells!»
 For o'er my troubled mind,
 Her air, and look refined,
 Her voice, and her sweet smile, had wrought such
 spells,
 That Truth quitted her throne,
 And Fancy reign'd alone;
 And, looking round me then,
 Sighing, I ask'd, «How came I here, and when?»
 Thinking myself in Heaven, not on earth.
 And from that hour to this,
 I find my only bliss,
 Here, in this bower, where first my love had birth.
 P. ———.

Other excursions may be made in the environs of Avignon to Carpentras, Cavaillon, etc. *Carpentras*, the second town in the department of Vaucluse, is agreeably situated, commands a fine plain planted with olive trees,

and is surrounded with walls. This is a commercial town, and has a population of 12,000 persons; it is a grand dépôt of madder, and manufactures spirits of wine and aquafortis. A market is held here every Friday, which is equal to a fair, in point of number of people, and abundance of commodities. The objects of curiosity are a noble aqueduct, built after the antique, in the midst of the most enchanting scenery; the remains of a triumphal arch, in the lodge of the prison; the episcopal palace, the front of the cathedral, the grand hospital, of which the facade and principal staircase are very fine; and the public library. Besides many rare and valuable books, the library possesses a collection of Roman medals, 6000 in number, many of them very curious, and a series of original drawings. Among the MSS. are the two folio volumes of genuine Troubadour Poems. *Petrarch* came to settle at Carpentras in the year 1314, and three years afterwards Clement IV. visited this place, with a great number of cardinals. But when this train had left it, Petrarch gave himself up to study, and learned in five years as much grammar, rhetoric, and logic, as can be taught in schools to those of his age,

The *Hôtel du Midi*, is one of the most agreeable in this part of the country; and is remarkable for civil treatment and moderate charges.

Another delightful excursion may be made to *Cavaillon*, a small town about twelve

miles distant. Here the traveller will conceive himself transported into the most beautiful garden, justly entitled to the appellation of the *Eden of Provence*. Finer vegetables, more lovely clusters of trees, richer vineyards and olive hills, are nowhere to be found. Artichokes, peaches, and winter-melons, sent as far as Paris, are the most in request from Cavaillon; and the inhabitants have the reputation of being the best gardeners in Provence. Not far from this place is *l'Isle*, one of the most beautiful countries that can be imagined, round which the waters of the Sorgue gently ripple. In fact, the whole country between Cavaillon and Avignon, by its excellent system of irrigation, its charming plantations of trees, and its luxuriant vegetation, completely captivates the observer.

Cavaillon is situated on the right bank of the Durance, and is remarkable for some antiquities, of which the principal is a triumphal arch, in the buildings of the bishop's palace. The Hotel-de-Ville is the only fine modern building. The hermitage, at the top of some lofty rocks, deserves a visit. Population, 4500. Of Cavaillon, Petrarch says, "it is spoken of as an ancient city in some authentic memoirs about fifty years before Christ, at the time that Julius Cæsar conquered Britain. It was formerly built on the mountain, and was a Roman colony, as appears from the medals of Lepidus."

An excursion to *Beaumes* and *Malaucènes*.

will introduce the traveller to two small, but healthy towns, very agreeably situated, and celebrated for their pleasant temperature. Beaumes is completely sheltered from the *mistraou*, and therefore extremely mild: Malaucènes, on the contrary, is much exposed to the *bise*, and therefore cool even in summer. If, therefore, the invalid inhabit Beaumes in the winter, and Malaucènes in the summer, he will enjoy a constant spring temperature; and this is quite practicable, as the two towns are not more than seven or eight miles distant from each other.

CHAPTER III.

Route from Avignon to Nice.—Description of Aix, Marseilles and Toulon.—Excursion to Hyeres.—Description of Nice.—Return to Brignolles.—Excursion to Digne.—Return to Aix.

THE following is the high road to Nice, from Avignon, passing through Aix, but omitting Marseilles and Toulon; those who deviate for the sake of visiting these two great cities, will find the distances expressed in a note to the Itinerary.

No. IX. From AVIGNON to NICE $35\frac{3}{4}$ posts, about 197 English miles.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
AVIGNON to St. Andiol.	2	Brignolles to Flassans..	$1\frac{5}{8}$
Orgon.....	$1\frac{1}{4}$	Luc.....	1
Pont-Royal.....	2	Vidauban.....	$1\frac{5}{8}$
St. Cannat.....	2	Muy.....	$1\frac{5}{8}$
AIX * (1).....	2	Fréjus.....	2
La Galinière.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Lestrelles.....	2
Grande Pugère.....	$1\frac{3}{4}$	Cannes.....	3
Tourves.....	$2\frac{1}{2}$	Antibes.....	2
Brignolles.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	NICE (2) foreign post...	4

All the way from Avignon, as far as the plain which reaches the Durance, the road is bordered with poplars and willows: the fields are well cultivated with rye and wheat, and there is an abundance of beautiful mulberry-trees. After crossing the Durance over a handsome wooden bridge, of a prodigious length, which unites elegance with solidity, and is a masterpiece of its kind, we enter the department of the Bouches-du-Rhone, and go along the bank to the left, where there is a canal, which has been made to give a free passage to the waters of the river at the time of the inundations, and to preserve the surrounding fields from their ravages. The prospect extends to the north over a pleasant plain, near four leagues, terminated by the chalky rocks, out

* From Aix to *Marseilles*, four posts (22 miles); from *Marseilles* to *Toulon* $7\frac{1}{2}$ posts, more than 41 miles; from *Toulon* to *Luc*, where we again join the high road to Nice, $6\frac{1}{2}$ posts, or about 36 miles.

(1) INNS.—L'Hôtel du Cours, des Princes, the White Mule. (2) Hôtel d'York, des Etrangers.

of which issues the spring of Vaucluse. From Noves, the place which gave birth to Laura, the road crosses a country tolerably well cultivated, which produces corn and wine; the sides are bordered with rivulets and shaded by willows, poplars, and fig-trees; the grounds resemble gardens; but little labour is used in the cultivation of the soil; they turn up the earth with a large spade, and harrow it with a heavy rake. There are no trees, except in a small park which belongs to an individual: the houses stand in the middle of the fields without any shade. After passing Saint Andiol, two miles from Orgon, the earth becomes sandy and unfruitful. To the southeast there is a chain of barren rocks, which extends as far as the Durance: it is on these heights that the small town of Orgon is situated.

A short distance from Orgon is the *Pierre-percée*, or perforated rock: it is a mountain through which they have conducted the canal. This opening is twenty-five feet wide: the vault or arch is supported by hewn stones, and on the two sides are foot-paths for the men and animals which draw the boats. At *Lambesc*, the country has a delightful appearance; between the vineyards and the corn-fields are a number of olive trees; and this place produces abundantly that valuable oil which is called oil of Aix. The town is handsome, and in the principal streets are many well-built houses; the church is in good preservation, and the two fountains are worthy

of attention. This town was formerly the chief place of a principality, which belonged to the house of Lorraine. The states of Provence here held their assemblies. A quarry in the neighbourhood produces a red, yellow, and black marble, which is in great esteem.

It was customary formerly, in several towns, to make the clocks tell the hour by means of one or more statues, who strike the bell with hammers: a similar custom prevails in Italy; and it is the case in the little town of Lambesc; there is on the top of a tower a man who strikes the hours in this manner, at the same instant a woman appears, and makes him a low curtesy; she then walks once round him. The people of the country call these figures *Giacomar*, and *Giacomarda*.

The environs of Lambesc are extremely pleasant; the fields produce corn and wine, and are planted with a great number of olive trees. We here see some specimens of the singular manner of culture which is observed in a great part of Provence: each ground is divided into several beds or squares, of about twelve feet each way; these are planted alternately with vines or sown with corn, and the whole is surrounded with olive trees. The various colours of the vine, the corn, and the fruit of the olive tree, in the different degrees of maturity, give the country the appearance of a beautifully diversified carpet.

Between this and *Saint Cannat*, and in some other parts, flocks of sheep are seen, and some of them with a singular ornament, consisting

of one, two, and as far as twelve tufts of wool, which are not cut off in the shearing; a mark which is left only on the favourite sheep.

AIX, the ci-devant capital of Provence, is situated in an extensive plain, near the river *Arc*. Aix, or *Aquæ Sextiæ*, though it was the first settlement and town which the Romans had in Gaul, exhibits but few remains of antiquity. After the various and repeated devastations which it suffered, it became the capital of Provence, a noble city, in which were erected a palace and courts of justice; a cathedral with all its attendant edifices and mansions; convents and monasteries, and the houses of the nobles, and numerous dwellings for mechanics and tradesmen; most of them constructed of the ruins of ancient edifices. The Revolution, which devastated so many fine towns, did not spare Aix and the few monuments which it possessed.

This town may be cited as an instance of the changes effected by the Revolution in almost all the principal towns of France. Before that disastrous epoch, 150 carriages were kept in Aix, now reduced to two or three. It has lost all its rich inhabitants, and its brilliant societies, and a revenue of more than six millions of francs that were annually consumed within its walls. Its population, which then amounted to 25 or 30,000 souls, is now not more than 18,000.

This city has always been celebrated in the history of Provence. The nobility early felt the charm of study: the zeal that the Beren-

gers evinced for poesy; the patronage they accorded to the Troubadours; the noble institutions that resulted from it; the residence of the Popes at Avignon; that of the Counts of Provence at Aix; the conquest of Naples, which produced frequent communications with Italy; the patronage of the good King René; all contributed to inspire them with a taste for letters. The establishment of the parliament and of the university tended still further to improve and confirm it. Several members of the parliament of Aix were distinguished by their learning and erudition. At their head was the great *Peiresc*, a character worthy of imitation. Their condition in life allowed them to pay great attention to the education of their children; and this noble example being very generally followed, learning was, by this means, disseminated throughout all classes of the citizens. In Aix there are still several valuable cabinets, well-stored libraries, and rich collections; these collections have been transmitted from father to son with the lands that he had cultivated, the castle in which he had been born, and the portraits of his ancestors, with which its walls were decorated. No other city, with an equal population, can boast of possessing more curiosities of nature and art, or of having given birth to a greater number of enlightened men. It was the birth-place of Tournefort, of the celebrated canonist Gilbert, the Marquis d'Argens, Adanson, etc.

At present, though not a large, Aix is an

extremely handsome and very populous city; most of the houses are built of a yellowish stone, while the fronts of some of them are covered with stucco of the same colour. It is surrounded by a wall, and has eight gates. The streets are regular and well paved.

In the centre of the town is the Course, or *Orbitelle*. This is the principal street, and is 1500 feet in length, planted with four rows of fine elms, which, with the houses on each side form five avenues. The middle and widest avenue is for carriages, those on each side are for pedestrians, and those between the outer rows of trees and the houses are paved ways, for carts and carriages. It is divided from the country by a handsome iron gate and palisade. Most of the houses are handsome buildings, and include a number of hotels and coffee-houses; the whole resembling the boulevards of Paris and Bordeaux. In the centre are three fountains; the middle one is hot, and saves the inhabitants the trouble of heating water for domestic purposes. The rich, and families of distinction, generally reside in the Course; here also the greatest concourse of strangers is to be found; the doors of the coffee-houses are surrounded by idlers; and, in the evening almost every one comes to breathe the fresh air, under the beautiful trees of this pleasant promenade. This is the principal entrance to the town from Paris Lyons, and Avignon, and from Languedoc.

After the course, the best situation is the

Place des Prêcheurs, planted with elms, and with a handsome fountain in the centre. There are also two other fine fountains; one in the place of the *Hotel-de-Ville*, and the other in the *rue d'Orbitelle*. The last unites the waters of the warm and cold springs; the cold issuing from the two sides, and the hot from the other two. In the Faubourg of the *Cor-deliers* are situated the *baths*, supposed to have been made by the Romans. The baths are of marble, extremely well preserved, a commodious building having been erected over them. They are resorted to by invalids at a fixed price; the water is lukewarm, and soft and pleasant to the taste. These baths are very efficacious in cutaneous eruptions, rheumatism, paralytic affections, and consumption. May is the best bathing time.

Public Buildings and Monuments. — Aix once possessed three very ancient towers constructed in the best times of Roman Architecture; they stood in the centre of the town, and formed some of its most curious ornaments; but the senseless stupidity of the chief magistrate, in 1779, willed their destruction, for the purpose of commencing a large edifice, which was only raised a few feet above the ground, and yet remains a monument of most egregious folly. Some fragments of the beautiful columns, cornices, friezes, etc. are still to be seen in the *Hotel-de-Ville*, a large, regular, handsome building, forming one side of a square, where the fruit and vegetable market is held.

The cathedral of *Saint Sauveur*, is an ancient Gothic structure, and has suffered less from the Revolution than might be expected. The gates are a valuable monument in the history of art; they are of walnut-wood, and were made about 1504; the sculpture, it is presumed, being intended to represent some known personages, whose names were inscribed on the rolls that they held in their hands, but have been effaced by time. The dress of the females, as well as those of the men, especially the covering of the legs and feet, indicate the fashion which prevailed towards the end of the fifteenth century. Each gate is divided into two large pannels; the figures are executed with great delicacy. Those above are divided into three compartments, length-ways, each containing two figures, which make twelve in the whole. The inferior pannels are only divided into two, each of which contains a single figure, making four in all. The figures are placed in niches, supported by Corinthian pillars, surmounted by spires, or covered by light and very elegant arches. The middle pillar, which separates the two large figures, is surmounted with a Corinthian capital, and covered with painted figures in the Italian fashion, and which were extremely prevalent about the revival of the arts. The leaves, fruit, and animals which form the common frame, are also finished with the greatest care. These gates are concealed by shutters, which are only removed on grand festivals in order to gratify

the curiosity of strangers. Had such precautions been taken at a more early period, these monuments of the arts might have been much more entire at the present day. This church was built at different periods, from the twelfth to the fifteenth century.

One of the greatest ornaments of this edifice is the *Baptistry*, which has existed since the fourteenth century, and was rebuilt in the sixteenth. Of the eight columns by which it is supported, six are of very common marble, and the two others are of French granite. As these columns are of an unequal height, their basements are also of different dimensions. Each of them is formed of a single block, with the exception of one of the granitic columns. The principal pulpit is supported by a modern amphora of the same marble as the columns.

Two or three other churches are worthy of notice. That of *Saint John* has a fine Gothic portal and spire; the latter 250 feet in height, is seen at the distance of twenty miles. The Church of the *Magdalen* is a handsome modern building, and contains some good pictures. Saint Esprit also is a pretty church. There are three excellent and spacious hospitals just without the town; la Charité, for the poor, aged, and infirm; la Trinité, for lunatics; and the Hôtel-Dieu, for the sick. The asylum for insane persons has a small chapel which has an entrance on the Course. Here the peasants resort from a great distance, on the morning of Trinity Sunday, to have

their horses, asses, and mules blessed and sprinkled by the priest, that they may be free from all calamities in the ensuing year.

The *productions* of Aix consist of wine, brandy, olive-oil of the greatest delicacy, which may be kept for three or four years without spoiling; almonds, raisins, and other dried fruits, vermicelli, etc. It has manufactures of silk, velvet, ratteens, cloth, gauze, etc. Population, 23,700.

The *climate* of Aix, during the winter, is very mild and highly beneficial to those afflicted with pulmonary complaints. In the month of December, the temperature is from 60° to 50° of Fahrenheit, and never below 50°: in January it is rather colder, averaging about 44° gradually rising from the end of the month, and delightful in February and March, the usual height being about 60°. There is no place in Provence, perhaps, better adapted for the permanent residence of an Englishman than *Aix*; a comfortable house and garden may be had for about 50*l.* a-year; provisions are plentiful and cheap, and vegetables and fruit in profusion. The entertainments theatrical amusements, etc., are also reasonable.

There are a great number of fairs at Aix, principally for cattle, and at the time of the *Fête-Dieu*. The festival of the *Fête-Dieu*, or Corpus Christi, one of the most remarkable festivals of the Romish Church, begins on Trinity Sunday, and ends on the Sunday following. The common mode of celebrating this festival, is by grand masses, and processions

of the holy sacrament only; but at Aix a most extraordinary procession was first introduced by King René, which continued till the year 1788 or 1789. It was renewed again in the year 1803, for the first time since the Revolution, and is now regularly repeated every year. A part of the ceremony includes certain games and pastimes, intended as allegorical representations of the triumph of Christianity over Paganism; the whole consisting of an immense procession of the most extravagant masquerade characters, such as devils, men with pasteboard horses fastened round their waists, a figure of death painted like a skeleton, Moses, the Queen of Sheba, etc., etc., attended by the whole body of law-officers, clergy, civil magistrates, and a vast concourse of people. On the grand day of the procession, the streets are all strewn with fresh gravel, and the outsides of the houses hung with tapestry. As a prelude to the ceremony, a number of men, habited like devils, among whom are distinguished the great devil, and his wife the *devillesse*, their heads furnished with horns, and their bodies covered all over with *rattles*, which they are continually clattering, scour the streets, and clear them of all obstructions. The distribution of the different parts is an affair of great consequence. A man whom they refused to admit among the number of the devils, gained over his judges by the following repartee: « *My father has been a devil, my grandfather has been a devil; wherefore then*

should not I?» For a full description of this strange ceremony, the various combats of the performers, and their whimsical costume, the reader may consult Miss Plumtree's Residence in France, Vol. II, page 220, to which we are indebted for some information on the subject.

The *environs* of Aix are very beautiful—a succession of vineyards, relieved by groves, meadows and fields. At Tholonet, about three miles distant, is a handsome chateau, and some picturesque grounds, where the public are allowed to walk by the proprietor. On the terrace, planted with beautiful trees, a great deal of company is seen on Sundays; magnificent alleys afford a delightful shelter from the heat of the meridian sun; copious and limpid springs, collected in an artificial lake, form numerous cascades, which afterwards glide along with a soothing and murmuring noise over the fields, and are united in one canal. A sterile rock rises in the middle of this rural scene; and the beautiful habitation greatly contributes to augment the interest of the picture, of which it constitutes the basis. In this territory are marble quarries. The marble procured from them is a yellowish breccia, which is termed marble of Tholonet, and takes a very beautiful polish: the houses and churches are decorated with it. Near this spot the great battle was fought by Marius, which decided the fate of Gaul: the loss of the barbarians in men, women, and children, following the most moderate accounts, was about 200,000. The foundations of a

Roman arch, erected to commemorate this event, are still visible.

They who, when they quit Aix, wish to go to Nice, without visiting Marseilles or Toulon, follow the route designated in No. 9. The principal place on this road is *Brignolles*, particularly celebrated for its *plums*, oranges, oil of olives, wines, liqueurs, and brandy : it has manufactures of silk, table linen, candles, and leather. Population, 6000. Near the Pont des Fées, is the curious grotto of *Ville-crosse*. Hence to *Luc*, nothing remarkable occurs; and as we shall first pay a visit to Marseilles and Toulon, we reserve the description of the remainder of the route to Nice, till we again reach Luc from Toulon.

The distance from *Aix* to *Marseilles*, is four posts, about twenty-two miles. About two miles from Aix, we pass Albertas, where there is a handsome park; the walks are shaded with beautiful trees, and the whole is rendered cool and agreeable by some pieces of water. At *Pin*, nearly half way, we perceive around us seven hills, from which, according to tradition, this place takes the name of *Sep-tème*. We afterwards travel for half an hour, upon a height, termed *La Vista*, which is well worthy of the name it bears, as the prospect it presents to our view is truly delightful. The eye extends to the right over the Mediterranean; the sea forming a gulph, animated by an innumerable multitude of barks. It is particularly in the evening, that this picture is beheld in its greatest magnificence, when

y.

the rays of the setting sun, majestically reflected from the surface of the water, give it the appearance of being on fire. Before us stands the city, situated at the bottom of an amphitheatre of mountains, which forms a semi-circle; the surrounding country is covered with *bastides* or small houses and gardens, more than five thousand in number, so nearly approaching each other, as to give the whole the appearance of a city, of which the largest houses are near the port.

Here the rich merchants, and even shopkeepers, spend the Saturday evening and Sundays with their families. The dazzling glare of these habitations, which are whitewashed all over, forms a striking contrast with the pale verdure of the olive and almond-trees that surround them. There are a few mulberry-trees, but they do not afford much timber. In descending la Vista, the perspective changes, the prospect being confined on each side by a continued wall, which borders a range of fields : and the road is so narrow, that it is with difficulty that carriages pass each other. A peculiar mixture of European and Oriental forms, of Southern and Eastern fruits, of maritime and inland industry, announces our entrance into a great trading city. Passing through the gate of Aix, formed under a conduit, incessantly distilling drops of water, we see a long, wide street, which goes quite through the city ; it has rows of trees in the middle like the *Cours* at Aix, and

is more than a mile in length, to the gate of Rome, which is seen at the extremity.

This fine street has not so majestic an appearance as that of Aix, but it is more striking on account of the continual stir that prevails in it. I do not know how it happens not to be so celebrated as many others, that do not deserve it more, nor even so much; but it is unquestionably the finest street in France, and, perhaps, in Europe. The famous street of Toledo, at Naples, is much inferior to it, though that is superior to the not less famous street of the Po, at Turin. Nothing can be compared to the view it displays, especially on Sundays and holidays, when all the inhabitants flock together to amuse themselves in the alleys of the *Cours*.

The principal INNS at Marseilles are the Hotel des Ambassadeurs, de Beauveau, de la Croix de Malthe, d'Europe, de Franklin, de Pologne, des Princes, des Empereurs, etc. The expence at either of these will not be less than fifteen shillings a day. Those who wish for a room only, and board out, may have one in a private house for about half a guinea a week. The rue de Rome, and the green alleys of Meilan, are the most eligible situations. If the traveller wish to board in a private family, he can be easily recommended to one through the medium of his banker.

Narbonne, Autun, Lyons, and Marseilles, are the most celebrated towns of ancient Gaul, but the last is distinguished above the others by its more remote origin, and more

ancient civilisation. Every body knows that it was founded by a Greek colony, but the causes of the emigration of the people who established themselves here are not exactly determined.

Aristotle composed a Treatise on the republic of the Marseillais ; of which only a fragment remains, preserved by Athenæus. Trogus Pompeius had given considerable details of their history, as we may judge from what is related by his abbreviator Justin. His narration is nearly conformable to that of Aristotle, and proves that the tradition relative to the fabulous foundation of Marseilles had long subsisted, though with some alteration in the names of the personages. We are also indebted to Justin for our knowledge of the epoch of this foundation.

In the 14th year of the reign of Tarquin the Ancient, about 600 years before Jesus Christ, some Phoceans from Asia, who were merchants or pirates, perhaps both, according to circumstances, entered this part of the Mediterranean, and established themselves on the coast. They were frequently obliged to fight against the Ligurians, and the divers tribes on these shores. The small quantity of land they possessed, and its unfertility, made them turn all their attention towards the sea ; and they addicted themselves principally to fishing and trade, and even to piracy. Having penetrated as far as the *Sinus Gallicus*, (gulf of Lyons) they were charmed with the beauty of the country, and returning to their country-

men, excited the curiosity of many of them by the recital of what they had seen. Five years afterwards, they formed a new expedition, of which Simos and Protis were the chiefs. They went to Nannus, King of the Segobrigians, to obtain from him the permission to build a town on the confines of his territory. This prince was celebrating at the time the marriage of his daughter, whom, according to the custom of his nation, he was to give to the person she should choose during the feast. The Greeks were invited to it. Nannus having told his daughter to present some water to the man in the assembly whom she preferred for her husband, she fixed upon Protis, who thus became the King's son-in-law, and was the founder of Marseilles.

The origin of the name of Marseilles remains in obscurity.

The Marseillais, incessantly occupied in repelling the attacks of the neighbouring tribes, and particularly the Ligurians, required all the bravery which characterised them to maintain themselves in their new establishment; but they always showed themselves faithful friends of the Romans, who were equally partial to them.

Pompey and Cæsar had both extended the territory of Marseilles, and had augmented its power. When the war broke out between their two benefactors, Marseilles in vain wished to remain neuter: Cæsar, to whom the occupation of this town was of importance, attacked it both by sea and land. The inha-

bitants made an obstinate resistance against all his forces, and did not surrender till they had lost two naval battles; but they found in Cæsar a magnanimous conqueror, who did not abuse of his victory, and who respected the grandeur of Marseilles in its misfortunes.

From this period, however, Marseilles, instead of being an independant commercial republic, formed a part of the Roman Empire, though it preserved the privilege of being governed according to its own laws. Under the Romans it continued to flourish in commerce, arts, and elegant literature. Cicero styles Marseilles « *Novæ Galliarum Athenæ.* » Livy praises the highly polished manners of its inhabitants; Pliny calls it *the queen of sciences*; and Tacitus, not much given to compliment, employs the following pointed expressions respecting them, where he mentions the education of Agricola: « *Arcebat eum ab illecebris peccantium, præter ipsius bonam integramque naturam, quod statim parvulus sedem ac magistram studiorum Massiliam habuerit locum Græcâ comitate et provinciali parcimoniâ mistum, ac bene compositum.* » The Romans, at this time, sent their children to Marseilles for education.

The opulence, and glory, and elegance of Marseilles perished, however, in the common ruin of the Roman Empire. Still the advantages of its situation caused its trade to revive even in the ages of gothic barbarism. It submitted to the domination of the Franks under the second race; but when Provence

had its hereditary Counts, Marseilles had its particular Viscounts, who possessed it from the year 962, to the middle of the 13th century.

This town, since the union of Provence to the crown, was always considered as one of the most important in France. The troops of the Emperor Charles V, commanded by the Con-
nètable de Bourbon, besieged it in vain. After having followed the party of the League, it finally submitted to Henry IV, who confessed that it was not till then that he considered himself as King of France.

The extent and activity of the commerce of Marseilles raised it to the highest point of prosperity, and before the Revolution, it was not only one of the most wealthy places in France, but one of the most distinguished for the gaiety and hospitality of its inhabitants. Next to Lyons, no place suffered more severely by the Revolution than Marseilles; its trade, however, has now begun to revive; and, with the continuance of peace, it will probably, in a short time, become as great, as populous, and as flourishing as ever.

Situation—Old and New Town.—This city is situated in a valley, surrounded with mountains, opening on the west side, towards the sea, into which the Southern mountains slope, and form the beautiful Gulph of Marseilles, whose back, or northern part, constitutes the roads. The town is built in the form of a horse-shoe, around which the harbour extends. It is divided into two parts: the old and new town. The streets of the former are very

narrow, steep, full of angles, badly paved, and, generally speaking, inhabited by the lower classes; it is entirely separated from the new town, and is seldom visited by the stranger, except from motives of curiosity, to see some of its very ancient structures. The *New Town* is one of the handsomest in France. The streets are perfectly regular, have very handsome houses in them, and are provided with *trottoirs*, or foot pavements, an accommodation rarely to be met with on the Continent: and these are always clean, on account of the fine drying wind which generally prevails. The much execrated *passarts*, a similar nuisance to that which still exists in a great northern city, are every where abolished, and public « *lieux d'aisance* » have been erected.

There are many public *squares*, but those of Castellane, St. Ferreol, and de la Comedie, are the principal. The ramparts (since the year 1800,) have been levelled and planted, by which the former suburbs now form a part of the town. The style of architecture in the houses approaches the Oriental; the roofs being chiefly flat, and used for terraces. The houses are still more remarkable for their large square domes, through whose windows the inner part receives light; and for the perforated chimneys which are so generally introduced, on account of the frequency of the violent *mистраou*.

The *harbour*, capable of containing 2000 vessels, is so entirely sheltered from all winds,

that even in the most tempestuous weather, a ship rides there in perfect safety ; but it is only a port for merchant vessels; even a frigate of thirty-two guns could not enter without taking out the guns. The greatest depth of water is four fathoms. The *quay*, which runs along the south side of the port, is a delightful winter-walk; but, in the summer the heat is insupportable. The good King René, who generally passed the winter at Marseilles, delighted to walk in the sun on this quay, which is exposed to the south, and sheltered from the wind; and thence it used to be called, *La cheminée du Roi René*. The air, however, is not very sweet. To the odours of tobacco, wine, brandy, and filth from the sailors and porters, who form the principal part of the crowd on this narrow quay, are added the infectious exhalations from the water of the port, which is impregnated with all the filth of the town, and is never renewed, as it has no tide in it. Thus the great calm which forms the safety of the port of Marseilles occasions the badness of the air. What is astonishing is, that the merchants who frequent it, or live on it, are so accustomed to these exhalations, that they do not perceive them. What is still more astonishing is that they do not affect the health. The cleansing of the port, which is always going on, in a sort of galleys, contributes not a little to this disagreeable odour.

Among the remarkable *public buildings*, are the *hôtel-de-ville*; the exchange, where

business is transacted from two till half-past four; the cathedral, an ancient Gaulic structure; the ci-devant Grand-Carmes, the arsenal, the principal theatre, one of the finest in France; the concert-room; the column erected to the persons who distinguished themselves in the plague of 1721; the spacious lazaretto, where ships perform quarantine; and the chateau d'If, on a small island, whence there is a fine view of the port and town. We should also visit l'Eglise Inférieure, the ancient tombs, and the cloister built of the fragments of sacred and profane edifices; the ruins of the once celebrated abbey of St. Victor, on which, before the revolution, two hundred monasteries, &c., depended; and the garden of the ci-devant Intendance. This town has a college, a chamber of commerce, a museum, and a mint. Other institutions are, the Royal Marine Observatory; the Medical Society; the Academy of the Sciences and the Fine Arts, etc., etc. The charitable and benevolent establishments consist of the Great Hospital, which also serves for the reception of foundlings; the Hospice de la Vieillesse, and l'Adolescence, a work and orphan-house; the Hospice des Insensées, a madhouse; which receives also other sick persons; a Bureau de Bienfaisance, for the relief of the poor at their own houses; and other benevolent societies for the distribution of food, clothing, etc., to the poor. One of the most remarkable public buildings at Marseilles is the Lazaretto, situated on the coast, to the north-west of the

town. It is thought to be the finest in Europe, though it exhibits nothing remarkable in its external appearance. One may form an idea of it by imagining a vast enclosure like a monastery. The inside cannot be visited, as the strictest orders are given against the admission of any person.

The crews of vessels that are in quarantine undergo it with rigorous exactitude, and a shorter or longer time, according to the exigency of the case. The provisions that are brought for them are deposited at the entrance, in a place on purpose, and the money which they pay for them is received in vinegar. Nobody can see his friends and relations but with a permit, and through a double barrier, which, separated by an iron railing, admits no contact. These precautions are preceded by others, of which the first consists in stationing all vessels that arrive from the Levant, in the part of the island of Pomegue, which is most happily situated opposite that of Marseilles, where they are subjected to the daily inspection of a board of health, whose orders they receive. No passenger can enter Marseilles without having performed quarantine, nor set foot on the coast without a certificate of health. Any violation of the quarantine is punished with death.

These arrangements are so well managed, that the arrival of a pestiferous vessel now occasions not the least apprehension. This is so much the case, that vessels having the plague on board, which had been repelled

from every port in the Mediterranean, have been received without any difficulty at Marseilles, by means of the exact precautions that are taken.

The French army, on its return from Egypt, was admitted all at once into the lazaretto of Marseilles, though it consisted of 9000 men. During the year 1805, several vessels from different ports of Spain, were put in quarantine at Marseilles, where several passengers died of the yellow fever, which otherwise they would certainly have introduced into France.

It was the last plague at Marseilles, in the year 1720, of which there is an affecting picture at the hôtel-de-ville, which occasioned the establishment of the lazaretto, with all the care and precaution used at present. That plague carried off 40 or 50,000 inhabitants, that is to say, one half of the population; and as many more in the neighbouring towns and villages.

The finest building in Marseilles is the hôtel-de-ville, situated on the harbour, constructed by the famous Puget, and of which the front is ornamented with handsome reliefs in white marble; but these, it is easy to see, are not by that great artist. The shield of the arms of France, which was over the door, and was one of Puget's master-pieces, was much defaced during the revolution. The royal crown which surmounted the shield was replaced for some years by a cap of liberty, to which succeeded an imperial crown. This front, of a noble and rich style of archi-

itecture, satisfies the eye, but without exciting admiration. On the ground-floor is the Exchange, which is called at Marseilles the *Loge*. On the staircase is the statue of Pierre Bayon, who, having delivered the town, during the time of the League, from the oppression of a man who called himself the Consul, received the honour of a marble statue, with this inscription: *A Pierre libertat*; which name his family has since borne. Henry IV ennobled him, and gave him some other privileges which were confirmed by the King's his successors.

The Observatory of Marseilles, situated on the most elevated part of the town, is one of the establishments of which it may justly boast. The building is simple and the position admirable. It consists of three stories, which form the lodging of the porter, the habitation of the director, and the spot destined for the observations.

The third story is composed of a great square room, with two closets; there are moreover three little round towers, one to the North, and two to the South, each covered with a cupola. The roof of the Observatory, properly so called, is flat, and forms a terrace, on which is a weathercock so contrived that it marks all the points of the compass on the roof of the great hall.

The view from the platform is singular in its kind: the port, the town, the country, and the sea, form four different pictures, which the eye can embrace at once. The port, crowded with masts and cordage, resembles

a forest which the winter has stripped of its leaves, and the country is like an immense garden, the divisions of which are represented by the enclosures and groves of the innumerable *bastides* which embellish it.

The Museum at Marseilles is placed in the ancient convent of the Bernardines: the principal part of the building, with some fine courts, and a vast garden, is appropriated to the college; the remainder is consecrated to the museum, the school of drawing, the public library, a cabinet of natural history, and to the meetings of the Academy, and other societies which occupy themselves with science and works of beneficence. In the room which precedes the museum, and is a sort of vestibule to it, there is a collection of sarcophagi, inscriptions, and different marbles.

One would naturally suppose, from the antiquity, opulence and importance of this Phocæan colony, that a great number of Grecian monuments would here be found: nevertheless, though at different times, several have been discovered, in the territory and port of Marseilles, the greatest part of the Greek marbles which decorate the museum were brought from Greece by travellers; they have nothing to do with this town, and throw no light on its history.

Besides the Greek and Roman marbles, the museum contains divers tombs of the first Christians, which all came from the once celebrated church of St. Victor. These monuments of the first ages of Christianity are

truly useful and curious in many respects. Here we may follow the history of the arts in their decline ; we distinguish the costume of the Lower Empire ; we see the customs, and formulas of the Pagans, which the Christians still employed ; finally, we discover how they made the mythological symbols represent the dogmas and mysteries of their religion, and the new allegories they invented. Those who love the arts, those who study history, those who delight in following the traces of the modifications which genius has been forced to adopt in literature and the arts from the influence of Christianity, will observe with pleasure the first bas-reliefs of the Christians: these monuments also acquire a great value in the eyes of him whose faith is ardent and lively. Such monuments are very scarce now, and should therefore be preserved with care.

The museum also possesses some casts, among which are the Apollo Belvedere, the Venus de Medicis, the Callypige Venus, the Wrestlers, the Torso, and a Cupid by the celebrated Canova.

There is also a collection of 170 paintings, chiefly collected from the different churches. Among them are several pieces by some of the great masters of the different schools.

The Public Library contains more than 90,000 volumes, consisting of all great works of importance ; with more than 2000 manuscripts, but very few of any consequence.

The Cabinet of Natural History, formed in

1803, is very incomplete, though it contains some curiosities of all kinds. The most remarkable object in it is an enormous human scull which measures three feet in circumference.

It cannot be said that Marseilles contains such literary collections as would be worthy of its opulence and grandeur ; and yet there is no town better situated for procuring them. But its merchants who sail to the East, and into other parts of the world, have objects in view very different from those of the philosopher and the artist.

The Botanical Garden is situated on the bank of a small river, at the extremity of the most frequented walk in Marseilles. It has a very favourable exposure, and an extent proportioned to its destination. The buildings also contain all that is necessary for the preservation of the plants and the study of botany.

Marseilles abounds with amusements of every kind, particularly *theatres, balls, etc.* At the *grand theatre*, which may vie with any at Paris, the most celebrated pieces are performed alternately with operas and ballets. The performers are good, the scenery fine, and the costume, particularly the *Oriental*, correct and splendid. It is open every evening. There is much variety at the theatre Thubareau, where little intriguing pieces, farces, etc. are performed as on the Boulevards at Paris. There are three or four other theatres of this description, where, if we wish to study low

life and manners, we shall be richly entertained with broad comic farces, displaying all the eccentricities of the Provençal character. Public balls, concerts, etc. are given in winter almost daily, and all is southern mirth and festivity, in a city where the higher classes are remarkable for a refinement in manners, and a character of sociability materially induced by the great influx of strangers from all quarters of the globe.

There are several *clubs*, chiefly composed of merchants, which are very agreeable; reading, conversation, social games, and occasionally a festive entertainment, are their principal objects; they have good libraries, and the principal papers: a recommendation from a respectable house is the only necessary introduction for a stranger. Besides these, there are numerous reading rooms, and circulating libraries, the best of which are situated in the Cours.

There is a great *fair* held annually at Marseilles, called the fair of *Saint Lazare*, beginning on the 2d of September, and lasting a fortnight. It is held on the Cours, and much attended.

Promenades and Public Walks.—The principal promenade is the Cours, which, from its populousness and the number of its shops, forms, at all times, a pleasant lounge. At its lower extremity, towards the Rue de Rome, is the *Flower and Fruit Market*, which offers every morning, a most enchanting spectacle. The women who attend it are distinguished

from the rest of the lower class by a finer dialect, more gentle manners, and superior forms: they sit in two rows with their flowers set on large tables, which being rather cheap even in winter, almost every female appears on a Sunday with a natural bouquet. A large bunch of violets or narcissuses costs two or three sous; one of pinks four; of orange blossoms five or six. In addition to the flowers, growing in Marseilles, many are brought in small vessels from Toulon, Grasse, Nice, and San Remo; together with pinks for planting, rose-bushes, small lemon and orange-trees, etc. from which a sort of botanical luxury is collected.

Other promenades are afforded by the quays, which enclose the haven like a horse-shoe, and which receive their names from the forts at the extremities: St. Jean on the right hand, and St. Nicolas on the left.

The former presents a scene of the most varied mercantile and maritime industry: while one side is crowded with cellars, booths, and shops one above another; the opposite side is thronged with large and small vessels. Here are rope-makers and watch-makers, goldsmiths and map-sellers, perfumers and pedlars, fruit-women and fish-women, dealers in parrots and monkeys, hawkers of pictures, etc. indiscriminately jumbled together into one chequered mass. Here the ships arrive from Genoa with apples and chesnuts; from Toulon and Frejus with oranges and sardels; barks with flowers, onions, and flax; feluccas from

Nice, Leghorn, and Bastia; vessels laden with wood from Hyeres, and Porto Ferrajo; and, finally, the great trading vessels in West India produce to and from the Levant, etc. Not without some difficulty a passage is forced through these busy crowds to ascend the place Saint Jean upon the Tourette, or old rampart, which is a large terrace extending along the gulph from Saint Jean's to the old cathedral church. Were it but planted with trees, and less exposed to the full rage of the mistral, it might, from its pure air and enchanting prospects, become one of the pleasantest walks in Marseilles; at present it is little frequented.

The miserable fishing-huts which enclose one side, afford an historical curiosity worthy of remark. Their inhabitants are distinguished by their dress, language, and manners, from all the people of Marseilles and the other provinces, on which account they have been justly regarded as the descendants of the ancient Phenicians. It is highly probable that they were the first inhabitants of Marseilles; and that this spot was its original site, but it is supposed that the hills extended much farther into the gulph and the old town, from its extremity down to the sea.

Descending again from the Tourette, to pass by the Consigne across the haven, you land on the *quay of Saint Nicolas*; which is not without its peculiarities. Although the number of shops, and the variety of mercantile and maritime occupations is here much less than on the opposite quay, still the loss is

replaced by the greater number of magazines, dock-yards, public-houses full of sailors, corn-ships, colliers, and many other northern scenes by no means uninteresting to the stranger. At the end of the fort of Saint Nicolas lies, on the right-hand and on the left, the path to the newly planned walk behind it, which being only a bare terrace, smoothed in the rock, deserves no particular attention for any thing but for the fine prospect which it commands. Towards the side, a steep open path leads up to the fort de Notre Dame de la Garde, whose height is computed at eighty-five toises: what from the terrace could be imperfectly seen, namely, the town, the haven, the double chain of mountains, the gulph, surrounding country, islands, and the ocean, here breaks upon the sight like one grand amphitheatre, and may be clearly and distinctly seen. The fort itself is insignificant, not having a single cannon; but as it commands the whole town, every ship entering the gulph is announced there to the town.

« The most interesting excursion to be made at Marseilles, says Saussure, for an admirer of the beauties of nature, is that of N. D. de la Garde, a quarter of a league to the south of the town. It is a hill of slight elevation, from which however one discovers a great extent of land and sea. The prospect from the top of the platform which crowns this hill is truly magnificent. It is one of the finest sea-views I ever had the happiness to behold. »

It was upon this height, now so bare, that

was situated the formidable and sacred forest, so well described in the Pharsalia of Lucan. Though poetry is not authority in history, still, as it always preserves the proper character of each country and nation, Lucan could not possibly have placed a celebrated forest in a country so bare of trees as modern Provence, if it had not existed. It would be like placing high mountains in Holland, or vast plains in Switzerland. This passage therefore is an addition to the other probabilities that this part of Gaul was formerly wooded, and that the hills, so bare at present, were gradually deprived of their soil, after that soil itself had been stripped by the barbarians of those tutelary forests, so long respected with religious veneration, by the ancient inhabitants of Gaul.

Les Allées de Meilhan afford the third promenade. This is, properly speaking, the only one where fresh air is united with something of rural tranquillity; on its left side lies the Cours. The walks are broad, and the trees kept in good order; the houses have a neat appearance, and do not impede the free circulation of the air.

The town of Marseilles was formerly surrounded by ramparts, which have been destroyed, and magnificent boulevards made in their place, which form agreeable walks for all the quarters of the town, and will be more pleasant when the trees are large enough to give shade. But the inhabitants of Marseilles prefer sailing on the sea to all other diver-

sions; on Sundays and holidays all their little vessels are made clean and neat, and equipped with their oars; nor is it easy for a stranger to resist the numerous solicitations of so many boatmen, who offer you their services, at a very moderate price, for these maritime excursions. The nearest and most curious is that of the chateau d'If, the name of which was formerly as formidable as the Bastille, Pierre-Encise at Lyons, Vincennes, and other state-prisons. Several famous personnages have been imprisoned there; amongst whom was the Count de Mirabeau. You traverse the whole length of the port, which is 500 toises long by 200 broad. The entrance is closed by a chain, and straitened between two rocks, on which are the fort of St. Jean to the right, and fort St. Nicholas to the left. The first is still entire; but the second, converted by Louis XIV into a citadel, less to defend the town than to command it, has been in great part demolished by the inhabitants, as a monument of slavery.

The chateau d'If occupies one of the three islands or rocks which rise in front of the port, and about a league from it, nearly in the middle of the road, the entrance to which they defend. These three islands are called Pomegues, Ratoneau, and If. That of Pomegues is the only one that has a port, where vessels perform quarantine, as we have mentioned above.

There are some pleasant *walks* without the walls of the town, but these are not nume-

rous. Immediately at the close of the Allées de Meilhan lie the promenade de la Magdelaine, and the fine Carthusian, both encompassed with charming scenery. On one side, towards Aubagne, lies a little valley, watered by the Vraune, and enriched with fine meadows and trees of the freshest green. On the other side you have only to pass the first garden walls, and you are encompassed by flowering shrubs and fruitful vineyards. Still it must be allowed, that these walks are to be preferred in the winter; the great want of shade rendering them almost insupportable in the summer: neither can it be denied, that, for the most part, the country is either bare and waste, or covered with "bastides."

A common *bastide*, and nine-tenths are so, contains nothing more than a saloon, some small adjoining rooms, and two, yet smaller, on the upper story.

A common one costs from 5 to 10,000 francs, a superior one from 12 to 15,000 francs; and one of the best from 24 to 30,000 francs: the produce is trifling, and the expence frequently considerable; but as the possession of one forms an appendage of fashionable life, the value is subject to little variation. Many are used only a few days in the week, and others only a few weeks in the year. In this particular, even artisans ape their superiors, and at least hire lodgings at the house of a peasant; in such cases "*ma bastide*" sounds rather laughable.

The want of verdure and shade in these

habitations, so dear to the Marseillais, deprives them of the chief delight of a country house. A few vegetables, vines, olive, almond and fig-trees constitute their garden, all around which are very high walls, whose dazzling whiteness reflects the rays of a scorching sun, and fatigues the sight. A varied vegetation, shade, cool springs, and the songs of birds are here dispensed with. The whole together is tiresome, dull and disagreeable; no shady walks, no murmuring brooks, no harmony of birds, who, flying from such arid spots, are replaced by the monotonous and insupportable chirping of grasshoppers.

The Marseillais goes to his bastide on Saturday evening, passes the Sunday with his friends, and returns to the town on Monday morning. Eating and drinking and gaming fill up the whole day; but a more heartfelt pleasure is mixed with these amusements, which consists in the feeling of being in a different place from that of one's ordinary occupations, at a distance from business, from those who might mention it, and from all that could bring back the recollection of it. It must undoubtedly be this certainty of repose, this *dolce far niente*; which makes the Marseillais cherish so much these country-dwellings, which would appear very dismal to them, if, like the inhabitants of much less arid countries, their chief delight was in the beauties and charms of rural nature.

The town is, in the eyes of a Marseillais, merely a place which he is forced to inhabit

in order to get money; he only works therefore to be able to go to his bastide on Sunday. More than 50,000 people leave the town on that day, to spread themselves over the country; every horse and carriage is hired and filled.

The number of bastides is 5000. On beholding from the Vista this incredible number of small houses of a dazzling white, collected in a small space, confined by the sea and an arid grey-coloured mountain, in the midst of plantations, one would think it was an English pleasure-ground, filled with little manufactories.

It must not be supposed, however, that all the bastides are like those just described: on the Vista certainly there are some that are dry and dusty, but they enjoy an admirable prospect; the fresh sea-breeze supplies the want of shade; and there is generally a little covered gallery in front of the house, where one may enjoy the fresh air. Those which are situated on the banks of the Jaret or the Biaud, as the Eygalades; and even those on the Huveaune, as the Renarde, are the most agreeable. There, under the fine climate of the south, with the air always pure and embalmed, you find, for nine months of the year, the fine vegetation, and rich shades of the most delightful northern climes: and the proprietors of these charming habitations generally improve the scenery of their waters, woods, and verdure, by the cultivation of some exotics; which mingle their brilliant colours and

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their rich perfumes with those of the jessamine, the tuberose, and other odorous plants that are scattered every where with profusion. The nightingale and other songsters of the grove here find a suitable asylum, and charm the environs with their harmonious concerts.

Those who are disposed to take an excursion of a few leagues, will find themselves recompensed by numerous interesting objects: the Grotte de Roland, for example, situated at the side of the mountain, known by the name of Marseilles Boyré; the Chateau Borelli, Gemenos, Saint Pons, Bellombre, Albertas, Notre Dame des Anges, la Saint Baume, etc., a description of which has been given by Papon, although they are much changed during the last twenty years, and have suffered much from the revolution. The mountain, however, deserves particular notice, by reason of its height, and its being used in war-time as a beacon; on which account a small guard-house is placed on the summit. In the day a flag, and, at night, a lantern, serve as signals. A red flag, with a flaming light, hastily covered, denotes danger; a white flag and steady light, security. The mountain is discernible, from the eastern and western coasts, at the distance of three leagues. It is almost superfluous to add, that the naturalist will find ample scope for observation, and collect numerous shells, fine plants, and beautiful dendrites, etc. etc.

Climate. — Warmth and aridity, united with a pure and salubrious air, are the chief cha-

racteristics of the climate of Marseilles. The spring with the exception of the equinoctial season and a few rainy days, is inexpressibly pleasant. The mild and lovely autumn extends far into November, and even sometimes into December. The three weeks subsequent to the winter solstice are rather cold and rainy; but at the end of January, the whole winter is properly ended. Nothing in the climate can be really called unpleasant, but the cold mistral, or north-west wind. When at its greatest height, it generally lasts from three to six, nine, or fourteen days; but very rarely three weeks. From the commencement of November to the end of March, the north-west wind, and the west-north-west, blow the most frequently. In April, these winds give place to the south-east and south-west; which reign from June to the end of October. The north-west, and the west-north-west, always bring fine clear weather; the south-south-east, and the west-south-west bring, in the winter months, always rain. Among the warm winds, the south-west, and amongst the cold ones, the north-west, are both equally unpleasant; the one producing an enervating warmth, and the other a cutting and penetrating cold. The climate of Marseilles is, generally speaking, conducive to health. Nothing is to be seen but tall fine athletic forms, and a continually increasing population. Notwithstanding the frequent excesses of the people, the middle age is reckoned at thirty, and persons frequently attain

sixty or seventy. But whoever visits Marseilles for the restoration of his health, must not forget that the climate is only beneficial for—*Nervous* diseases; and, on account of its invariable sharpness, always—dangerous for Pectoral ones!

When the *mistral*, or cold wind, blows for any time, all Marseilles is in consternation. *Ah, mon Dieu, quel froid; fa un fresch depastellat*, resound on all sides. Men and women are enveloped like Greenlanders, and every street is filled with mules, carrying fire wood. It is astonishing what a dread the people have of being wet. The instant it begins to rain, *pluego, pluego*, they cry, and every person appears with an umbrella, not excepting porters and mule drivers, fruit-women, and shoe blacks; if half naked, they must still have an umbrella.

Those who like to sleep late in the morning, or have irritable nerves, will be badly off at Marseilles. As soon as the day dawns, a cannon is fired: it is the signal for opening the haven, which is closed every evening by a chain. Scarcely have you again slumbered after the second firing, which announces its opening, than you are roused by the lamentable tones of *Pere cuezzo! Pere cuezzo! Tutte caude!* They announce, perhaps, the departure of some great personage?—By no means—they are only crying *Hot baked pears*; the usual breakfast of the labouring manufacturers. In the evening they eat baked turnips,

and then every street rings with *Betterave! Betterave! Tutte caude! Tutte caude!*

Expense of living at Marseilles.—This city was once considered a cheap residence; these times, however, are long since past: it is now one of the dearest in France. Lodging, firing, and apparel, may be reckoned among the most expensive articles: a small floor cannot be obtained for less than 30 or 35*l.* a year; a cwt. of oak timber costs 4*s.* and the same of fir, about half the price. Clothes are as dear as in England. The bread is good, but dear: the water is, in some places, bad; the best flowing springs are in the upper parts of the old town. Milk is scarce and dear for those who cannot use goats' milk. The meat is very good, particularly the mutton and lamb; which is distinguished by delicacy and tenderness. The pork is much praised. The provincial hams and saucissons are extolled by every French epicure. Beef about 6*d.* a pound, mutton 7*d.*, pork 9*d.*, lamb 8*d.*, and veal 1*s.* The most esteemed fish is the shad, and a kind of perch; the best costs about 1*s.* the pound: the tunny 4*s.* a pound. Vegetables are plentiful throughout the year, but proportionably expensive, from the great consumption and difficulty of conveyance; a small bundle of cauliflowers costs 8*d.*; a handful of spinage 3*d.* etc. etc. Fruit is abundant; as figs, almonds, plums, grapes, etc.; the best of the latter about 6*d.* a pound. Oranges and pomegranates (two of either for three half-pence) are imported from Spain. From Italy,

they receive chesnuts, apples, raisins, etc.; and from the Levant, dates and pistachio-nuts. The common provincial wine, two years old, may be had for 3d. a bottle; if five years old, refined and improved, 6d.; better wines, as Cassis, etc. from 2s. to 3 s. Frontignac, Condrieux, Hermitage, Burgundy, etc. etc. from 2s. to 6s. the bottle. The best Spanish, Italian, and Sicilian wines may be had here unadulterated, but generally cost from 5s. to half-a-guinea the bottle; *huile de jasmin*, a most delicious liqueur, 3s.; beer, which is very good, 6d. the bottle or quart.

Manufactures, trade, etc.—The principal manufacture is that of *soap*, with which article Marseilles supplies a great part of France; it has also manufactures of snuff, calicoes, hats, and woollen caps, glass, porcelain, earthenware, Spanish leather, vitriol, alum, sulphuric acid, aqua fortis, spirits of wine, for refining of sugar, wax and coral manufactories, tapestry, distillers of brandy, liqueurs, etc. etc. Marseilles can export to the Levant, shawls, dying-wood, sugar, coffee, indigo, cochineal, spices, iron, tin, fruits, liqueurs, tartar, cinabar, woollen and cotton caps, silks, gold and silver laces, gilt work, jewellery, hardware, grocery, stuffs, piasters, rix-dollars, and verdigrease. From the Levant it can import wool, cotton, silk, gums, madder, gall-nuts, opium, camel's and goat's hair raw and spun, tallow, copper, scammony, coffee, soda, hides, frankincense, saffron, myrrh, rice, ammoniac, tamarinds, senna, natron, skins, coarse cot-

ions, wheat, barley, shell-fruits, ostrich feathers, and wax.

To the West Indies, etc. it can export oil, wine, soap, almonds, candles, brandy, hats, shoes, hair-powder, fruits, cheese, earthen ware, bricks, hams, nails, hoops, millinery, silk, thread, and cotton stockings, parasols, and other small articles. In return for which it imports colonial produce, as sugar, coffee, indigo, cocoa, cochineal, etc. nearly in as large quantities as Bordeaux itself.

Its exports to Italy, Naples, and the Sicilies, are, sugar, coffee, treacle, shawls, stuffs, grocery, hats, and other articles of luxury; to Sardinia, colonial produce, stock-fish, wine, hides, shawls, fishing-nets, and soap; to Genoa, coffee, sugar, cocoa, annatto, treacle, wines, liqueurs, hardware, and hides; to Tuscany, sugar, coffee, indigo, and all sorts of West India products; to Rome and Venice, sugar, coffee, stuffs, spices, and shawls. It imports from Italy, Naples, and the Sicilies, oil, wheat, shell-fruits, silk, hemp, wool, liquorice-roots, manna, Spanish flies, shumac, tartar, almonds, brimstone, starch, figs, and raisins; from Sardinia, oil, wheat, chesnuts, pickled tunny-fish, lemons, oranges, and other fruits; from Genoa, coal, oil, quills, apples, chesnuts, and other fruits; from Tuscany, wheat and shell fruits; from Rome and Venice, corn, rye, wool, hemp, and alum.

It exports to Spain, corn, rye, barley, maize, stock-fish, shawls, caps, stuffs, sugar and rice; in return for which, it imports oil, indigo,

soda, cochineal, saffron, esparto, pilchards, southern fruits, piasters, and wine.

To the North, it exports the produce of the Levant, and articles of its own manufacturing; for which it receives northern produce; particularly flax, hemp, wheat, wood for ship-building, tar, tallow, iron, and sail-cloth; to Switzerland, wares from the Levant and West Indies; for which it imports but little, the same articles being sent to the neighbouring and inner provinces of France, and oil, grain, shell-fruits, etc. imported in return.

Marseilles has always flourished by its maritime commerce; time has deprived us of its nautical laws, but traces of them may be found in the municipal statutes of the 13th century. Before the Revolution, the extent of business at Marseilles was estimated at half a million sterling a month; and sometimes it is said it amounted to more than 800,000*l*. The Levant alone, of which this port had the exclusive commerce in France, on account of its lazaretto, drew from it a million's worth of goods in cloths, silks, gilding, colonial commodities, etc., and imported into it for more than a million of the divers productions of Asia and Africa. But the late war has reduced the commerce of Marseilles to such a degree, that its actual state cannot be easily calculated.

Besides the manufactories of soap, which are well worth seeing, the traveller should visit the manufactory of coral, which is doubly curious, in as much as this marine substance

is only found in the gulph of Lyons, of all the French coasts, and is only fabricated at Marseilles.

The port of Marseilles is, in time of peace, like the rendezvous of all the nations of Europe; besides the vessels which belong to the different nations of the Mediterranean, and the people of the Levant, there is always a crowd of English, Dutch, Swedish, Russian, and American vessels. The continual influx of foreign sailors and merchants as well as natives, the difference and variety of costumes, physiognomies, manners and tongues; the multitude of ships and boats, and the constant bustle, both on the quay and in the port, exhibit a most animated picture, and afford a delightful scene of contemplation to the philosophical observer.

But, though no situation can be imagined more propitious for commercial intercourse, though Marseilles is so admirably calculated for trade, and the neighbourhood is so populous, yet we see comparatively but few symptoms of the busy spirit of commerce and the vigilant bustle of business. The shops appear to be only scantily and meanly supplied; and though there are generally many vessels in the harbour, the quay is not encumbered with their stores, and they float as if designed as much for show as for use. There appears a defect of industry and a languor of enterprise; and probably the trade of a few days in Liverpool would equal that of many months at this place. The prominent character of the French

is by no means commercial; and though the situation of Marseilles offers so many incentives to commercial enterprise, the people in general seem more engaged in the petty dealings which are necessitated by each other's consumption, than in any more extensive transactions of mercantile speculations.

To compare the present state of the commerce of Marseilles with what it was formerly is to draw a parallel between life and death. Five thousand vessels entered the port in the year 1788, in the year 1805 it did not receive one thousand. Its relations with America have almost entirely ceased; those with Spain and Italy are of little importance; and those with the North insignificant. The produce of its commerce with the Levant is not a third of what it was, and, considering the facilities which Genoa possesses for the same trade, it is not likely that Marseilles will ever pursue it again with the same advantages.

The varied mass of people, however, who, as we have noticed above, are constantly collected in this city, form one of its most remarkable characteristics, as it appears to combine every variety of individual as well as national feature and costume that can well be imagined. Europe, Asia, and Africa are here brought into contact, and French and English, Neapolitans, Italians, Jews, Turks and Greeks, are condensed in a motley assemblage, and form a sort of moving panorama of people which is full of curiosity and interest.

The port of Marseilles is one of the safest

and most commodious in the world, but is always threatened with being choaked up by the filth which is brought into it by the common sewers, and by the earth which the rains wash into it. Continual labour is necessary to keep it clean. Several machines have been invented for this work; but the one at present in use is a pontoon, on which there is a great wheel, like that of a crane, which is turned by men; it puts in motion two beams, which plunging alternately into the slime, force into it an iron spoon with sharp edges, which lifts up the mud, and throws it into a large boat called *La Salope*, which is afterwards emptied into a creek near the lazaretto: there are generally six or seven pontoons at work. As soon as the mud is raised, there are workmen who pass it through their fingers lest there should be any thing valuable in it; besides pieces of wood, iron and copper, more precious objects have sometimes been found, and even ancient monuments.

The view of the port of Toulon may recall to the mind the exploits and courage of the French sailors; but that of Marseilles awakens other recollections: the imagination goes back to those bold and enterprising Phœnicians, who gave us our alphabet, and our first geographical acquirements, and carried the benefits of civilization to the most ancient nations. We expect still to find in Marseilles some remains of those high-minded Phocians to whom Gaul was indebted for the first notions of the arts, and the works of industry:

we compare it to those celebrated cities, Venice, Florence, Genoa, which commerce formerly rendered so powerful; and we meditate on the active genius of those enterprising speculators who made this spot the emporium of the riches of the East.

Provençal character, manners, customs, etc.—

The character of the Provençal appears to have three ruling imperfections, though mixed with many good qualities—roughness, violence, and inconstancy. But this is in some measure counterpoised by their freedom from duplicity and cunning. They are passionate, violent, and tenacious; but shew, at the same time, much good-nature, and often even generosity. They catch at every thing from the impulse of the moment; and their friendship and love, their zeal and activity, their courage and bravery, are all equally transient. The attentive observer discovers every where, both morally and physically, a peculiar mixture of the Grecian and Oriental, as well as of the French and Italian. Their persons and manners, language and habits, vices and virtues, all remind us of the historical vicissitudes, or mercantile connections of this province. The men of the lower classes are in general distinguished by a coarse and low stature, bristly hair, strong and passionate features, and, above all, by the wild blaze of their eyes. But the fishermen, porters, and country people, possess some peculiarities which must be spoken of distinctly.

The *fishermen* form a distinct and separate

class, in which all the energy of the ancient character, all the simplicity of the ancient language, and all the originality of ancient manners, are preserved and concentrated. Their songs, their dress, their mode of living, every thing informs us that they are the undegenerate descendants of the Phœnicians. These provincial fishermen have, for whatever concerns the fishery, a proper court of judicature in Marseilles, known by the name of « Jurisdiction des Prud'hommes Pêcheurs, » which has existed since the tenth century; but in its present form only since 1431. It consists of four seniors, called « Prud'hommes, » who are changed every year, and possess, during their administration, unlimited powers. The court is usually held on Sunday afternoon; the complaints are made verbally, and the cause is decided either by the opinion of the judge, or a majority of voices. « *Laley vous coundano;* » the law condemns you, excludes all appeal, and finishes the affair. » The « Prud'hommes » are dressed in black, and receive a fee of two sous from each party. Besides this, these fishermen have archives full of important records concerning their trade laws, etc. which have been preserved inviolate even during the revolution.

Their gymnastic exercises deserve attention; they consist of mast-running and single combat, called *Bigno* and *la Taguo*. For the first, a mast is rubbed with grease, and the skill is displayed in running from one end of it to the other, barefoot. The second is conducted as

follows:—From twelve to sixteen light boats are provided in the front, with boards four foot long and ten inches broad. Here the combatants take their places, armed with shields and lances, the boats being rowed each by six strong men. They then divide to a proper distance, and upon a given signal, suddenly row towards each other. Whoever plunges his opponent the most frequently into the water, bears away the prize.

We shall next notice the *porters*, who are distinguished by the deep redness of their faces; the prominence of their eyes; the compression of their necks; and the breadth of their shoulders. Beware of him when he is loaded, for then he is blind and deaf, and would knock you down ten times without being himself once aware of it. These men form another society. They have their apprenticeships, prize-pieces, seniors, brokers, money-gatherers, etc. United into one common body, each must be answerable for the other. From their very moderate way of living, they possess an extraordinary degree of corporeal strength. «Four hundred weight,» say they, «is a trifle; six constitute a proper load;» but from eight to nine commands uncommon respect. The famous Marquetos at Toulon brought it to ten, and his fame is commemorated by a colossal figure under the balcony of the senate-house.

The *peasantry* form the third interesting class, under which are understood the inhabitants of the higher and lower mountains, and

those of the flat country. The former are remarkable for their open, bold, and free dispositions; their honesty, industry, and good-nature, are highly praised through the whole province: although they do not regularly emigrate, yet great numbers go to the large towns in the southern provinces, and are eagerly hired as waiters, cooks, and other menial servants. The « *Gavouets de Barcelonnette* » are famous for their mercantile talents. The character of inhabitants of the lower mountains appear to be much worse, which may be attributed to their regular excursions into the southern provinces. Here, with their wives and children, they seek support through the winter. The men hire themselves as carters, helpers, labourers, manufacturers, etc, the women wash and sell fish; and the boys clean shoes, sell chesnuts, or lead about marmots with organs. The girls either go out to mend old cloaths, or commence a little trade with figs and cheese; in short, each member of a family must have some occupation for his support, and from which he can save something for the summer. The love of gain seems to be the ruling passion of these mountaineers. The peasants of the level country are almost universally decried as malicious, but perhaps unjustly; their greatest faults are, roughness and impetuosity. One of these peasants will shoot a handful of small shot at you for taking a single fig from his tree; while for a friendly word he will give you a hat-full. The reapers form a still more interesting class of these country people.

The province, considered according to its ancient boundaries, presents three large divisions, rendered by the climate very different from each other. They are the lower, middle, and upper parts, where the harvest naturally falls in three different months. Thus in Napoléon, the most southern point, they commence reaping at the end of May; in Aix, at the end of June; and at Barcelonnette, at the end of August. Hence it is easy to conceive that reapers travel for employment through the whole country. Accompanied by their wives and children, they proceed in caravans of from eighty to a hundred, from place to place, and always towards the north. Each caravan has its superior and subordinate reapers, and its common stock, which is never divided until the labour is finished. All their necessaries are carried with them by asses; they travel only during the night, and pass the whole harvest-time in the open air. Their manners are patriarchal, constituting but one family; and forming close connections of pleasure, without the sanction of either law or gospel. The women of the lower class are a truly Amazonian race. They have little beauty, but much corporeal strength. It is impossible to imagine any beings more rough, hard, or violent; but their rectitude demands the highest encomium. The wives of the fishermen, porters, etc. have their peculiarities from their different modes of life; but they all agree in their endeavours to vie with the men in hard

labour, and in keeping them in perfect subjection.

Whoever wishes to study female government, we recommend to go to Sourribes; where he will find a complete *female republic* and the men only regarded as *slaves*. The unmarried women of this class have, notwithstanding the many freedoms they use, much self-government. A young man must first be their acquaintance, their friend, their betrothed, before they will permit him the slightest indulgence. Thus they secure their future power; and they are careful never to let their tenderness influence their conduct. The least contradiction, the slightest neglect, procures his instantaneous dismissal. When a lover is become insupportable to his mistress, she uses no verbal declaration to make her will known; but when he next comes, places a log of wood before the fire-place: nothing more is requisite to inform him he must never appear there again. The physical and moral organization of the men is tolerably French; yet the noisy provincial frankness is evident on all occasions. The women are lovely, and almost irresistibly alluring; but the greatest egotists in the world. They change their lovers as they would their dresses; they love but for a moment. Dilettanti consider it as a matter of course, and would find Marseilles a paradise full of luxurious houris.

Marseilles may be quoted as an instance of the remarkable changes which time and circumstances may effect, in the habits, manners,

sentiments, and morals of a people. The ancient authors all agree in extolling the wisdom of the government of the Marseillais. The form of it was aristocratical, and the administration was confided to 600 senators called *timoukos*, a name which, in Greek, expresses the consideration attached to their functions: a particular council of fifteen senators dispatched the most urgent affairs; and among those fifteen, three had precedence and sovereign authority. To be a *timoukos*, it was necessary that a man should be a father of a family, and that his name were inscribed for three generations past on the list of the citizens. This administration was so prudent and wise, that Cicero says it was easier to praise it than to imitate it. This government of Marseilles was much altered, after the capture of the town by Cæsar; and it has since undergone many changes from the different dominations under which it has passed.

Good laws form good manners, of which Marseilles is a proof, for its moral discipline is as much praised by authors as its political government. We have already quoted the testimonies of several ancient writers, and Plautus, in order to mark irreproachable conduct, calls it *mores Massilienses*. Women were not allowed to drink wine; theatrical shows were forbid, and every one was bound to follow some occupation. The sumptuary laws were very rigorous. Before the gate of the town, there were two sepulchral biers, one for the freemen, and the other for the

slaves, the dead were carried in a cart to the place of burial, without lamentation or noise, and the funeral ceremony ended by a domestic sacrifice, and a family repast; the mourning could only last a day. Crimes were so rare, that the sword, which had been preserved from the first foundation of the town to execute criminals with, was eat up with rust.

It is singular, however, that under such a wise and regular plan of government, suicides were frequent; but no citizen could dispose of his life, without laying his reasons for it before the magistrate. If it appeared that it was not a momentary disgust or slight cause, but that the burden of life was become truly insupportable, the council of 600 delivered to the unfortunate being a potion of hemlock, the care of which was committed to their charge.

It was the Marseillais who brought civilization into all this part of Gaul, and who successively taught the neighbouring people how to dress the vine, to cultivate the olive, and to live in towns surrounded with walls.

The capture of this town by Cæsar, and its habitual communication with the Romans under the emperors, must have sensibly affected its manners; since Athenæus, who lived under the reign of M. Aurelius, speaks of the Marseillais as men without energy and without morality; and to mark an effeminate man, it was then customary to say *he comes from Marseilles*. Suidas, who quotes this proverb,

adds, that they then wore long embroïdered clothes, were covered with perfumes, and had their hair fantastically dressed.

In the middle age, the passage of the Crusaders, and their communications with the Levant, would contribute to keep up this effeminacy and relaxation of morals; and the vast produce of their commerce was not calculated to recall antique simplicity.

At present, pleasure seems to be the only object of all the actions of the Marseillais: the merchant applies to commercial affairs, the workman labours a part of the week, merely in the hope of amusing himself during the rest of it. They are honest and easy to deal with, and are but little acquainted with avarice; the avidity they show for gain only arises from the love of expence. From the effervescence of the Provençal heads, all their amusements are tumultuous and noisy; it seems as if noise were necessary to convince the Marseillais that they are really amused. Their pleasures therefore cannot be those that are found in the bosom of a tranquil life; domestic enjoyments, or the charms of study, have no attractions for them; a little disorder seems to be a necessary seasoning in all their diversions.

There are few houses where there is any habitual society; the natural aversion which the people feel for every species of restraint, would prevent their being amused in them: the men prefer places where they can meet without being subjected to the duties and atten-

tions which the company of ladies requires; the most frequented of these places are the *Union* and the *Club sans prétention*; the former possesses a small collection of books relative to commerce.

Places where entire freedom prevails, are always more suited to men who seek amusement without restraint. The gaming houses, therefore, are more numerous and more frequented at Marseilles than the clubs; they are kept by women, many of whom are received every where; even some ladies who have a certain rank in society frequent those houses habitually; what is done or said in them is a common topic of conversation; merchants are not afraid of being seen in them; and what, every where else, would injure their credit, is considered at Marseilles as an indifferent action.

From all this, it is easy to suppose that the number of women who make a traffic of their charms is considerable. There are some for all fortunes, all professions, and all classes; if one wished to exhibit the hideous picture of them, it would be necessary to class them in a systematic order, in the manner of Linneus. The streets that lead to the great theatre, are filled with these abandoned women, who, by their indecent advances, offer a continual outrage to modesty; the windows of the lower stories are stocked with them day and night, and constantly present the disgusting image of the most shameless effrontery and the vilest prostitution.

Most of the rich inhabitants keep women, which multiplies the number of prostitutes to excess. The theatres are full of these women, who are either kept, or are looking out for an establishment; the orchestra is the place they select, and the men go to them, and talk with them before their families and all their acquaintance; indeed they will often leave their wife and her company to go to make their court to these nymphs. Sometimes a man newly married is not ashamed to appear in a box with the mistress he keeps; while his wife is often opposite with her lover, whom she avows almost as publicly as her husband avows his mistress.

It not unfrequently happens also that men become so much captivated with their mistresses, after a length of time, as to marry them; and such women, having thus thrown off the badges of their old profession, are received without repugnance in genteel society.

Libertinism must be a necessary consequence of this extreme licentiousness of manners, and it therefore reigns at Marseilles more than any where else; it appears under every form, and no care is taken to conceal it.

When business is over, each one seeks the dissipation he likes best. During winter, there are public and private concerts and balls every day.

Though these sketches paint, in general, the manners of the Marseillais, still, the noble magnanimity they showed during the frightful plague that desolated their city, their cou-

rage in battle, and their uprightness in affairs, prove, that if pleasure captivates and overpowers them, their hearts are also susceptible of more generous sentiments. This disposition for dissipation is not so universal as to exclude numerous exceptions; and we have seen above that the town abounds with numerous establishments of beneficence, and charitable societies for the relief of the distressed.

I am sorry to observe, however, that the respectable author of the *Soirées Provençales*, a native of this country, amply confirms this shocking description of the licentiousness that prevails in this great city. « I say it with regret, he exclaims, our country, the ancient asylum of virtue, is now the seat of luxury and licentiousness. Luxury confounds all ranks, the licentiousness has no bounds. If the innocence and health of your children are dear to you, beware of sending them there.

« In general, the young people of this country are not only debauched, but more depraved than in any other maritime town. Some quarters of the city overflow with prostitutes. The environs of the theatre contain a legion of them, and the doors and windows are crowded with them both day and night. »

If such be the depravation of morals in Marseilles, the manners of the neighbouring peasantry are rude and almost ferocious. There reigns in all its excess the Provençal brutality; harsh countenances, sinister and threatening looks, three-cornered hats cocked

up, and placed sideways on the head; never taking them off, or bowing to any body; an analogous costume: such is the picture of the rural inhabitants of this department. If Theocritus, Virgil, Thomson and Gessner, had never seen any other models, they certainly would never have thought of singing, nor have succeeded in painting, in such lively colours, the charms of rural life and pastoral manners.

“ Our peasants in the environs of Aix, Marseilles and Toulon, says the same author, are a race of men brutal and rude to excess. Never expect from them any act of complaisance or kindness. If they saw you lose your way and take a dangerous road, instead of directing you right they would maliciously laugh at you. If, in their broiling and dusty roads, you feel thirsty, beware of plucking a bunch of grapes; I would not answer but that a shot might lay you dead at the foot of the vine. ”

The tone and manners of the peasantry correspond with their exterior. Their expressions are as harsh as their looks, and their gestures suit their expressions. It would be wrong, however, always to judge of individuals from this unfavourable appearance in general. One is often astonished to find people with these harsh and forbidding countenances, perfectly honest, open-hearted, and even gentle in their dispositions. Hardness is not in every heart, though it appears in almost every countenance.

Some observers have attributed this character of the Marseillais to the influence of the wind called *mistral*, supposing that the violence of one proceeded from the violence of the other. It is certain that the people in the western part of Provence, where this wind blows with the greatest force, are more rude than on the opposite side.

This *mistral*, which we have already mentioned when speaking of Valence, is a north-west wind, which prevails during the greatest part of the year in Provence, particularly along the Rhone. There is not a more impetuous wind. The largest trees are sometimes overturned by it, and you see them all inclined to the side opposite its direction. Its whirlwinds fill the streets and roads with a cloud of dust, which none but those who are accustomed to it can endure; and this dust is the more dreadful on the high roads, as they are formed of calcareous substances, which naturally break down into an extremely subtile powder, which the least breath of air drives before it. In the beginning of spring the leaves are sometimes all powdered with it like a hoar frost, the turf is dried up, and all the verdure faded; you would think it was winter.

This wind has given rise to many investigations, but its cause, like that of other winds, still remains a problem among the hidden secrets of nature. The *mistral* continued for fourteen months together in 1769 and 1770, and nobody could explain this phenomenon. The inhabitants of Provence call this wind

their saviour, because in summer it mitigates the effects of the great heats, and purifies the atmosphere; just as they console themselves for the damage which the inundations of the river Durance occasion, by the benefit which they derive from its irrigating canals.

The ancient inhabitants of this country had the same deference for the mistral as the moderns. Seneca says they rejoiced at it, because they were indebted to it for the serenity of the atmosphere under which they lived. Augustus erected a Temple to it during his abode in Gaul. This wind, whose presence produces winter in the midst of summer, as its absence leaves a summer in the midst of winter, never fails to blow after rain, the effects of which it removes directly, but never brings it, like the violent south and west winds. Notwithstanding its coldness, it dries the ground; and as soon as it has ceased, the fields become a prey to the scorching heat of a sun tempered by no shade. Fountains and meadows are therefore as rare as woods and forests; and thus the fine sky of this climate, so much boasted of as without a cloud, is in reality a scorching atmosphere, with a country entirely burnt up.

But of all the evils of these regions, the most dreadful to a stranger is that prodigious quantity of gnats to which he is a prey during the warm weather. In some places, and at certain hours of the day, the air is darkened with them; the woods and the sea-shore are the places they prefer. Repose or sleep under

the shade is utterly impossible; you can hardly sit down an instant to rest yourself, without being immediately assailed by these winged battalions. Nor is it in the country alone; they penetrate into the houses, and select from preference bed-rooms and alcoves. It is in vain that you keep your windows almost always shut, and thus deprive yourself of fresh air, you are notwithstanding assassinated each night by these blood-thirsty foes of the human race. Instead of sleeping you must pass the night in repelling their attacks, which are always preceded by a « peal of horror » peculiar to them, and different from the buzzing of other flies. If, notwithstanding, you at length fall asleep, you wake with your face all embossed with the pimples which every sting is sure to leave.

The natives, however, put up with this plague, as with the mistral, which shows how habit is a second nature. The only way of preserving one-self from these gnats is to surround one's bed with a gauze curtain, which they call a *cousinière*. It is used in all good houses and inns.

These gnats are known all over the country; but no-where are they so numerous, so stinging, and so venomous, as on the coast of the Mediterranean, from Agde to Nice; and it is in the autumn, when they are near the close of their existence, that they are the most insupportable.

A more formidable insect, but fortunately less common, which also infests this country,

is the scorpion. They are often found in a room, and sometimes even in the beds.

However agreeable therefore a residence at Marseilles may appear, to those who judge of it merely by the pleasures and amusements they may find there, it is evident that it can have no charms for those who love a temperate climate, fine walks and rides, with cool shades, and the beauties of nature; for as to the harbour of Marseilles, it is more indebted to art than nature; and moreover is not seen from the town, but only from the elevated spots we have described. This view too is disfigured and circumscribed by the narrow crescent of the neighbouring mountains, the naked and whitish brows of which fatigue the view and deject the spirits. Their aspect does not even afford the beauty of contrast, which can only be felt in scenes beautifully horrid, with bold and majestic rocks shooting to the clouds, or romantic precipices, shaded with those wild and sombre tints, arising from a mixture of plants, mosses, shrubs, and trees, crowned with eternal snows, and diversified with foaming cascades.

The mountains near Marseilles exhibit none of these interesting varieties, nor any other colour but the uniform grey of the calcareous rock, or that of a soil impoverished by the privation of all humidity and all vegetation. Their mean height is not more than 2000 feet above the level of the sea. The highest of all, *le Pilon du Roi*, has been estimated at 3000;

but the precision of the measurement may be called in question.

The town, enclosed with its territory and its bastides, between the sea and this semi-circular chain of mountains, inhaling at once the fetid vapours of its port, and the scorching reverberations reflected from its parched hills, is stifled with a suffocating air when the mistral ceases to blow, and with an icy air when it does : so that one is often obliged to change one's winter and summer dress, backwards and forwards, several times in the same day.

The innumerable bastides which, as we have said above, embellish the environs of Marseilles, and have an admirable effect from a distance, unequalled perhaps of its kind in the world, are not so pretty when seen near. The space which they occupy is by no means agreeable to the traveller, on account of the dust which covers the roads, and the stone walls which confine and seem to imprison the view on every side.

The castle of Borelli, situated a league south of Marseilles, on the borders of the sea, and at the mouth of the Haveaune, deserves a visit. It passes for one of the finest in France ; it is a great building, handsome externally only from its simplicity ; but its internal distribution is elegant, and it has a fine gallery of paintings.

In the same direction, a league farther, is the grotto or *baume* of Roland, the most considerable and remarkable in all this country.

We have no means of ascertaining the an-

cient extent of Marseilles, as the ravages it has undergone at different times, have destroyed all its ancient buildings, and even the foundations of its ramparts. Its actual extent appears to be less than that of Bordeaux and Lyons; but its population is greater, being estimated at more than 111,000 inhabitants.

Marseilles, after Paris is certainly the finest town in France. If Nancy is justly called the prettiest, Marseilles is undoubtedly the handsomest in the kingdom: and though Lyons is reputed the second city, it is no more comparable to Marseilles than Norwich is to Liverpool. The streets are all built of stone, in a uniform manner, with wide ones of great extent in its principal parts, and with the unusual appendage in a French town of footpaths on each side. The new town presents an imposing spectacle of solid houses uniformly constructed, which form great masses of building called *isles*. These different isles are numbered, and the houses which compose them have also their particular number. This custom exists all through Provence, and was perhaps introduced by the Popes, when they resided at Avignon; as it is known that Rome was formerly divided in this manner. It is thought, however, that salubrity has been here sacrificed to magnificence; for the streets nearest the harbour, running in direct lines from north to south, are more exposed to the burning intensity of the meridian sun; whereas, had they been formed

from east to west, they would probably have been more healthy and better ventilated.

In this, as well as in many of the towns in the South of France, many of the houses have the appearance of being, at least in part, of Roman architecture. You may observe the same door-ways, with similar ornaments, and with evident traces of Roman brick-work, which has lasted probably more than 2000 years: some of the ancient ornaments are very perfect and beautiful, particularly in the narrowest streets, and in the worst parts of the towns. Many of the houses in the villages, from Avignon to Marseilles, are painted in the fashion of the Italians; the common earthen utensils of the inhabitants are formed after the model of those used by the ancient Romans; and the French language partakes more and more, as we proceed southward, of the melodious sounds of that with which it has at all times been closely connected.

Large as Marseilles is, it is still increasing; and we nowhere see any houses going to ruin, an indication of prosperity that is hardly to be seen in other parts of France.

Numerous are the *festivals*, *public games*, and *processions*, still observed in Provence, and particularly at Marseilles; but we have room only to notice the principal festivals. When *Christmas* draws near, every family, in easy circumstances, sends for a cask of wine, and lays in a stock of southern fruits; which, as they arrive, may be seen on the quay in large quantities. In the flower-market, orange-

branches, with fruit or blossoms, in elegant tubs; rose-trees, in beautiful pots, etc. are set out for sale; as also all kinds of toys for children, and laurel-trees, hung with various kinds of southern fruits. Among the toys monks are again to be seen. The Christmas evening is devoted to universal joy and festivity. Every booth, cellar, coffee-house, etc. is illuminated, and the table of the poor chesnut-roaster has an additional lamp. The theatres give grand ballets; the gaming-houses balls and *soupers*; and the streets are crowded through the whole night with people and bands of music. That which we most admired, and no provincial person ever forgets, even when at the greatest distance from his country, is a sort of sacred entertainment, at which the whole family is present. The relations who have been absent from each other perhaps during the whole year, are to meet on this evening; those who have been the greatest enemies pardon each other at Christmas; marriages are fixed; married pairs who have been separated are at this time again united; the shyest lover becomes eloquent, and the most coy fair-one becomes kind—every heart dilates with good-will, love, and tenderness, on Christmas evening! It is well known, that at a true provincial entertainment, «Noya» (cake made of honey and almonds), the «Kalignau» (a fire of fir-wood dipt in oil and wine), the Turkey-cock, the Muscadel, and the Nœes. (appropriate songs), are things absolutely indispensable. In the country, where the

national character is in all games the most easily to be discovered, the old provincial customs are preserved in still greater purity. Here are prize-races, combats, songs, cock-fighting, climbing, etc. at which, naturally, the flowing bowl is never wanting.

One particularly pretty custom we must not forget to mention, which was much in use in the former lower provinces, particularly in the vicinity of Frejus and Antibes. About four weeks previous to Christmas, the youths of the village serenade all the young women, usually on the Saturday evening, in return for which honour, each is obliged to present to the oldest of the youths, called *Aba*, a cake at Christmas, marked with her name. As no one ever neglects to fulfil the obligation, the second day of Christmas brings a splendid collection of the whole village, and the cakes are sold by auction in the following manner:—The *Aba* having mounted a small stage, on which the cakes are placed in baskets, elegantly decorated, he commences, « A fine, light, sweet, delicious, charming plum-cake, number one, *Maria Coutelon*. » The orator, then taking the cake in his hand, proceeds to expatiate on the beauty, notability, and other perfections of the maker. The bidding then commences, and the cake is finally consigned to the richest or most persevering among the bidders. In the same manner one number follows another, until all the cakes are sold; and the money thus produced is applied to a dancing fund.

The ceremonies of *New Year's Day*.

thus described by Miss Plumtree (1). « As early in the morning as people can possibly dress themselves in proper visiting attire, they set out on a round of visits to relations and friends, to wish them a happy new year, and to present them with *bonbons*. The relations are first visited, beginning with those nearest in affinity, then those that are further removed, and lastly come the friends and acquaintance. It is a contest of politeness on this occasion which shall start first, and anticipate the call of a relation or friend.

« The shops of the confectioners are dressed up on the day before with looking-glasses, intermixed with festoons of silk or muslin, and bunches of ribbands or flowers. The counters are covered over with a nice table-cloth, and set out with cakes, sweetmeats, dried fruits, and bonbons, made up into pyramids, castles, columns, or any form which the taste of the decorator may suggest; and in the evening they are illuminated for the reception of company who come to buy their bonbons for the next day. Endless are the devices for things in which they are to be enclosed; there are little boxes or baskets made of satin ornamented with gold, silver or foil;—balloons,—books,—fruit, such as apples, pears, oranges,—or vegetables, such as a cauliflower, a root of celery, an onion; any thing in short, which can be made with a hollow within to hold the bonbons; but the most prevailing device is what is called a *cornet*, that is a little cone orna-

(1) Residence in France, Vol. II. p. 161.

mented in different ways with a bag to draw over the large end and close it up. In these things, the prices of which vary from one franc to fifty, the bonbons are presented by those who choose to be at the expense of them, and by those who do not they are only wrapped in a piece of paper; but bonbons in some way or other must be presented. In these visits to friends, and in gossiping at the confectioners' shops, which are the great lounge for the occasion, the morning of New-year's day is passed; a dinner is given by some member of the family to all the rest, and the evening concludes, like Christmas-day, with cards, dancing, or any other amusement that may be preferred.

«The decorations of the confectioners' shops remain till Twelfth-day; when there is a ceremony of drawing twelfth-cake, though somewhat varied from the mode in England. The cake is very plain in its composition, being not better than 'what we should call a bun, only large, so as to cut into slices. In one part a bean is introduced; and the person who draws the slice that has the bean in it is king or queen, according to the sex of the person by whom it is drawn. Every one then drinks to the health of the new sovereign, who receives the general homage of the company for the evening. The rest of the company have no name or title of distinction (1).»

The most magnificent *procession* at Marseilles is that of *St. Ferreol*. The houses are deco-

(1) This ceremony is not to be considered peculiar to Marseilles, as it is invariably kept up throughout all France.

rated with streamers to the very tops ; and the public way is crossed by cords, on which are suspended numberless flags of various colours. The ships are always ornamented with flags and streamers. The procession passes under several arches, hung with boughs, before it stops at the altars or resting-places, which are covered with flowers : every thing concurs to give to this solemnity an air of cheerfulness. The eye dwells with pleasure on the garlands of beautiful flowers, the green boughs, and the emblem of the Divinity, contained in the flags of the procession. The attendants are extremely numerous ; every gardener carries his wax taper, ornamented with the most rare and beautiful flowers ; he has also the vegetables and fruits with which heaven has blessed his labour, and sometimes he bears some birds nests.

The *butchers* also make a part of this procession, clothed in long tunics, and with a hat *à la Henri IV*, armed with a hatchet or cleaver ; they lead a fat ox dressed with garlands, ribands and with gilt horns, like the ox at the carnival : his back is covered with a carpet, on which sits a pretty child, dressed as St. John the Baptist. During the whole week which precedes the festival, the butchers lead about this animal : they first take him to the police, where they pay a duty, and then their collection begins, which is very productive : every one wishes to have the animal in his house ; and it is a prevailing superstition among the people, that they shall have good luck throughout the year if this

beast leave any trace of his visit, however dirty it may be. The ox is killed on the day after the festival. The child generally lives but a short time; exhausted by the fatigue which he has suffered, and the caresses which he has received, and sickened by the sweet-meats with which he has been crammed, he languishes, and often falls a victim.

A number of young girls, clothed in white, their heads covered with veils, adorned with flowers, and girded with ribands of a uniform colour, are next in the procession. Children, habited in different manners, recall the ancient « Mysteries. » Several young women are dressed as nuns; these are St. Ursula, St. Rosalia, St. Agnes, St. Teresa, etc. The handsomest are clothed as Magdalens; with their hair dishevelled on their lovely faces, they look with an air of contrition on a crucifix which they hold in the hand: others appear in the habit of the *Sœurs de la Charité*, whose whole time is devoted to the service of the sick. Young boys fill other parts; such as angels, abbots, monks: among whom may be distinguished St. Francis, St. Bruno, St. Anthony, etc. In the midst of the shepherds marches the little St. John, but half covered with a sheep's-skin, like the picture of his precursor; he leads a lamb decked with ribbands, a symbol of the Saviour who offered himself for us, and died for the remission of our sins. The streets are strewed with flowers; numerous choristers carry baskets full of roses and yellow broom, which they throw, on a given signal,
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before the host or holy sacrament : they strew some of these on the ladies who sit in rows to see the procession ; these also have baskets of flowers on their knees, which they offer to the host ; they amuse themselves with covering the young virgins and little saints with the flowers. The sweet scents of the roses, the cassia, the jessamine, the orange, and the tube-rose, mingled with the odour of the incense, almost overpower the senses. The procession proceeds to the port, and it is there that the ceremony presents a sublime character : the people fill the quays ; all the decks are manned with seamen, dressed in their best blue jackets, their heads uncovered, and their red caps in their hands. All bend the knee to the God of the Universe : the seamen stretch out their hands towards the prelate, who, placed under a canopy, gives the benediction : the most profound silence reigns among this immense crowd. The benediction received, every one rises instantaneously ; the bells begin to ring, the music plays, and the whole train takes the road to the temple from which they came.

The taste for processions is so universal, that this spectacle lasts the whole day, beginning at half-past seven in the morning. As soon as it is over, the ladies quit their seats, and run to hear some musical entertainment ; the men go to the orchestra to chat with the female performers, or to applaud the gambols of some favourite dancer. Similar religious ceremonies take place throughout Provence ; they only differ according to the circumstances and

riches of the place; but they have every where the same character.

There are many curious popular dances, as the *farandoulo*, morris-dance, and others in imitation of the *volero*, whose only merit is to show the pliability of the feet, knees, and hips, and is a continuation of licentious attitudes.

The antiquary seeks in vain, either in the enclosure or in the environs of this famous city, the most ancient in Gaul, for any vestiges of the residence of the Greeks and Romans. This universal destruction attests the ravages of the barbarians who succeeded each other after the dissolution of the Roman empire. The bowels of this classic ground have alone preserved a few monuments; at different times, urns, statues and medals have been discovered, and particularly of late years a sort of obelisk seven or eight feet high, which is thought to have been the celebrated Gnomon, or dial of Pytheas, by which he ascertained the obliquity of the ecliptic.

It is impossible to cast one's eyes on the coast of Marseilles, or to visit its harbour without thinking of the illustrious navigators it has produced; and the imagination, always exalted by the recollections of antiquity, naturally goes back to the epoch of that celebrated astronomer Pytheas, who was cotemporary with Aristotle, if not more ancient. If we may believe what authors have said of him, he was the first who determined the latitude of Marseilles, and who knew the constant connexion which exists between the tides and

the changes of the moon. His voyages, however, were still more astonishing than his astronomical discoveries.

There can be no doubt, that the Phocians brought into this part of Gaul the sciences and the arts of Greece. Though we have no monument remaining of the ancient architecture and sculpture of the Marseillais, we may judge of their taste by the style of their medals, so different from that of the coins struck in other towns of this country. The riches which commerce procures, must always have made Marseilles abound with all that belongs to the luxuries and enjoyments of life. It was this town which softened the manners of the barbarians; having become celebrated by its victories and its commerce, it then sought the glory of letters. Its most distinguished citizens were renowned for their philosophy and eloquence, and spread through the rest of Gaul a taste for the fine arts.

After it had submitted to Cæsar, Marseilles having lost her military and political importance, consoled herself with the pursuits of trade and science. Its schools became celebrated, and the Romans finally preferred them to those of Athens.

The irruption of the Vandals, who obtained possession of Marseilles in 414, entirely extinguished the love of letters. When the Troubadours brought back a taste for poetry, the Muses fixed their residence at Aix; and we have already mentioned that it was at the court of the Berengers, under Raymund and

Beatrix, and especially under King René, that their worship was revived.

Marseilles gave itself up more exclusively to commerce, and the troubles of the League in the 16th century, banished literature from it altogether. Since that time, however, it has produced several distinguished men of letters, among whom may be cited d'Urfé, author of the *Astrea*; Leblanc, a celebrated traveller; D'Hozier the genealogist; Plumier, a famous botanist; Puget, who, like Michael Angelo, was an architect, sculptor and painter; the poets Bonnecorse and Dulart; the philosophical grammarian, Dumarsais; the eloquent preacher, Mascaron; Guys, author of *Letters on Greece*, and many others.

Literature, however, of which this town was the cradle, is now generally neglected; the Troubadours, the fathers of French poetry, have here left few disciples or heirs. The Marseillais seem to sacrifice all other arts to that of navigation, and all other sciences to that of astronomy; for the study of which they have great advantages, from the excellence of their Observatory, and the constant serenity of their climate. However there is an Academy at Marseilles, which has regular meetings; and the Members of which apply with considerable zeal to useful investigations, and to philosophical and literary researches.

The *Provençal language*, commonly spoken at Marseilles, is a strange compound of Grecian, Roman, German, Arabic, Spanish, Italian, and modern French words. As a specimen of

the language, we give a few of the most striking proverbs. Of a rough, austere man, they say, *Es un Arabe* ; he is an Arab. Of a man of gallantry, *L'amourraoharie d'uno gato cor-riffado* ; he would be enamoured of a cat, if it had but a cap on. Speaking of a paltry inefficient measure, they say, *Es uno garbounado entre doueis violos* ; it is a carbonnade between the flame of two lamps. Of a person violently actuated by anger, *A coulero tuaria un pan per unournier* ; he would, in his fury, kill the bread instead of the baker. The qualities of the ass, the countryman's faithful companion, afford a numerous train of similes and proverbs ; one of these is ; *Se l'a uno bueno ribo, es par un marrit ay* ; the laziest ass gets the best morsel.

Of an intolerably stupid person they say, *Es espes, coumo uno murailho mestrer* ; he is as thick as a foundation-wall. A lover calls his mistress, *Madelicado* ; my pet ; or, *Ma bergiero*, my shepherdess ; the feminine gender always terminating in o. Of a man who derives great profit from any trifling thing and with little trouble, they say, *L'es sach une madono*, he has converted it into a milch cow. Numerous and characteristic are the proverbs concerning the female sex : thus it is said, *Après très jours l'on s'ennuegeo de fremos, d'hostes, et de pluego*. In three days one becomes weary of women, company, and rain, &c. Other proverbs on this subject are : *D'ausfeono, de chins, d'armo et d'amours, per un plesir mille doulours*. Birds, dogs, arms, and wo-

men, bring a thousand pains for every pleasure. *Amours de courtesan ben de vielan, et fé de femelan noun deroun pas passat un an.* The love of a courtier, the inheritance of a miser, and the fidelity of a woman, evaporate in a year. *La fremo et la castagno de fouero bello dentro es la magagno.* Women and chesnuts are fair without and foul within. *Douis bouens jours à l'homé sur terro, quand prend monilbe et quand l'enterro.* A married man has two good days; that on which he marries, and that on which he buries his wife. *Oumbro d'homé, vau cen fremo.* The shadow of one man is of more worth than a hundred women. *Fremos et telo, leis foou has veiné a la candelo.* Women and linen must not be viewed in the daylight. Another remarkable expression is the famous *Ti cali un basséour.* I will give you a box on the ear. It is, however, worthy of remark, that the blow always precedes the threat. Other characteristic proverbs are the following: *Que a ben dinat, creis leis autreis sadouts.* Those who have eaten heartily, think others must be satisfied. *Jour passat jour gagnat.* A day passed is a day gained. *Lauso la mar, ten ti en terro.* Praise the sea, and stay on the land.

Nothing can be more comical than to hear French pronounced with the provincial accent; *plus haut* is changed into *bissau*; *verser* into *vesser*; *frotter* into *fretter*; *peu* into *bau*, etc. Still more laughable is it when whole words and proverbs are intermingled with pure French; as *j'ai vu une fess*, instead of *j'ai vu*

une fois ; or *j'ai acheté une trousse cu*, instead of *achetée une port-épée*. *Trou* is substituted for *trop*, and *vid* for *viè*. The best of all is, *Madame l'a fait sans mettraire*, which signifies only, *Madame l'a fait de bonne grace* ; the last being expressed by the provincial sense *mautraire*.

It is inconceivable how much the women of Provence can express with a word of two syllables, *nani* ; they have twenty modulations of it at least :—Sharp and quick !—you may rely on it the fair one is really angry !—The first syllable long and the last hardly audible ! now again you may hope a little !—Both syllables slowly pronounced ! I wish you joy ! It is the affirmation of affirmations !

The following is the Lord's Prayer in the Provençal language :

« *Nouastre Païre què sias oou ciele, que vouastre noum siegue sanctificat ; què vouastre rouyaoumè nous arribè. Que vouastre volounta siegue facho su la terro, coumo din lou ciele. Dounas nou encui nouastre pan de cade jou. Pardounas nou nou astrei oousensos coumo lei pardounan à n'aquelei que nous an oousensas. E nou leïssez pa sucumba a la tentatien : mai delivra nou doou maou. En sin sie.* »

The first volume of *Sismondi's Literary History of the South of Europe*, contains an interesting sketch of Provençal poetry, with numerous specimens. English translations of the poetry of the Troubadours may be found in *Mrs. Dobson's History*.

From *Marseilles*, the traveller may proceed by water to almost any port of Italy; to Leghorn in a very short time, and save much land-carriage; or he may go from Antibes or Nice to Genoa, if it be his design to visit Italy, by the route of Provence, instead of crossing the Alps. We shall now visit TOULON.

No. X. From MARSEILLES to TOULON, $7\frac{1}{2}$ posts, about 41 English miles.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
MARSEILLES to Aubagne	2	Cujes to Beausset.....	2
Cujes.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	TOULON (1).....	2

The road, for some distance, on quitting Marseilles, is enclosed between walls, but after we pass the village of St Masrel, it becomes open and beautiful, coasting the river Veauue. *Aubagne* is a neat little town, situated on this river, has some antiquities in its neighbourhood, and a commerce in wine and pottery. Population, 5600. Corn, wine, oil, capers, and silk, are produced in great abundance, for the size of the territory; the *vin de muscat*, both red and white, known by the name of Malvoisie d'Aubagne, is deservedly celebrated.

Aubagne was the birth-place of the Abbé Barthelemy, the celebrated author of *Anacharsis's Travels*. He had a house in the neighbourhood, which is still in the possession of one of his descendants. While at Aubagne,

INNS.—(1) Cross of Malta, Golden Cross.

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the traveller of taste will undoubtedly devote a day to the examination of the beautiful valley of *Gemenos*, a continued series of corn, vines, olive, fig, almond and other fruit-trees, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills. The village stands at one end of the vale, and near it a chateau in a fine situation. This place is celebrated by DE LILLE, who calls it riant *Gemenos*, vallon fortuné, and thus apostrophizes it :

Lieu charmant ! trop heureux qui dans ta belle plaine,
Où l'hiver indulgent attiédit son haleine,
Au sein d'un doux abri peut, sous ton ciel vermeil,
Avec tes orangers partager ton soleil,
Respirer leurs parfums, et comme leur verdure,
Même au sein des frimats défier la froidure !

The little valley of St. Pons, close to the village of *Gemenos*, about two miles in length, is preferred by some persons to the far-famed *Vaucluse* : yet we do not think them fair subjects of comparison ; one is very beautiful, the other grand and striking. In the middle of the valley are the ruins of a convent of nuns, of the Cistercian order. Returning to *Aubagne*, and proceeding thence on our road to Toulon, the next town is *Cujes*, remarkable for the numerous caper plantations in its neighbourhood. From this place to the valley of Le Beausset, one continued vineyard, the road gradually ascends, and is in some parts, very beautiful. *Beausset* is a large bourg, and has manufactures of cloth, calicoes, dyers houses and glass-houses : an abundance of olives in the neighbourhood. A dreary and desolate

scene now presents itself, and a rosemary bush is quite a variety; at length the road becomes narrower, is covered with fragments of rocks, and we enter the sublime mountain-pass of *Ollioules*.

The chalky declivities have not the least appearance of verdure; the road is very steep, and is continually winding; the naked rocks, inaccessible even to the wild goat, seem by their hanging positions to threaten the traveller, and often deprive him of the sight of the heavens. The ground is strewn with fragments of basaltic rocks, which evince the existence of ancient volcanoes. Every object concurs to augment the horror of the place, which might well be taken for one of the entrances to the infernal regions. When the traveller comes out of this passage he soon leaves the rocks behind him, and views fields covered with the pine and the olive; and meadows enriched with the almond and the fig-tree; and although the place has still a wild appearance, it seems to be the boundary between Erebus and Elysium.

At the mouth of this valley, and the entrance of the beautiful and fertile plain where Toulon is situated, we first perceive *Ollioules*. The walls are built with fragments of basalt, which gives them a blackish appearance; but the country is beautiful. We there see many of the villas or country houses of the inhabitants of Toulon, which are, in proportion, as numerous as those of the Marseillois; while charming gardens meet the sight in every di-

rection, and the most delightful scents perfume the air. Orange, lemon, citron, and date-trees, attain the greatest perfection in the open ground; the olive flourishes in abundance; and it is to the culture of these trees that the place owes its name. The oils which they produce are not of a very good quality; but they are very useful for the soap manufactories, of which there are several at Ollioules. The dried figs of this place are in much esteem.

In leaving the town the road is very stony, and fatiguing to travellers; but we are soon compensated for this by the cheerfulness of the landscape with which we are surrounded. We presently come to a hill, whence we have a fine prospect of fields covered with caper-trees, the open sea, the roadstead of Toulon, with the city and its forts.

TOULON, situated on the Mediterranean, has one of the largest and best ports in Europe, for men of war, consisting of the old and new ports connected by a canal, and covered towards the north by lofty mountains, and defended by castles and batteries. Louis XIV constructed the new port, to which there is a magnificent arsenal, containing every thing requisite for the equipment of ships. The streets of the upper or old town are narrow and disagreeable, while those of the lower, or new town, are airy and well built, and are refreshed and kept clean by numerous fountains, supplied with water from the neighbouring mountains.

The *climate* of Toulon is milder and more healthy than that of Marseilles; the summers are hot, but there is always a salubrious sea-breeze. The winters are four and six degrees milder, the town being almost entirely protected from the cold winds. Every thing ripens three or four weeks earlier; indeed, a great part of the southern vegetation, as date-trees, stand the winter in the open air. For a residence, it is almost as dear as Marseilles.

The principal objects worthy of attention at Toulon are the marine arsenal, the timber-yards, forges, *corderie*, where the rope is made, built of stone, and near 2000 feet in length; the depôt for masts and sails, the magazine of arms, partly destroyed by the English when they evacuated Toulon in 1793, but now rebuilt; and the celebrated *dock*, constructed by M. Gognard. It is a deep basin, enclosed in brick-work, of the form of a line of battle ship, its length is 300, and its breadth 100 French feet. In the front is a sluice-gate, or lock, capable of being opened and shut at pleasure, and at the back a building with 84 large pumps; by means of the former, the basin is filled with water for bringing the ships in, and by the latter it is emptied for repairing them.

The exercising ground, called the *Champ de Bataille*, where the soldiers perform their evolutions is a handsome square, surrounded with a double row of poplars and aspen-trees. We should also visit the fort Joubert; the *maison commune*, on the fine

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quay Marchand; the two colossal caricatures here, which support the balcony, are the work of the celebrated Puget, who, having been offended by the two consuls, cut their likeness so well in stone, that the whole town immediately acknowledged the strong resemblance which they bore to the originals. Other objects of curiosity are a military arsenal, the lazaretto, the ci-devant cathedral, from the tower of which there is a beautiful view of the coast, the roads, ports, dock-yards, etc.; the ci-devant seminary, a fine building, and the *bagne*, a receptacle for the galley-slaves or convicts. Toulon has a maritime prefect, a school of navigation, and a tribunal of commerce. Its trade consists in wine, brandy, oil, capers, figs, raisins, almonds, oranges, jujubes, and other excellent fruits; manufactures of soap, common cloth and taffeteis.

The approach to Toulon has nothing striking, it is that of every fortified town. Surrounded with ramparts *à la Vauban*, with slopes covered with turf, with ditches and bastions, it has only two gates, that of France and that of Italy. Its enclosure extends in length, parallel with the harbour, which oblong form has suggested an etymology of its name Toulon, as if *tout-long*; but it is more probably derived from the town of *Telo* or *Tolo*, founded by the Roman general Telo Martius, and mentioned by that name in the Itinerary of Antoninus.

The valley in which Toulon is situated is defended towards the north by high moun-

tains; the east and west afford a shelter of hills not so lofty; it expands towards the south and forms a plain of about three leagues, of which the town occupies the centre.

Louis XII was the first who perceived the advantages that might be derived from so safe a harbour as that of Toulon, with the finest road for ships in the Mediterranean; he caused a great tower to be erected at the entrance of the port, which was completed under Francis I. Henry IV fortified the town all round: but it was Louis XIV who undertook the immense works and grand constructions which excite the astonishment of travellers: every thing here bears the stamp of the genius of that great king.

Every body knows the importance of the military port of Toulon, which is on the Mediterranean what Brest is on the Ocean. It is divided into the new and old port, which might be better named the commercial and military ports. The first is bordered by a broad handsome quay, much more airy than that of Marseilles; the second, situated to the right of the former, can only be entered with a permit, which, however, is not difficult to obtain.

It is a pleasing sight to behold the activity that reigns in this town. Here float in the air the flags of a multitude of vessels destined to transport to the old or new world whatever can render life more agreeable or more comfortable; there, beyond the towers and the chain which closes the port, floating citadels

defend the road; and are always ready, at the first signal, to pursue any enemy who dares approach. The streets are covered with a brisk lively people, always in motion, who only make way for the galley-slaves, that are always carrying beams, ropes, cannon, balls, and every thing necessary for the equipment of vessels. One's curiosity is excited and becomes impatient; one knows not where to begin where there is so much to see and admire.

The arsenal of Toulon is an establishment calculated to elevate the mind and inspire a just feeling of pride; every thing there is great in the conception and plans, every thing is ingenious in the means employed.

The door of the arsenal was erected in 1738, and its construction is generally admired; it agrees perfectly with the place for which it was built. This handsome entrance is ornamented with detached Doric columns, low-reliefs and marine trophies, and with two figures, one of Mars, the other of Minerva; in the centre is a shield with trophies and *cornucopias* from which issue sea shells. At one of the extremities of the attic is a genius who embraces a bundle of laurels; at the other a genius who holds another of palms; there are also trophies of instruments relative to the sciences.

The entrance of the arsenal is constantly shut to prevent the concourse of curious persons disturbing the workmen, and to keep out ill intentioned people. On passing the door, where the permit must be shown, you imme-

diately enter the great dock-yard. Here is preserved the fregate *Muron*, in which Bonaparte escaped from Egypt. It is not a frail skiff, as has been so often said, but a fregate carrying thirty-six guns.

The basin or dock constructed by the celebrated engineer Grognard, which we have already mentioned, is an astonishing work, considering the infinite obstacles he had to conquer in the execution of it, and the inconceivable operations which the nature of the spot forced him to have recourse to.

The English and Spaniards together got possession of Toulon in 1793. When the English evacuated the port, they burnt and sunk several vessels. Attempts have been made to raise them; but there are still some hulks that can only be destroyed by diving and by piecemeal. For this purpose, forty-four divers were procured from Naples, who received five francs a-day, and the half of what they could draw up. Among these articles, there are many that have not much value, as in several parts the fire has consumed the vessel into the centre of the timbers; which proves that it burnt for a long time under water. But all that is metallic can be of service, and is bought according to an estimation made at the arsenal. The divers make use of scissars and knives, five or six feet long, fastened into a beam of given dimensions: they place the edge as they think best, and galley-slaves, employed for this purpose, drive the instrument by means of a rammer into the wood; if any

thing is detached it is fished up directly. Every diver, before he goes down, makes the sign of the cross, and only remains under water two or three minutes.

The collection of masts is very curious: we saw some that were composed of six trees dovetailed, and jointed into each other, and fastened with iron hoops which galley-slaves forced in with incredible difficulty; twenty were employed to push a bar of iron, which, slipping along the mast, covered thick with tallow, hit the hoop and made it enter; at the end of an hour, the hoop had hardly advanced a line. One of the largest masts was 110 feet long, and nine or ten in circumference.

In a particular workshop, forty galley-slaves are employed in spinning hemp for the weavers and the rope-makers. The spindles are all put in motion at once by a common wheel and rope; but are so arranged that each man can stop his spindle without deranging the work of his companions. Each man can spin a pound of hemp a day; which is the mean quantity; but of course some spin quicker, and some finer than others.

The timber used for masts comes from Norway or Corsica; the firs of that island are more resinous than those of the North, and consequently resist the water better; but they are not so tall and are more knotty.

The rope-walk (*corderie*) is a gallery, built by Vauban, and vaulted with free-stone. The upper story is occupied by a great number of workmen who prepare the hemp and

flax for the spinners I have just mentioned. They first make packthread, which is tarred; of this they take a sufficient number to make a *cordou*, that is, a strong rope; three *cordons* joined together form an *aussière*; and the union of three *aussières* composes a cable.

Near the *corderie* is the *voilerie*, where they are incessantly occupied in fabricating, sewing, or mending sails.

The workshop of the blacksmiths might give one an idea of the den of the Cyclops; there is forged and wrought all the iron-work necessary for ships. A great number of galley-slaves work here, and are paid according to their talents.

The joiner's work is not less multifarious, and the number of articles they complete is inconceivable. Among them is an enormous provision of wooden legs.

Next to the joiners is the workshop of the sculptors; they execute the wooden ornaments which decorate the prow, the stern, and some parts of the interior of vessels.

After the workshops we must visit the magazines. The general magazine was burnt by the English, but has been since rebuilt. As it is not of sufficient extent, there are several other secondary magazines: but they are all dependant on the great one; whenever an article is delivered in one of the magazines, the order must always be given in the general magazine, and the certificate for it must be revised.

The most ordinary things may present a

striking and even agreeable appearance from their number, their variety, their distribution and symmetry; this is the case with the particular magazines which form the general magazine at Toulon. Each appears like a great shop, where every thing necessary for each vessel is to be had. Every thing that can be wanted is ticketed, and arranged in admirable order; it is the most curious and best furnished fair one can possibly see. Each magazine has a number and an indication of the objects it contains.

The hall of models, by which we finished our visit, is one of the most curious establishments in the arsenal. Whenever a vessel is built on any new plan, they begin by forming the model, and they frequently make one also of any foreign vessel in which any remarkable improvement is discernible. Here we saw a machine invented by a galley-slave in 1798, for diving and working under water. It is a hollow mannikin with sleeves, in which the diver places himself; the eyes are covered by two glasses: a long branch, adapted to the head of the mannikin, contains three pipes, one for inhaling the air, the second for exhaling it, and the third for speaking; bellows fixed to the extremity of these pipes were to serve to facilitate respiration and the renewal of the air. The wretch, who hoped to obtain his liberty by this invention, was the victim of it; he remained too long one day under water, the blood was running out of his nose and ears when they drew him up, and he died soon after.

But of all the objects of curiosity at Toulon, the most striking, particularly for an Englishman, is the *Bagne*, or receptacle for the galley-slaves; the abode of those desperate wretches, who, as Young emphatically says:

Are hammered to the galling oar for life,
And plough the wintry wave, and reap despair.

In visiting great manufactories, in observing the grandeur of ancient monuments, in examining the constructions of a port and the magazines of an arsenal, we behold an interesting display of the power of man, and contemplate with satisfaction the boldness and energy of his genius; we might think him a God did we not know he is mortal: but let us enter this *Bagne*; here we shall see man fallen, degraded, we shall witness the most frightful spectacle of human misery, and behold the last degree of misfortune and degradation into which a living creature can fall.

It is supposed that these prisons obtained the name of *Bagne*, because there are baths in the place where the slaves of the Grand Signior are kept.

The *bagne* at Toulon cannot be seen without a particular permission. At the very entrance of the building, the smell is so shockingly disgusting, that one retreats involuntarily; and it requires a very strong curiosity to determine one to plunge into such a pestilential hole. It is only a long room, in the middle of which the slaves are placed, with

no other light or air but what comes through some grated windows at the top.

The galley-slaves are either in great rooms of this sort, which are properly the *bagnes*, or in some old galleys or hulks covered with a roof; of the latter there are four still remaining, which are painted red, and look like wooden barracks. We first visited one of these galleys, which was filled by a troop of slaves who had only arrived eight days before. Each of these troops is called a chain, because, during their journey, they are all fastened to one chain, that none of them may escape, and that the guards who conduct them may more easily watch them.

These galleys can contain 1200 slaves; they are much cleaner than the *bagnes*, and the circulation of air is much freer. All these prisoners, being lately arrived, had their heads shaved; and their doublet of a bright red, with a cap of the same colour which they held in their hands, had a tolerably good effect from their uniformity.

We next went to a *bagne*: it was just the time of dinner, and there was a great noise; but the keeper, called an *argousin*, who conducted us, whistled; upon which we immediately heard a dreadful rattling of chains; each one resumed his place, took off his cap, and preserved the most profound silence.

The slaves are all placed on great wooden benches like the beds in a guard-house; each one has hardly any more place than what a man can occupy, and there are several on the

same bench; they are fastened to a common ring by a chain long enough to allow them to go from the bench to the post where the ring is fixed, and near which is the tub destined to receive their excrements, and into which they throw vegetables, bits of fruit, and fragments of any thing they have been eating. It is easy to conceive what putrid and deleterious exhalations must proceed, especially during the night, from these men, whose pores are open from constant labour, and who are horribly dirty, and from those abominable tubs, notwithstanding the care that is taken to empty and clean them as often as possible.

The prisoners eat, drink, and sleep on these wooden beds; and, in short, pass all the time there that they are not employed at work, with nothing on them but dirty blankets, torn and rotten. The food, which is given them in wooden bowls, is as disgusting as their habitation. Every time they stir, you hear the horrible rattling of their chains; when they leave their bench, or resume their place, you fancy you see some of those great baboons, or wild animals, which are shown chained up in cages, and forced to obey at the sight of a stick.

When the time for working is come, the long chain which fastens them to the post is undone, and they only have that which keeps them coupled two and two; it is fixed to their leg by a large ring, and is long enough not to impede their motions. The ring weighs four pounds and a half, and the chain twenty-two pounds; each of them supports a part of

it when walking, except when they are loaded with heavy burdens. Each part of their dress is marked with the letters GAL ; and all have their number on a plate fixed to their cap.

Though these wretches have no clothing but a wide pantaloon and a waistcoat, they are made to pass through a grate, one by one, every time they go out or into the *bagne* ; and there, two keepers (*argousins*) feel each of them under the arms, on the belly, and the back, to be certain that they have stolen nothing, and that they do not carry off any tools, which they might employ to effect their escape. Notwithstanding this precaution, they commit thefts every day ; they hide, with wonderful cunning, in the corners of the dock-yard, frequently very considerable pieces of copper or iron which they have purloined.

However rigorously they are watched, the prisoners contrive to have intelligence without, and get off the stolen articles to their accomplices, who reward them accordingly.

The crimes they commit during the time they are imprisoned, are punished with the greatest severity. Every *argousin* is armed with a strong cane, which he lifts on the least disobedience, on the slightest murmur, and the blow always follows the threat. It is painful to see men treated so harshly, but those who manage them pretend, that without this extreme severity, these men, almost all audacious, and many most abandoned villains, would soon learn not to fear them, and dangerous disturbances might be the result.

The blows given by the *argousin* are only for the faults of the moment ; but more serious offences receive a severer chastisement. The offenders are kept a longer or shorter time in the *bagne*, and are not let loose from the post to which they are chained ; others are condemned to carry a double ring and a double chain ; and these punishments are commonly preceded by a certain number of blows, that are inflicted by some of their comrades who are charged with this cruel office.

Notwithstanding every precaution, it is impossible to foresee all the tricks a man will employ who has no other thought but that of recovering his liberty, and of escaping from such a wretched life ; and as the prisoners are often employed in the arsenal, desertions are pretty frequent.

As soon as an evasion is known, a cannon is fired, a little flag is hoisted, and patrols range through the country, or on the roads. The prisoners are often retaken, though sometimes they escape ; but for this they must be favoured by somebody in the town, who gives them a temporary asylum, and clothes to disguise themselves. One is astonished at the facility with which these men, without consideration, without any means, without resources, procure intelligence and protection beyond their prison. Indulgent relatives, prostitutes with whom they have lived, and professed thieves their accomplices, are commonly the persons who serve them. But even if they do recover their liberty, they commonly return to

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the career of crime; and among the malefactors whom the police arrests every year, there is always a pretty considerable number of runaway galley-slaves.

Having sufficiently detailed all the horrors of the galleys, it is right to mention what mitigation good conduct and repentance may hope to obtain.

The most criminal, and those who are condemned to irons for the greatest number of years, never go out of the prison; but those who, by their conduct, have merited the attention of the governors, or who have only a short time to remain in the galleys, are employed either in working in the port or arsenal, or in the service of the hospital or the governors. Those who are allowed to work at different trades in the arsenal, receive a certain pay, with which they may procure some comforts.

Some are acquainted with professions that are useful to their comrades, who pay for their services; such are chiefly the barbers: others know how to make little articles, which they are allowed to sell. By these means they procure better food, a little wine, better blankets, tobacco, sugar, and many other things calculated to improve their situation.

Among those whom the law condemned to the galleys, some have committed crimes less odious than others. Some even are from the better ranks of life. Of these, several are freed from the heaviest chains; but all, without exception, must go through their noviciate,

which consists in passing three weeks, or a fortnight at least, with the other galley-slaves; and, generally, they seldom obtain more liberty till after the expiration of several months; they then wear the ring alone, during the day; they are unchained every morning, and resume their chain only at night. Their labour also is less severe than that of the others. Some of them get employed as servants, and even as clerks. These must be known to be galley-slaves to be discovered: they have only a thin ring on their leg, which they contrive to hide moreover with their pantaloons, and they cover their shaved heads with a wig. One is surprised, at first, that men who have openly transgressed the limits of duty and honour, whose life has been nothing but a series of shameful actions, and even crimes, are not abandoned by the whole world: but these miserable men, whoever they may be, have perhaps respectable parents, interesting children, virtuous wives; to forget and abandon them entirely would be contrary to nature, repugnant to humanity; thus the solicitations of their friends interest the feelings of compassionate individuals, and frequently procure them some comfort and relief.

The population of Toulon varies considerably. When the English left it in 1793, the great number of inhabitants who followed them, those who died during the siege, or were executed after it, greatly depopulated the town; but the loss was soon supplied by

means of the numerous colonies that flocked to it from different parts of France.

Its actual population, almost entirely renewed, amounts to 27,000 souls, without including the workmen in the arsenal, who are commonly 3000, or the galley-slaves, who amount to 5000.

The national character of the inhabitants of Toulon, cannot at present be easily ascertained; but they were formerly reputed the most brutal people in Provence.

Travellers may find in Toulon most of the resources of great towns; a theatre, open all the year, handsome coffee-houses, pretty good inns and convenient baths.

Toulon is, upon the whole, an extremely agreeable residence. The promontories, the sea-shore, the neighbouring hills, and indeed the whole of the environs, afford the most charming walks. The naturalist may here find important objects of contemplation in the fish, the shells, the insects, and in the curious fossils which abound in the calcareous mountains; while the botanist may enrich his herbarium with various interesting indigenous plants, as well as with many elegant and curious exotics. A great number of these foreign specimens are successfully cultivated in private gardens, but chiefly in the public botanical garden, just without the town, near the gate of Paris.

A very pleasant aquatic excursion may be made to the peninsula of St. Mandrie. « This peninsula, » says an accurate observer, « is

about two thousand paces wide, and about a league in length; it is divided from cape Sepet, and the fort, by an arm of the sea, flowing majestically along, like a fine stream. The house at which I resided, situated on the declivity of a hill, between the roads and the town, must not be passed over without a more minute description.

“ You land on a fine green lawn, encompassed with gravel to resist the waves; by a gentle acclivity you are led through vines and olives, to the garden-door; from whence you discover the house embosomed in jasmine, olives, and pomegranates; here, seated on a shady terrace, you may copiously inhale an accumulation of odours, borne to you on the breezes of the sea; beyond this is a hollow, filled with tuberoses, Arabian jasmynes, *Heliotropium*, *Mignonette*, etc. and shaded by palm, pistachio, and cordia trees: farther on you meet with a walk formed by a double row of orange and pomegranate trees, leading to a cool grove of *Pinus maritima*, aspen, and poplar trees.

“ At the back of the house you ascend a fine eminence, at whose extremity rises hill above hill, cloathed with vineyards and fig-trees; these are succeeded by an odoriferous vegetation of rosemary, myrtle, broom, etc. till having attained the summit, you rest under the friendly shade of firs and larches.

“ Should you feel disposed to climb another mountain, you will have gained the highest point of the peninsula, where, from the her-

mitage you command an unbounded view, including the vale of Toulon, the roads, and part of the ocean, as far as the islands of Hyères. »

Valette, about four miles from Toulon, is a pretty rural retreat; and *Hyères*, distant twelve miles, is one of the most eligible residences in the south of France, in point of climate. The road to Hyères is very indifferent, but we are amply repaid by the beauty of the country, the surrounding landscape being every where ornamented with olive and fig-trees. We cross a beautiful valley, watered by a rivulet, which forms a great many falls from the points of the rocks over which it runs, and which are clothed with some species of laurel, *Laurus nobilis*, and *Nerion oleander*; on the left is an eminence, termed by the peasants the *Colline noire*, and a small but uncommonly fertile valley, appropriately named *le Paradis*.

The plain of Hyères next appears in sight, covered with palm-trees; the road which runs through it is very agreeable, and shaded by olive and fig-trees, while several rivulets fertilize the adjoining fields. The palm-trees, which we perceive at a distance, point out to us the site of the town of *Hyères*, which is built in the form of an amphitheatre, on the declivity of a mountain, that defends the whole plain, which stretches to the sea, from the influence of the north wind. The summit of the mountain is bare, and cleft in several places, so as to give it the appearance, when viewed from a distance, of a fort intended to

protect the city; which, on the whole, has rather a disagreeable aspect, owing to the streets being straight, gloomy, and steep. There were formerly a great number of convents in the city.

Towards the base of the mountain are situated the most modern houses, the principal street, the squares, and the inns where those strangers stop who are attracted to Hyères by the mildness of the climate; and in this direction there are also several celebrated gardens. Except in this lower part they have ceased to build, and the ancient town is now almost deserted. From thence, as far as the plain, which borders the sea, the declivity of the hill, though gentle, is yet sufficient to shelter the orange-trees from the influence of the north wind, and to facilitate the frequent irrigation necessary for their growth and support.

The *climate* of Hyères is delicious, and infinitely more favourable to consumptive habits (from November to April) than any other part of Languedoc or Provence, the whole of which is subject, more or less, to the *mistral*, vent de bize, or N. W. wind, and to considerable portion of severe weather. The snow is frequently three or four feet deep at Montpellier. Although the *mistral* may be considered as the *flaming sword*, which forbids the invalid from venturing into this Southern Paradise, yet it is not found *at every corner*. There are many pretty towns greatly protected from this wind between Avignon and

Marseilles; and if the winter be spent at Hyères or Nice, and the summer, and part of the autumn, at Montpellier, or almost any other place, the effects of wind and cold will be avoided altogether.

From the eminence on which the town is built, a gradual slope extends nearly three miles to the sea, and all this space is one luxuriant wood of orange-trees. The vale is nearly circular, and the surrounding mountains are partly covered with fertile plantations of fruit-trees, evergreen-oaks, etc. Provisions are here of the best kind. The water is pure and light: the bread fine, and of a good flavour; there is an abundance of fish, venison and poultry, and the mutton is particularly excellent. The strawberries, oranges, and pomegranates, as also the vegetables, particularly artichokes, are remarkably fine. Cow's milk and butter also may be easily procured. Wine, or whatever else a stranger may want, is easily procured from *Toulon*, to which a conveyance goes daily. The walks, both in the vale and round the mountains, are various and picturesque, abounding in romantic spots, in extensive and grand prospects of land and sea, depicted in the most brilliant colours. The *Hôtel des Ambassadeurs* is the best inn. The population is about 5000. There are commonly a few English families who winter in the environs of Hyères, for the sake of the climate. There cannot be a more delightful

retirement for those who stand in need of repose, and a mild salubrious air.

The chief exports from Hyères, are oil, wine, fruit, vegetables, and flowers, which are sent almost exclusively to Marseilles and Toulon. It has also some salt works. Oranges alone are so productive, that two guineas will purchase a thousand. The Hyeresians are distinguished for refinement and gentleness of manners; they understand the management of the sick, even to the most trifling minutiae: but much as they depend upon strangers, they always regard them as sacred. The three islands of Hyères, called Porquerolles, Porticros, and du Levant, which are seen from the town, will offer much amusement and information, particularly to the botanist(1), agriculturist, and mineralogist. Near the chapel of Notre-Dame-de-Consolation, on a hill, is a fine view of the sea and surrounding country, worthy the pencil of the first masters. Hyères has been the birth-place of some illustrious characters; among whom the most celebrated is *Massillon*.

A recent traveller, in his «*Recollections of Hyères,*» has afforded us an interesting picture of this agreeable spot. «*The environs of Hyères form a singular mixture of cultivated country and wastes, of land and sea, islands and promontories, hills and plains. Here you enjoy the rare advantage of being able to*

(1) They produce a number of rare plants; among others, the marum (*Teucrium marum*) the most powerful of all the European aromatics.

stroll wherever you please, because the gardens only are enclosed with hedges. When I left my residence, I said to myself: «I will ascend yon mountain»—and in a few hours I was on its summit. In my solitary rambles I consulted the winds as though I were going upon the water. I sought places sheltered from storms, and contrived to find spring in the midst of winter. Near the town the periwinkle, *vinca pervinca*, L. adorned the small streams bordering the roads. In January the pale colour of this flower was the only token of the inclement season. As the spring approached, its blue became deeper. If I rambled on the side towards the islands, I had to pass through rectilinear plantations of olive-trees, between long strippes of wheat of the most beautiful verdure, which alternated with the brown leafless vine-stocks. The pale green of the olive-trees, their light shade, and above all, the gentle motion of their branches, which, yielding to every wind, waved without noise to and fro, gave me some idea of the field of Elysium. Before I was aware of it, I reached the uncultivated waste. Numerous foot-paths led in all directions over the hills through woods of shrubs, which elsewhere we should be glad to find in gardens. I kept gradually rising above the plain without perceiving that I was ascending. The sea-pine soon began to spread its screen over my head. I wandered from path to path through groups of luxuriant rosemary, cistus, blue-bells, and more than all, of myrtles, growing in the shifting shade

of young pines ; I enjoyed at the same time the fineness of the day and the warmth of the sun. On reaching the summit of the hill I beheld at my feet the sea, the islands, with all the little bays and promontories which indent the coast, and I heard the roaring of the waves and the rustling of the wind among the pines of the wilderness.

«Reclined or seated upon the ground, I took delight, in the midst of winter, in listening to the hum of the bees, and in watching the evolutions of the flies. It seemed as if these creatures, though of so different a nature, were paying their homage to the sun as well as myself. The sea coast is an absolute solitude. Nothing is to be seen but some scattered villas which have been forsaken on account of the war. The sea too is deserted ; not a ship glides across it. The rocks and the outline of the shores are marked by the white foam of its billows. The islands are uninhabited, and bare of trees. Upon the nearest island only are to be seen the ruins of a modern castle, and some towers which formerly served as retreats from pirates and Corsairs. The other three islands were deserted at an earlier period.

«One of the highest hills of the coast is covered with small prickly oaks, which, the nearer you approach the top, appear more and more like shrubs. I was astonished to find that I could walk upon an oak wood as well as upon the green turf. The acorns of these dwarf trees were of the usual size ; and I met

with some that were one-sixth as long as the trees that bore them.

« These views of a nature so rich in itself are perpetually changing. When you are over the summit of a hill and have turned your back on the sea, a new country opens upon you : mountains meet your eye instead of the ocean plain. The most prominent object in the fore-ground of the landscape is the rock whereon is seated the town of Hyères, which, with its modern ruins and the relics of the ancient castle that crown it, has a tolerably picturesque appearance. This white town, reposing on a gray, and somewhat pyramidal rock, seems to be a large place. At a distance you would scarcely believe the smallness of the population and the poverty that prevails here. The finest buildings are now mere ruins. The good houses are all without the walls, as is the case with most of the towns in the south of France, which are surrounded with handsome villas, gardens, and walks, while the places themselves are relinquished to indigence and filth. The delicious climate is all that there is to enjoy. The rich valley of Hyères also seems more populous than it is. Half of the town itself is abandoned and lies in ruins. Many of the country-houses are in the same state, but still figure in the landscape.

« There were formerly at Hyères, two date palms, upwards of 100 years old. The one perished by the severity of the winter in 1789. The other survived a frost which killed the

orange trees. The dates produced by these trees were so ripe, that there are at present a great number of palm-trees sprung from them at Hyères, which proves that its climate is much warmer than that of Greece, where, according to Theophrastus, the fruit of the palm is always sterile. The *yam* thrives at Hyères, and will perhaps become an object of cultivation. »

In passing through this fine country, however, it behoves the traveller to remember that the Provençal peasants are in general little worthy of trust; those in the vicinity of Toulon are particularly crafty and deceitful. If you enquire the way to any place, they will either not answer, or endeavour to mislead you. If in travelling you stand in need of any assistance, they will laugh; if you are in danger, they will continue their route. If a traveller, parched by thirst, should pull a grape, he may esteem himself fortunate if this slight indiscretion do not draw on him a cudgelling, or induce the proprietor to fire upon him. Their cries resemble those of a tiger; their vivacity is rage. Their quarrels are often productive of serious consequences; for they frequently retaliate upon each other by giving a blow with a stick, a stone, or a thrust with a knife; which often proves fatal. He who committed the crime, on becoming calm reflects not on the atrocity of the action, but on the consequences to be apprehended from it. He abandons his victim, whom he might have assisted, and often dispatches him,

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in order to avoid detection. His resolution is soon taken; he flies, and posted in some secret hiding place, darts upon the unwary traveller, whom he plunders, and frequently even assassinates. Such is the conduct of the banditti who sometimes infest the roads of Provence.

From Hyères, we may proceed direct to *Frejus*, and thence to Nice; but as the route is very bad and mountainous, and the greater part of it can only be performed on horseback, we recommend the traveller to return to TOULON, and thence to join the high road to *Nice* at *Luc*, described in our Itinerary, No. IX.

No. XI. From TOULON to LUC, $6\frac{1}{2}$ posts; about 36 English miles.

FROM	POSTS.
TOULON to Solliés.....	2
Pignans.....	$2\frac{1}{2}$
Luc.....	2

The village of *Solliés* has a paper and soap manufactory; and the Bourg of Pignans has also paper-mills and flatting-mills. At *Luc* there are several tanners, and silver and lead mines in the neighbourhood; the village of *Muy* has oil-mills, tanners, etc. Between *Luc* and *Frejus*, a new feature in the landscape presents itself; the great American aloe (*agave Americana*) growing in immense tufts on the rocks, as the house-leek does with us.

Frejus, remarkable for the abundance of its fruits, the fertility of its soil, and the insalubrity of its climate, possesses some

remains of Roman grandeur ; the ruins of an arch, an aqueduct, a temple, and an amphitheatre. On the walls of the last is found in abundance the *lichen roccella* (orchall) so valuable for dying red and purple. Cæsar aggrandised and embellished this city, the ancient capital of the *Oxibii*: on which account it is called *Forum Julii*, whence its modern name of *Frejuls*, now pronounced Frejus. Augustus finished the port that Cæsar had begun ; and he placed in this a colony of soldiers of the eighth legion, which procured it the surname of *Colonia Octavianorum*. This port must have been of great extent, since Augustus sent to it three hundred vessels that he had taken from Anthony at the battle of Actium. The fleet which the emperor kept here, served to defend the whole Mediterranean coast as far as Marseilles. That city likewise served them for an arsenal. Amethysts, crystals, and the red and white jasper, are seen in its neighbourhood. It is equally celebrated in modern times, for being the place from which, in 1814, that sport of fortune, NAPOLEON BONAPARTE embarked to take possession of his new dominions in Elba.

In the year 1799 also, *Frejus* was the port at which he entered France, after his signal discomfiture in Egypt, and escaping many dangers in his passage. The commerce of Frejus consists in cork, leather, soap, canes, and reeds. There are also some extensive potteries and distilleries, and the anchovy fishery in the gulph is very productive. This commences towards the latter end of spring.

or at the beginning of summer. The fishers carry with them chafing dishes, in which they kindle clear fires with the chips of resinous wood. On the anchovies approaching they extinguish them, and beat the water, upon which the fish, wishing to escape, immediately retire, and are caught in the nets, with which they are surrounded. The anchovies are eaten fresh; but the greater part are salted. For this purpose, after removing the head and entrails, they salt the fish, and put them into barrels, with alternate layers of salt and fennel. Population, 2200. Frejus gave birth to JULIUS AGRICOLA, whose virtue and moderation are justly eulogized by his friend and relation, TACITUS.

Nothing can be more varied or picturesque than the passage across the mountains to Antibes; the road is every where lined with jasmines, myrtles arbutuses, and the most curious plants. The mountains and forest of the Esterelle, are highly interesting. Cannes, though fertile, is yet more unhealthy than Frejus. Its insalubrity is indeed so great, that according to a popular saying, *even the chickens there take the fever*. The people employed in the custom-house are obliged to be changed every six months; and the inspector lives at St. Tropez, whence he proceeds in a bark, when his presence is necessary. Oranges are here cultivated *for the sake of the flowers*, which are sold to the perfumers at Grasse and Nice, in great quantities. This coast is almost wholly covered with a very curious marine

production, *zostera marina*, which grows in great abundance every where along the shores of the Mediterranean. Eaten with salt, it affords an excellent salad.

At *Cannes* it was that Napoleon landed on his return to France, in 1815. The troops were disembarked by five in the evening, on the beach at Cannes; the emperor was the last to leave the brig. Napoleon took some refreshment and repose in a bivouac, which was prepared for him in a meadow surrounded by olive-trees, near the shore, where a small column was raised to commemorate the event, and where they used to show the table on which he was served. The emperor previously calling Termanouski, asked him if he knew what cavalry horses had been embarked at Elba? The colonel told him, he knew nothing of the matter, and that he himself had not brought one. "Well," replied Napoleon, "I have brought four horses; let us divide them. I fear I must have one: as you command my cavalry, you must have another. Bertrand, Drouot, and Cambrone must settle about the other two as well as they can." The horses had been landed some way farther down, so that the bivouac being broken up, Napoleon and his staff proceeded to the spot on foot. The emperor walked alone, interrogating some peasants whom he met. Termanouski and the generals followed, carrying their own saddles. When they found the horses, Bertrand, the grand-marshal, refused to take one; he said he would walk.

Drouot followed his example. Cambrone and Molat were the other two mounted officers. The emperor then gave Colonel Termanouski a handful of Napoleons, and ordered him to procure some horses for immediate use. The colonel bought fifteen, giving any thing the peasants asked. These were harnessed to three pieces of cannon which were brought from Elba, and to a coach(1), given to her brother by the Princess Pauline. News came of the failure at Antibes. "We have made a bad beginning," said the Emperor; "but we have nothing to do but to march as fast as we can, and get to the passes before the news of our arrival." The moon rose, and Napoleon, with his invading army, moved forwards at eleven o'clock. They marched all night: the peasants of the villages through which they passed said nothing—they stared, shrugged up their shoulders, and shook their heads, when they were told the emperor was returned. At Grasse, a town of 6000 inhabitants, where there was a report that pirates had landed, every thing was in a state of alarm. Shops and windows were shut, and the crowds in the streets, notwithstanding the national cockade, and the shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*, suffered the troops to march without a word or sign either of disapprobation or approval. They halted for an hour on a hill above the town, and the soldiers began to look at each other with an air of doubt and dissatisfaction; when on a sudden a body of the towns people

(1) Lately exhibited at the London Museum.

were seen coming towards them with provisions, and crying *Vive l'Empereur* ! From this moment the people of the country seemed satisfied that the Emperor had landed, and his march was rather a triumph than an invasion. »

From Cannes may be visited the *Isle of Marguerite*, whence the traveller may embark for *Antibes*, if he prefer a short excursion by water. The fort at *Marguerite*, which answers the purpose of a state prison, has been celebrated in history, from the *Man in the iron mask* having been some time confined within its walls: the chamber in which he lived has only one casement, guarded with strong bars, and is still shown. *Marguerite* may be visited also from *Antibes*.

Antibes, called *Antiboul* by the Provençals, from *Antipolis*, is a small and ill-built city, but its port has a very elegant appearance ; it recalls to our recollection that of *Ostia*, the figure of which has been preserved on the medals of Nero, which was surrounded by porticoes. It is of a round form, provided with a quay, and a range of circular arcades. An extensive prospect may be had from the rampart. This city had formerly two aqueducts ; that which brought the waters of Biot still exists. The heights above *Antibes* afford a most magnificent prospect. The eye wanders over the city, the port, the fortifications, constructed by Vauban, the gulph, and the coast, which is prolonged in the form of a semi-circle ; we perceive hills, covered with-

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houses, in the midst of which stands the city of Nice; and in the back-ground rise the vast mountains of the *Maritime Alps*, capped with snow during great part of the year.

The fish caught on the shores of Antibes is highly esteemed. The Sardinias (*clupea sprattus* L.) are reckoned delicious. This fish, which takes its name from the island of Sardinia, is eaten, either fresh, smoked, dried, or preserved, in the manner of anchovies. There is also found on this coast the red mullet (*mullus ruber* Lacep.) so highly valued by the Romans, that they bartered them for their weight in gold, as well as another species of mullet, for which the Greek and Roman epicures displayed an equal avidity. These fishes are sometimes taken in the ocean, but they are neither so abundant nor so delicate as those in the Mediterranean, and especially on the coast of Provence, which also teems with a great variety of other excellent fish.

The females at Antibes wear a singular kind of head-dress, or straw hat, in the form of a truncated cone, resembling a Chinese bonnet, which equally protects them from the sun and the rain.

There are some charming rides along the beach at Antibes, which is smooth and firm. The corn is in ear before the end of April: the cherries are almost ripe at this time, and the figs begin to blacken. Population, 4200.

The most curious monument at Antibes is that of the young Septentrio. The inscrip-

tion is singular; it is let into the wall, at the corner of the street which leads to the church; and runs thus—

D. M.

PVERI SEPTENTRI
ONIS ANNOR XII QVI
ANTIPOLI IN THEATRO
BIDVO SALTAVIT ET PLA
CVIT.

That is, « To the memory of the boy Septentrio, aged twelve, who danced twice at the theatre of Antibes, with the greatest applause. »

It is probable that this youth, perhaps fatigued by the exertions he had made to merit the suffrages of the Antipolitans, during these two days, had died in their city, and that the inhabitants intended by this epitaph to record the regret they experienced at his loss, and the approbation with which they beheld his talents.

On leaving Antibes, the road continues along the coast; on the left are Biot, les Mausettes, and Villeneuve, till we arrive at *Cagnes*. Many rivers are passed, and at *St.-Laurent-du-Bar*, we cross the *Var*, over a long wooden bridge: this river may be forded, but the current is sometimes so rapid as to endanger the safety of carriages and horses. We now leave France, and enter **PIEDMONT**, the territory of the king of **SARDINIA**, and soon arrive at *NICE*.

Heureux séjour, montagnes renommées,
De *lavande*, de *thym*, de *citron* parfumées ;
Que de fois sous tes plants d'*oliviers* toujours verts,
Dont la paleur s'unit au sombre azur des mers,
J'égarai mes regards sur ce théâtre immense !
Combien je jouissais !

DE LILLE.

NICE is situated in a small plain, bounded on the west by the river Var, which divides it from Provence ; on the south by the Mediterranean sea, which comes up to the walls ; on the north by the Maritime Alps, rising by degrees into lofty mountains, forming an amphitheatre, and ending at Montalbano, which projects into the sea, and overhangs the town to the east. The river Paglion, which is supplied by the rains or melting of the snows, washes the walls of the city, and falls into the sea on the west. Nice is about a mile and a half in length, and a mile in breadth ; yet it is said to contain 20,000 inhabitants. The ancient splendour of Nice has suffered much from its various sieges, and particularly from the Revolution. Nice has two squares, a university, hospital, botanical garden, theatre and public library. There is also a handsome terrace near the sea.

House rent is dear in Nice, particularly in the *Croix de Marbre*, the usual resort of the English. A tolerable house in the suburbs, furnished, and large enough to hold twelve or fifteen persons, could not be hired, for five or six months, for less than 150*l.* ; with these, are delightful gardens, abounding in orange, lemon, almond, and peach-trees : but the

oranges never belong to the person who hires the house. Provisions have increased greatly in price, particularly butcher's meat, since the Revolution. In the year 1790 and 1791, meat was sold for three-halfpence and two-pence a pound of 12 ounces: and a hare, fowl, or brace of partridges, costs fifteen-pence. The prices now fluctuate, according to the number of strangers in the town. Woodcocks are abundant and extremely delicious. There are also red-legged partridges, the moor-cock, pheasant, and hare. The stag and roebuck are sometimes met with. Pigeons are dear, rabbits rare, and geese scarcely to be seen. All winter they have green peas, asparagus, artichokes, cauliflowers, beans, kidney beans, endive, cabbage, radishes, lettuce, etc., etc.; potatoes from the mountains, mushrooms, and the finest trufflles in the world. The winter fruits are olives, oranges, lemons, citrons⁽¹⁾, dried figs, grapes, apples, pears, almonds, chesnuts, walnuts, filberts, medlars, pomegranates, azarole, and the berries of the laurel. There are caper-bushes wild in the neighbourhood, and some palm-trees, but the dates do not ripen well, probably from want of impregnation. In *May* there are wood-strawberries, in the beginning of *June* cherries, and these are succeeded by apricots and peaches. The grapes are large and luscious. Musk-lemons are very cheap,

(1) A thousand of either citrons or lemons may be had for a guinea.

and they have water melons from Antibes and Sardinia.

Wine is very good and cheap: both red and white may be had of the peasants, genuine, for fourpence a quart, when taken in quantity. The wine of Tavelle, in Languedoc, very nearly as good as burgundy, may be had for eight-pence a bottle. The sweet wine of St. Laurent about a shilling, and pretty good Malaga for half the money. Wood for firing is about eight-pence a quintal, consisting of one hundred and fifty Nice pounds.

There is an endless variety of *insects* distributed over the plains and mountains of Nice; these are rather troublesome, even in winter, but the species met with on a walk on the mountains, afford to the naturalist a never failing source of amusement. The *tarantula* is found not only at *Nice*, but in some other places of Provence: it is now well known that the terrible effects attributed to this animal are altogether imaginary.

The *Nissards* are in general mild, humane, peaceable and complaisant. They are gay, lively, and pleasant in company; in a word, their manners, on the whole, are interesting and congenial with the mildness of their climate. The men are well made, but thin; the women are not remarkable for their beauty. Balls are frequent in the winter, but the Carnival, which is scrupulously observed here, is the gayest time of the year. Scenes of festive mirth are very general among the better classes of society, and prove a source of plea-

sure and entertainment to the stranger. The diversions of all classes consist chiefly in dancing, singing, and music.

The dress of the females consists of a close jacket, ornamented, on gala-days, with ribbons or bouquets; the petticoat is long, but, like the apron, is without any ornament. The common people of both sexes, except at festivals, wear their hair bound with a green fillet. Towards Monaco, Vintimille, and the eastern and southern part of the department, the women sometimes fasten it at the back of their head with a gold or silver bodkin. The dress of the men is very becoming. They wear a small waistcoat which reaches to their girdle; above it a short habit of the same stuff, with short sleeves; the skirts of this coat are only four inches in length; a girdle of blue or red cloth encircles their waist; their breeches are of the same colour as their coat; and their stockings are of blue or brown woollen.

The climate of NICE is particularly favorable to valetudinarians *during the winter*, which is in general remarkably mild. The spring is subject to piercing winds, and the autumn is usually wet; the summer is hot, but not insupportably so. Verdure prevails even in the winter; the trees are loaded with flowers and fruit, and butterflies are every where seen fluttering. The highways even, in some parts, are bordered with a hedge of American aloes (*agave Americana*). If frost sometimes occurs, which only happens during the coldest days,

it is but slight, and is soon dissipated by the influence of the sun. No climate possesses a more genial atmosphere, no soil a more smiling vegetation. The blossoms of the orange, the vine, and the laurel-rose, the infinite variety of flowers, plants, and shrubs, at all seasons of the year, lead us to exclaim—

VERTUMNE, POMONE, et ZEPHYRE,
Avec FLORE y règnent toujours ;
C'est l'asyle de leurs amours,
Et le trône de leur empire.

Such a temperature as this, has powerful attractions for the natives of northern regions—a sky ever clear, serene, and bespangled during the night with innumerable stars, is peculiarly welcome to the Russian, the German, and the *Englishman*. From the time of Smollet, who first made known to our countrymen the mildness of this delightful climate, it became the fashion to resort to Nice during the winter. But this hybernation was put an end to by the Revolution, and by the long and tedious wars which succeeded it.

The *language* of Nice, and that part of the department contiguous to the Var, is the dialect of *Provence*, mixed with a number of words derived from the Italian. The patois is not unintelligible to the inhabitants of Marseilles, though that of Monaco, only twelve miles from Nice, is entirely so. We have already given some specimens of the provençal language at page 298.

The *environs* of Nice are truly enchanting.

The irregularity of seasons, so detrimental to vegetation in other parts of the world, is here exchanged for a progress so uniform and imperceptible, that the tenderest plant appears to feel the change, and acquire new vigour by it. Every day brings forth another flower, every month its fruits, and every year a copious harvest. The light tinges of the spring yield to the brighter hues of summer; and autumn boasts of the deep crimson and the orange. Unexposed to the bleak influence of the north, the pendant grape soon comes to full maturity; the almond and the peach already tempt the taste; the citron and the orange promise an ample recompence for the toil of the husbandman. In the language of Lady Mary Montague, it may be said:

Here summer reigns with one eternal smile;
 Succeeding harvests bless the happy soil.
 Fair fertile fields, to whom indulgent heaven,
 Has every charm of every season given.
 No killing cold deforms the beauteous year,
 The springing flowers no coming winter fear;
 But as the parent rose decays and dies,
 The infant buds with brighter colours rise,
 And with fresh sweets, the mothers scent supplies (1).

Though Nice is no longer a part of the kingdom of France, we have described it at length, because it is the favourite retreat of invalids from England, during the winter season, and it resembles Provence so nearly

(1) To those who mean to reside at Nice during the winter we recommend the purchase of *Dr. Davis's Account of Nice*, to which we are much indebted.

in its climate, productions, and inhabitants, that it may still be accounted *geographically*, if not politically, a part of this highly favoured district.

Quitting *Nice* and returning to *Brignolles*, by the way we came, (See Itinerary No. 9) we shall make an excursion to the watering-place of *Digne*, deservedly celebrated for the almost miraculous cures which have been wrought here on *gun-shot wounds*.

No. XII. From BRIGNOLLES to DIGNE, $12\frac{1}{2}$ posts; about 70 English miles.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
Brignolles to Barjols...	$2\frac{1}{2}$	Riez to Begude.....	2
Quinson.....	$2\frac{1}{2}$	Mezee.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Riez	$2\frac{1}{2}$	DIGNE	$1\frac{1}{2}$

Barjols is a small town with a population of 3000 inhabitants, and has manufactures of paper, leather, and brandy. The next town which we see is *Riez*, agreeably situated on the *Colostre*, and celebrated for its antiquities, the most remarkable of which are four superb columns of the Corinthian order, about a pistol shot from the town; not far from this spot, in the midst of the fields, is a rotunda, composed of eight columns of the same order. *Riez* has manufactures of leather, and ropes. Population, 2950. Passing the valley of *Colostre*, we reach a vast plain covered with round stones, and here and there a nut and almond-tree scattered along it. Before we arrive at *Begude*, the road continues to ascend, and for

the space of a mile, we traverse a forest of arbutuses, juniper-trees, box and broom. Reach Begude, afterwards Mezée, and at length

Digne, which is situated in the midst of meadows, olive plantations, and vineyards, on the left bank of the Bléone. The streets are steep, winding, and narrow, and the houses wretched; but there is a fine public walk. The mineral waters, so celebrated for the cure of gun-shot wounds, are situated about two miles from the town. Near this place is the crater of an extinct volcano. *Digne* has a trade in dried fruits, and very fine plums. Population, 3350. From *Digne* we return to *Aix*, keeping the road to Brignolles, as far as Riez.

No. XIII. From RIEZ to AIX, 7 posts, 38½ English miles.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
RIEZ to Greoux.....	2½	St. Paul to Peyrolles...	1½
St. Paul.....	1¼	Aix.....	1⅝

Greoux is a little bourg, possessing mineral waters, and a population of 1200 inhabitants. *Peyrolles*, a small village near the Durance; here is a curious grotto, and a very pretty chateau. Descending a mountain, and traversing a wood, in a short time we arrive again at AIX.

CHAPTER IV.

From Aix to Montpellier. — Tarascon. — Excursion to Arles. — Description of Nîmes and Montpellier. — From Montpellier to Toulouse. — Béziers. — Narbonne. — Carcassonne. — Description of Toulouse. — Visit to Bagnères and Barrèges, in the Pyrénées. — Route from Toulouse to Bagnères de Bigorre. — Auch. — Tarbes. — Bagnères. — Barrèges. — Ascent of the Pic-du-Midi. — Fall of Gavarnie. — Return to Barrèges. — Route to Bordeaux by Pau and Bayonne.

No. XIV. From AIX to MONTPELLIER, $20\frac{1}{4}$ posts; about 112 English miles.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
AIX to St. Cannat.....	2	Carbussot to NISMES (1).....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Pont-Royal.....	2	Uchau.....	$1\frac{3}{4}$
Orgon.....	2	Lunel.....	$1\frac{3}{4}$
St. Remy.....	2	Colombières.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Tarascon.....	2	MONTPELLIER (2).....	$1\frac{3}{4}$
Carbussot.....	2		

THE route from Aix to Orgon, we have already traversed, and described in a former page (221). Quitting Orgon, we leave the road to Avignon on our right, and that to Marseilles on our left; passing over a plain bounded on the left by mountains, which form a fine contrast with the verdant meadows, vineyards and gardens, of the territory of Saint Remy,

INNS.—(1) The Louvre, the Luxembourg, in the best situation. (2) White Horse, Hôtel du Midi, Petit-Paris, Luxembourg.

on our left. *Saint Remy* is a small town agreeably situated, and has a population of 3000 inhabitants. About half a mile from the town is the site of *Glanum Livii*, a town which exists only in name, where are two Roman monuments of great beauty, which have survived the fury of the revolution; there is a good road to them. The one is a *mausoleum*, the other is a *triumphal arch*; they stand a few yards distant from each other; but it does not appear, that there ever was any connexion between them. They were, probably, built at very different periods of the art, the sculpture and architecture of the arch being much more chaste and perfect than those of the mausoleum; the latter is composed of a pedestal, ornamented in basso relievo with combats of cavalry and infantry, over which hangs a net full of fishes, borne up by genii and masks; at each angle is placed an Ionic pilaster; this pedestal sustains a square mass, pierced through with an arch in each front, flanked by Corinthian columns; the architrave is charged with this inscription:

SEXLMIVLIEICFPARENTIBVSSVIS.

That is, « Sextus, Lucius, and Marcus, sons of Caius Julieius, *erected this* to their parents.»

The frieze is adorned with snakes and winged dragons; above, is a circular pedestal and colonnade of twelve fluted Corinthian pillars, short and thick in their proportions; the entablature is covered with a conical dome: under it appears a *togated* and a *stolated* figure

of very different stature, without heads, probably the effigies of the persons to whose memory this tomb was consecrated. The whole building is light and pleasing to the eye, but upon an examination of its separate members, will be found faulty in many of its proportions; the columns are too short for their diameter, the roof is too heavy; perhaps, as was frequently the custom of the ancient masters, the architect sacrificed all consideration for the minuter parts to the general effect; and calculated the proportions so as to produce a proper sensation on the beholder at some certain point of distance, where the situation of the ground, or the projection of adjacent buildings, obliged him to take his stand to view it.

The *arch* has suffered severely by time and dilapidations; all the upper part is destroyed, and only the gateway and a portion of the side-walls subsist. In both fronts the impost, from which the arch springs, rest upon pilasters, and on each side of them are fluted columns of the Corinthian order, with their pedestals, which supported the general entablature, but scarce a third of the shafts remains. Between each pair of columns stands the figure of a slave, one male, the other female, and in the triangle above the arch are the fragments of two winged victories: the ceiling of the gateway is delicately wrought in hexagon compartments. All that is yet left of this venerable pile bespeaks the pure style of architecture, that flourished under

the first Roman emperors; the science was then simple and correct, not yet sophisticated by that surcharge of ornament which debased and disfigured it in the following ages.

Saint Remy has given birth to two celebrated men, the astrologer Nostradamus, and the abbé Expilly, geographer. The following quaint distich has been made upon John and Michael Nostradamus:

Nostradamus cum falsa damus, nam fallere nostrum est
Et cum falsa damus, nil nisi nostra damus.

Tarascon is agreeably situated on the left bank of the Rhone, directly opposite to Beaucaire, with which it is connected by a bridge of boats, the river being too wide and rapid, to admit of any other description of bridge being built over it; even some of the boats are frequently carried away when the N. W. wind blows very strong: as there is no parapet to protect the traveller, it is not safe to pass over in a carriage if the weather be boisterous. Beaucaire is remarkable for its chateau, the ancient residence of the Counts of Provence, and commonly called King René's castle. It is in very good preservation, and although used as a prison, is the principal ornament of the town. It is built of free-stone, in the Gothic style, and at the top there is a platform, commanding a fine view of the Rhone. In Saint Martha's church is a fine marble monument of that saint, and a curious grotesque figure called the Tarasque.

Every body has heard of Saint George and

the dragon; and there are several towns in France where some strange figure is carried about on certain festivals, in commemoration of the delivrance of the inhabitants from some horrible monster. The *tarasque*, according to Gervase of Tilbury, the most ancient author who mentions it, and who wrote about the beginning of the 13th century, was destroyed by Saint Martha, and was a serpent, of the leviathan kind, which lived in the Rhone, between Arles and Tarascon, and devoured those who descended the river. Saint Martha, who is mentioned in the Gospel, caught it in her veil, and subdued it.

The grotesque figure which represents the *tarasque* is carried about the town of Tarascon, every year on Whitmonday and on the feast of Saint Martha. It is made of wood, and represents a dragon: the body is formed of hoops covered with a painted calico, and has on its back a sort of buckler thick set with strait horns. On the sides of this monstrous figure are handles at equal distances for carrying it more conveniently.

On Whitmonday, the *tarasque* is committed to the care of eight clever vigorous young men; they wear white shoes and stockings; on their head is a muslin cap, and on their breast a shield charged with a figure of the animal; they carry the *tarasque* as high as their waist, and direct its motions so as to express rage and fury; sometimes they run violently, then stop; then turn round abruptly crying out: *La voulen may nostro tarascou.*

(We will always keep our tarasque). In order to augment the terror which this monster is meant to inspire on this commemorative festival, a man placed in the body of the animal makes him vomit young serpents by the eyes and mouth.

Those whom curiosity draws too near, often receive violent contusions: the inhabitants of Tarascon then seem enchanted with the prowess of their monster; far from feeling any compassion for those who are hurt, they push them about, and hurt them still more; and the people, transported with joy, make the air resound with these acclamations: *A qua ben fé! a qua ben fé! la tarascou a rou un bré!* (Well done! well done! the tarasque has broken an arm). Imprudent persons, and strangers who are ignorant of this savage custom run the risk of their lives: many have been killed; and the procession of the tarasque always occasions some accident.

But, on the feast of Saint Martha, the tarasque plays a very different part; it assists at the procession, and a young girl dressed in white, leads it, tied with a long ribbon of the same colour as the saint is supposed to have led it into Tarascon. When the procession has entered the church, the monster is presented to the clergy at the gate of the choir; when a priest sprinkles it with holy water, and the animal is immediately seized with convulsions and falls on its side.

The trade of Tarascon consists in corn, wine, brandy, silk, etc. Manufactures of silk,

brandy, serge, cooperage. In a house called the *Radoub*, there are more than two hundred persons constantly employed in making boats for the transport of salt in Provence, the Lyonnais, etc. Population, 12,000. The air of the environs is temperate and healthy. The ground is more deficient in wood, than in verdure or grain, and is so light that a plough with one horse, or even an ass, suffices for tillage. The women work much in the fields, and not a few of them without stockings or shoes, or even covering upon the head to screen them from the sun.

While at Tarascon, the traveller should not forget to pay a visit to the town of *Arles*, about eight miles distant, remarkable for its antiquities, and remains of old manners and customs. Passing over a rich and fertile plain, we reach *Arles*, which at first sight presents nothing but an assemblage of narrow and deserted streets, and ugly houses; an appearance widely different from what it was, when Constantine the Great, and after him his sons, honoured it with their presence. Then, theatres, palaces, and amphitheatres were raised on every side, to receive and entertain these mighty guests, and Arles became the centre of government, and the rival of Marseilles in the trade of Italy: thither the inhabitants of the northern districts came to purchase the gaudy superfluities of luxury, and from thence carried back into their forests new wants and the vices of more refined nations. The urbanity which a splendid court is wont to diffuse

around the place of its residence, polished the manners of the Arlesians to a degree above the citizens of other towns; and if we may credit the report of travellers, who have remained here long enough to form acquaintances, this softness of manners, and ease of behaviour, are still perceptible in the best societies; holding a pleasing medium betwixt the formality of the long robe, that once led the fashion at Aix, and the familiarity, which at Marseilles is acquired by habits of traffick.

The glory of Arles faded with that of Rome; and from the day that Honorius submitted to the dictates of the barbarian powers, this city became involved in continual disquietudes and distresses; besieged, plundered, depopulated, by every passing swarm of conquerors, it fell to ruin; commerce fled from its deserted wharfs to seek prosperity in other ports; the canals that were wont to bestow fertility upon its sunburnt plains, and to convey their rich productions to a ready sale, were left without repairs or support, and soon choked up with sand, formed heads to numberless torpid pools, the sources of infection and disease (1). Arles now became, successively, the property of various masters, and was at last vested in the Counts of Provence, who were supplanted in later times by the Kings of France, who

(1) Since the French monarchs possessed Provence, these evils were in some measure remedied; but there are yet many parts of the environs of Arles that are exceedingly feverish and unwholesome in summer.

remedied many of the physical evils belonging to the climate and situation of this place.

In traversing the streets of Arles and its environs, we meet at every step, numberless proofs of its former magnificence. The church of St. Honorat, the Hôtel-de-Ville, the archbishop's palace, convent of the Misericorde, and many private mansions contain a vast quantity of inscriptions, relievos, fragments, columns, etc. The principal antiquities are, 1°. The *amphitheatre*, smaller than that at Nismes, and much disfigured by the miserable dwellings of the poor: it never was finished, the work having probably been interrupted by the prohibition issued against gladiatorial shews soon after Christianity ascended the throne of the Cæsars. Through a strong attachment to those sanguinary entertainments transmitted from father to son since Provence belonged to the Romans, or at least, since it was subject to the kings of Aragon, the people of Arles retained the taste for bull-feasts down to the present age; wild bulls were frequently driven from the Camargue (1), and combats exhibited in the ancient amphitheatre before a vast concourse of spectators who were agitated by the same fierce emotions, and expressed them with the same frantic acclamations, that resounded in the shows of ancient Rome, and

(1) The Camargue is an island eighteen miles in length, formed by two branches of the Rhone. It is extremely fertile, and feeds an incredible number of horses and cattle which are almost wild. The horses are active and hardy, but unruly and ugly.

are still to be heard in the bull-feasts of Spain. The frequent loss of human lives induced government to abolish these savage sports at Arles. 2°. In the garden of the Misericorde, the remains of a theatre of which two columns only, and five arches exist; there are but two of the latter entire. 3°. In the abbey of St. Suaire, fragments of columns and cornices, and a fine mosaic pavement. 4°. In private houses on the banks of the Rhone, near St. John, columns of granite and white marble, fragments, etc. 5°. A fine granite obelisk which ornaments the place of the Hôtel-de-Ville, the only *ancient obelisk* of the kind in France, in one piece: this was broken in its fall, and is sixty feet in height.

The *Hôtel-de-Ville*, which forms one side of this square, is a fine modern building designed by Mansard, and contains a number of curious antiquities; here are a torso, and a plaster cast of the *Venus of Arles*, the original of which is now in the Louvre. The *Cathedral* is a Gothic edifice, principally remarkable for the multitude of statues and sculptures with which the front of it is decorated. In the Champs-Élysées, without the town, there is a great number of tombs, sarcophagi and inscriptions,

From its marshes, bogs, and the channels which overflow the fields and meadows, Arles is one of the most unhealthy towns in France. The climate is, indeed, extremely mild, but the perpetual damps, the badness of the water, and the low situation of the town, render the

inhabitants much subject to agues and malignant fevers.

The inhabitants of Arles are thus characterized by a recent traveller. "To me," says he, "they appear a sort of Provençal Dutch. They are phlegmatic, quiet, and good-natured, though not without a certain mixture of southern vivacity and tranquillity. They are lustier than those of other provinces; their features are nevertheless, strongly marked, and they possess countenances peculiar to all the inhabitants of the south. To describe them in a few words, *ce sont des Hollandais au vin.*" The women, it is confessed by all, are very beautiful, and are equally remarkable for their graceful carriage, and taste in dress; no place abounds more with lovely children, particularly of the female sex. The costume of the peasant women, whom we see at the markets, and about the town, reminds one of the airy garments upon the dancing nymphs of Herculaneum. These peasant girls wear light, open mantles, loosely flowing to their knees, over a short petticoat, that discovers their taper legs and silk stockings; bracelets of gold beads adorn their wrists; a silk handkerchief confines part of their jet black locks, without concealing their sparkling eyes and animated countenances. This dress suits admirably with the elegance of their form and the suppleness of their limbs.

The *trade* of Arles consists in corn, wine, oil, manna, and all sorts of fruit. Its *sau-*

cissons are particularly famous. The quay of the Rhone forms a sort of sea-port, whence small vessels and coasters take shelter. Population, 18,000.

To have a view of the singular country round Arles, we should ascend the tower of the Hôtel-de-Ville, whence are seen the two fork-like branches of the Rhone, which encompass and fertilize the celebrated *Delta* or triangular isle of the *Camargue*, containing thousands of wild horses, sheep, and oxen; every animal being stamped with a particular mark to designate its respective owner. This gives birth to a sort of Arcadian festival known by the name of *ferrades*, which is thus conducted. The *ferrades* are usually set on foot by several proprietors at the same time; and are attended by many thousands both of invited and uninvited guests, from a distance of ten miles round. To this end a sort of circus is formed with carts, upon a large and newly-mown meadow, where the operation can be performed with safety to the operator. Each cart is adorned with flags, streamers, and ribands; and provided with a scaffold for the accommodation of the spectators. On one side of the circus a large fire is lighted for heating the marking-iron. On the opposite side is an opening through which the cattle may be driven, which are in the mean time confined near at hand. The marking of the bulls being attended with the greatest difficulty, we shall describe it more at length.

As soon as the usual signal is given by

three pistol shots, the guards on horseback, armed with three-pronged goads, proceed to the enclosure, let out from twelve to fifteen bulls, and drive them at full gallop into the circus, and directly up to the fire; which they hardly reach before five or six guards spring on each, bring them to the ground, and hold them motionless till the principal shepherd has pressed the red-hot iron on their legs.

The instant this is done they are let loose, to run foaming, raging, and roaring, round the circus. The guards on horseback seek the open place; those on foot save themselves in the carts, which are often overthrown by the bulls; and the whole presents a truly tragicomic scene. The bulls at length becoming weary, stand still; and quietly follow the cows to the meadow, which are brought into the circus for that end. The former scene then recommences with another number, and thus not less than a hundred are marked daily.

A pretty wooden bridge, with a foot-path and seats, joins Arles to the faubourg *Trinquetaille*, formed by a point of the island of Camargue.

The view from the tower presents, at the same moment, the most striking contrast of abundance and sterility; the one in the territory of the town, and on the banks of the Rhone; the other in the famous plain of *Crau*, about two miles distant. Nothing presents itself to the eye, but an immeasurable expanse of stones, piled upon stones from three to four, and

in many places to *fifty feet* deep, resting upon a boggy mass, composed of clay, sand, and gravel, held together by a sort of glutinous chalk. Although this desert appears to be nothing but a barren and stony plain, yet it affords excellent pasturage for sheep, as a number of the finest aromatic plants grow between the stones; hence the mutton acquires a very fine flavour. Some part, however, of the plain, has, within these few years, been gained for the purposes of agriculture in consequence of the soil deposited by the river Durance, and the irrigating canals with which it has been overflowed; and great hopes are entertained that the whole may, some day, be restored, and rendered fit for the produce of grain, an article in which this part of France is very deficient. The valley of Stones, in the North of Devon, may be said to resemble the plain of *Crau*. Returning to Tarascon, we proceed on our journey to Nismes.

Crossing the Rhone, on the bridge of boats, and arriving at *Beaucaire*, we now bid adieu to Provence, and enter into the large and fruitful province of *Languedoc*, (department of the Gard,) justly famed for the diversity of its soil and produce, and its genial skies. *Beaucaire*, from the low Latin, *belloquadra*, signifying the square castle on the summit of a rock, still respectable in its ruins, is chiefly celebrated for the large fair held here on the 22d of July, and which finishes on the 28th, at midnight. This fair attracts merchants and traders from various countries, even from

Persia and Armenia, and the amount of purchases and sales is generally more than two millions sterling. As the town is inadequate to the accommodation of all the strangers, many of them pass the night in tents. At the fair time, boats go to Lyons every day; and three times a week, the rest of the year. Population, 8000.

It is said that the fair of Beaucaire was founded by Raymond VI, Count of Toulouse, in gratitude for the zeal which this town showed for his interest, during the war with the Albigenses. But the most ancient document concerning it was given by Louis XI in 1463; though it appears from that very act that this fair was much more ancient.

Long before the time of the fair, the principal merchants take care to hire a house, or at least a lodging. All the rooms, each of which commonly contains a whole family, are encumbered with beds; and during that time the proprietor goes up to the garret. These houses and rooms are often let to the same persons for several years.

The wool-merchants and the cloth-merchants are obliged to lodge alternately in the great street and in the high street; and the leases they take are conformable to this arrangement: thus the same house would be let to cloth-merchants for 1803, 1805, and 1807; and to wool-merchants for 1804, 1806, and 1808: in this way the inhabitants of both these streets have the advantage of possessing in their turn the cloth-merchants, who are

charged higher for their lodgings as they have the greatest sale. The linen-merchants are all in another spot. The Jews never quit the street that bears their name during the fair; but they only occupy the centre of it; the upper and lower part are filled with leather-merchants, who cede to each other alternately the part most favourable to trade.

It is not the shops only that are filled: outside the walls there are stalls shaded with a cloth, and stone benches that are also hired, and on which various little articles are exposed for sale. The merchants hang square bits of linen on ropes that cross the streets, which bear their name, habitation, and particular line of business. The medley of colours, the different ways in which these cords are formed, their arrangement, and the variety of inscriptions have altogether a most singular effect. As the town could not contain all those who flock to it at this time, a second town of wood is constructed in a few days, which, like the other, has its squares, streets, and suburbs. On the bank of the river is a vast meadow bordered with large trees, called *pré de Sainte-Madelaine*; where a great number of huts made of boards, and tents are put up for the fair. Here each tradesman commonly puts up for a sign some instrument of his profession. In general, the tradesmen from the same country or same town collect together in the same street; which also helps to bring together productions of the same kind: here are shops for the soap, spices,

and drugs of Marseilles : there the perfumers of Grasse lay out their soap-balls and pomatums : the tradesmen of Montpellier their perfumes and liqueurs : in another part, crowds of shops are filled with figs, prunes, almonds and raisins. But what surprised us most was a street, the walls of which, very thick and very high, were entirely composed of onions and garlic : the quantity was so great one would have thought there was enough for all the kitchens in Europe. The coffee-houses, billiard-rooms, and ball-rooms are generally in the great street ; and behind them are the shows of wild beasts, the mountebanks and jugglers. At the extremity of the plain is a chapel for saying mass, which is consecrated to the immaculate conception ; and there are sold a great quantity of beads. This chapel is very small, but the faithful who wish to participate in the divine service, kneel down in the meadow with their face towards the altar.

Not only the houses, huts, and tents in the meadow are crowded with an immense population, but even the river is covered with boats in which many persons have their habitation : each of these boats has its particular place, according to its form, the merchandise it brings, and the country whence it comes. The French boats assemble at Arles. The master of the first which arrives salutes the town of Beaucaire with the musket or pistol he has on board ; and in recompence for his celerity, he receives a sheep, which is presented

to him with solemnity; the skin of the sheep stuffed, and streamers fastened to his mast, announce from afar the honour he has obtained. The other boats also give a salute of musketry as they arrive. They are Spanish, and chiefly Catalonian vessels; or Genoese feluccas, distinguished by their bright colours; great boats from Marseilles; others from Upper Languedoc, Bordeaux, Brittany, and several ports on the Ocean, arrive by the canal of communication between the two seas; those from the Lyonnais, Dauphiny, Switzerland and Germany, descend along the Rhone: but the merchandise from Upper Provence is obliged to come in waggon and carts. Besides these vessels, there are rafts loaded with planks, rafters, beams, hoops, and sawed wood. The boats that come down the Rhone are only formed of slight planks, that are immediately taken to pieces and sold; near them are stationed the passage-boats, and little flat vessels that serve to transport corn and grain, coal, and other commodities. These boats have their signs like the shops in the meadow, and people go there the same to make purchases. The multiplicity of boats, the variety of their construction, their symmetrical arrangement, and the multitude of masts form a very picturesque exhibition.

The merchants' clerks commonly arrive a fortnight before the opening of the fair, in order to warehouse the goods, to enregister them, and lay them out properly.

It is easy to conceive, that such a prodigious

gious confluence of people must necessarily attract a great number of thieves, pickpockets, gamesters and prostitutes. None of these classes of people are wanting at the fair of Beaucaire; but, fortunately, the police keeps a pretty strict eye upon all of them.

But many who exercise necessary and useful professions also repair to Beaucaire, and find sufficient employment. The physician finds patients, the surgeon is frequently wanted; for there are always wounds or broken limbs from quarrels or accidents; and the apothecary has as great a demand for his drugs as the confectioner for his liqueurs. It is almost impossible there should not be some death during the eight or ten days that the fair lasts; and it is then a singular sight to behold the funeral train traversing the noisy crowds, and passing before the coffee-houses, gambling-houses, ale-houses, ball-rooms, shows, and theatres: it looks as if Heaven wished to remind this delirious multitude that death follows his prey every where, and often seizes it in the midst of the most noisy and lively pleasures.

The disciples of Esculapius are not the only black-robed gentlemen who succeed at the fair; the followers of Themis are not wanting: attornies are indispensably necessary, to draw up bonds and various stipulations; and bailiffs assist to support the good cause, and to force the dishonest debtor to make good his engagements.

It was formerly the intendant of the pro-

vince who presided at the fair, and maintained order and tranquillity among the people ; it is now the prefect of the department who is charged with that duty ; and he goes there the day before it begins with an escort of gendarmerie. His arrival is announced by a discharge of musketry and fire-works ; he occupies the best hotel, and the different public bodies come to compliment him. The town grants him 6000 francs, as a compensation for the expence he is obliged to incur.

The nearer the time for the opening of the fair approaches, and especially the eve and the day itself, the more the bridge and the avenues appear covered with people on foot, on horseback, or in carriages ; a moving picture, animated in an extraordinary manner by the variety of figures and costumes. Every one is in a hurry to find a lodging, which is always very difficult ; and they ask even an exorbitant price, merely for letting a carriage stand in a court where it is exposed to the injuries of the weather.

All this bustle begins some days before the fair, which does not really open till the 22nd of July ; it is the prefect, accompanied by the members of the council of the department, and the municipality of Beaucaire, and escorted by the gendarmes and national guards, who proclaims the opening ; on the evening of the 21st, he goes on horseback, attended by his retinue, and by torchlight, through the principal streets of the town, the meadow and the port, and proclaims, to the sound of

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military music, that the merchants may enjoy the right of franchise. Every time the prefect makes this proclamation he is answered by lively acclamations, mixed with a flourish of trumpets and a discharge of fire-works. Any goods landed before this ceremony would be subjected to the ordinary duties.

The next day, the feast of St. Magdalen, a high mass with music is celebrated with all possible pomp: this mass is followed by a procession, in which formerly was solemnly carried a statue of the saint of solid silver; at present it is a wooden image gilt. All the public bodies also assist at this religious ceremony, and render it more striking.

It is impossible to describe the confusion and crowd that prevail during the whole time of the fair. The crowd is incessant; you are squeezed and carried off your legs; in every street there is a bustle like the waves of the sea. You see dresses of every sort of fashion, you hear all kinds of idioms and dialects; it is a Babel, a collection of all nations and a confusion of tongues.

This tumult is principally during the day. In the evening the people go to see the wild beasts, the conjurors, the rope-dancers, and the play. After this, the better sort go to the meadow, where country-dances and waltzes are to be seen every where; on every side resounds the noise of musical instruments; here is the Nismes ball, there the Aix ball, there the Avignon ball: every one joins his own countrymen. The sound of the *galoubet provençal*

is always to be heard among the other instruments. But the ball of the Catalonians is the most amusing, who dance together without women, keeping time with great lightness and precision, and singing the songs of their country and beating their castanets.

All that can be thought of almost is sold at Beaucaire. The franchises of the fair are only granted in reality for three days; but the term is prolonged by considering the feasts of St. Magdalen and St. James as holidays, though business goes on just the same. The fair now lasts six days, from the 22nd to the 28th of July in the evening; and if a Sunday, comes immediately before or after it makes a day more. The cessation of the franchise is then announced in the same way as the opening was proclaimed; but the latter ceremony is far from having the same character of gaiety.

After this begin the preparations for departure; the high roads are again covered with travellers, and the boats salute the town on leaving it as they did on their arrival. Some merchants, however, remain a fortnight longer, but they no longer enjoy the franchise; the Catalonians and Jews generally go off last.

During the time we were there a calamity happened which fortunately is not frequent. It began to rain the third day of the fair, and in a few hours the Rhone overflowed, which had not been witnessed for many years. Not only several commodities were spoilt by the rain, but the river inundated the meadow,

and carried off some of the wooden houses ; the coffee-houses and ball-rooms disappeared : nothing was heard but cries and lamentations. The dyke, which separates the bridges of boats, was entirely covered ; the communication with Tarascon became impossible, and many merchants were obliged to go round by Arles, as in front of Beaucaire the river is too broad to pass in boats, particularly when there is a flood.

A short distance from Beaucaire, at a place called *Les cinq coins*, and behind the castle of Gaujac, are the vestiges of a Roman road, more perfect than any other in France. Its direction and breadth are very distinct, and there are two mile-stones still standing, which are very valuable on this account, that they determine exactly the precise length of a Roman mile, which is 752 toises and four feet. This road is supposed to have been the great Aurelian Way; that went from the gates of Rome to the extremity of Spain.

In the distance between Beaucaire and Nismes, about 15 or 16 miles, we perceive a material alteration in the face of the country. Instead of a parched barren ground, as in Provence, we here tread on the most fruitful and luxuriant soil, and flowery meadows and lovely fields, watered by fresh streams, are finely contrasted with the dark hills of olive and other fruit-trees ; every where pretty villages encompassed with gardens, orchards, and mulberry plantations. The people are no less changed than the soil. The roughness of

the Provençal is here changed into an insinuating manner; violent gesticulation, into a solemn and measured deportment; and shrill voices, into soft and mellow tones. The ruddy complexion, fierce eyes, and jetty hair, are here every where supplied by pale faces, blue eyes, and light hair; even the black and brown garments, give place to light blue or white. As we approach Nismes, a row of hills extends on each side, skirted with villages and plantations, while on the opposite side of the vale, the *Tour Magne*, grandly closes the perspective, with its venerable ruins.

NISMES, the chief town of the department of the Gard, is situated in a delightful plain: and was, as well as Marseilles, probably founded by the Phocians from Ionia. The inscriptions found in the ruins of the ancient buildings, prove that it was once a Roman colony, and that it was governed by consuls and decemvirs; it had also, equally with Rome, ediles, a senate, decurions, and a quæstor. Nismes is a large city, built within a semicircular range of rocky hills: violent north-east winds blow for many weeks after the equinox, without intermission, and dispel the unwholesome vapours, which have been collected in this confined atmosphere during the summer: all is open to the south, as far as the Mediterranean, which is thought by some philosophers to have washed the foot of the rocks of Nismes in ancient times; but this retreat of the waters must have taken place long before the Romans had

extended their conquests to Gaul, as is evident from the observations of Pliny : that sagacious people would undoubtedly have availed themselves of such an advantage as a harbour, had there existed one at or near a place which they treated with distinguished marks of predilection. A colony was settled here by Marcus Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus: succeeding emperors took a delight in embellishing Nismes with both sacred and civil edifices; no place on this side of the Alps retains so many, or such perfect monuments of ancient taste and magnificence, besides innumerable fragments, which have been made use of in building walls and gates in ages of barbarism.

The *Amphitheatre* is one of the best preserved works of the kind now extant; its form is, as usual, elliptical, and it measures in the longest diameter 440 English feet; and in the shortest 320 : its circumference is nearly 1100 feet, and its height 70. It stands detached from all other buildings; so that its perfect form is seen. On the outside are two orders, Tuscan and Doric, each of sixty arcades, divided in the first gallery by pilasters, in the second by columns; above all is a battlement or parapet, that either formed the pedestal of a third order, or crowned the second; perhaps the building was never raised higher, for there appear at this height, which is sixty-eight feet from the ground, projecting stones, bored through to receive the poles from which the awning was suspended over

the spectators. Four gates which look to the four cardinal points, gave admittance into the arena. The seats and *vomitoria* are still entire, as are also the masks and basso-relievos that adorned the key-stones of the arches. The amphitheatre has suffered less from the wear of time than from fire, for Charles Martel is reported to have filled it with faggots, which he caused to be lighted, in hopes of destroying this solid building, which being turned into a fortress by the Saracens, had long resisted his assaults, and cost him numbers of his bravest soldiers; but the blocks of stone were so massive, and the work so firmly put together, that the flames had scarcely any effect upon it, except that of blackening the surface.

How we feel penetrated with the idea of Roman grandeur at the sight of this majestic and colossal edifice! What efforts, what numbers of hands it must have required to extract, to move, to raise, and to place, these enormous masses of stone! Several of them have lost, less by the ravages of time than those of men, the shape given them by the chisel; and their angles destroyed or broken off have almost restored them to their primitive forms; they are no longer hewn stones, but blocks or masses of rock. On figuring to one-self the thousands of victorious arms which thus raised these enormous heaps one above the other, one is tempted to think it must have been executed by those Titans or giants who piled up mountains and rocks to scale the heavens. The

black tint imprinted on most of these stones by the fire which Charles Martel kindled within, in order to dislodge the Saracens, seems to add to the majesty of the edifice; but this event contributed much to its degradation, which had been already begun by the Visigoths. Had it suffered only from the injuries of time it would probably have been still entire.

Such as it is, however, this amphitheatre is much better preserved than that of Rome, so celebrated by the name of Coliseum, from its colossal proportions, and is much larger than that of Verona, so famous for its perfect state of preservation. I can assert that the Coliseum of Rome, has a much less imposing aspect than that of Nismes, which, even at the first view, seems almost as large. One is not struck at least with the difference; while the entire appearance of that at Nismes, gives it a vast superiority over the ruinous state of the one at Rome. The exterior is almost complete, with the pilasters, columns, and porticos, and almost all the decorations.

This amphitheatre, oval like that of Rome, appears perfectly circular when examined on the outside; because the eye can only embrace at once a small part of its circumference, but in the interior, which is entirely displayed to the view of the observer; its elliptical form is easily recognised, especially since it has been cleared of the miserable houses that encumbered it. Of these there were not less than fifty divided by streets like a

village. This quantity of houses and streets may give an idea of the extent of this building.

The gate that looks to the North, and which faced the town, has a majestic portico, crowned with two bulls' heads. They rise boldly from a pediment which seems to hide the rest of their bodies.

This amphitheatre, it is said, could contain 17,000 spectators. The seats, which are supposed to have been originally thirty-two, are now reduced to seventeen, and in some parts there are not so many. Every thing in this edifice is absolutely stone, and every stone of enormous dimensions.

A sort of bull-fights are sometimes represented in the amphitheatre at Nismes, but are greatly inferior in every respect to those in Spain.

The *temple*, usually ascribed to the worship of *Diana*, subsists, with half its stone roof yet remaining. It is of the composite order, but in a heavy style of architecture: the situation is picturesque, on the brink of a large spring issuing out of the rock into a semi-circular basin fifty feet deep; the waters are conveyed from hence through a public garden, in various channels, adorned with balustrades, vases, and statues: this labyrinth of streams is said to be laid down as nearly as possible upon the ancient Roman plan. Numberless fragments of ornamental architecture have been found in cleaning the old canals, and copies of them employed in decorating the

modern parapets. The stylobate, which probably served as a common pedestal to a line of columns, has been imitated, and is much admired for the elegance of its running pattern.

On the summit of the craggy hill, that overhangs the city, stands the *Tour Magne*, a pyramidal tower of several stories, to each of which a winding staircase afforded access. The building contains below one large vaulted room of an irregular shape, with a conical roof; above it are six small cells, round at the bottom like a kettle, with apertures only at top, and not communicating with each other. Antiquaries differ as to the use made of this tower; while some call it a public treasury, others a granary, a third pronounces it to have been a lighthouse, and others a mausoleum. The view from hence is delightful, comprehending the whole city, its almost boundless plains, the sea, the mountains of Dauphiné, and the still more distant heights of Provence.

The glory of Nismes is the *Maison Carrée*, a barbarous appellation for one of the most perfect examples of an ancient temple, that the fury of barbarous conquerors, or still more savage zealots, has spared. It is a temple of the Corinthian order, with six columns in each front, and nine on the flanks, the whole raised upon a basement story, five feet six inches from the ground. The columns on the sides, and those in the south front, adhere to the wall; those in the north front form a pronaos or portico, extending under

the roof as far back as the fourth column ; here is the entrance of the temple, ornamented with pilasters ; the door was formerly the only opening through which light was admitted, but windows have since been broken in the side walls. The length of the whole basement story is 117 English feet, and the breadth 37.

For those persons who are not conversant with the rules of architecture, it will suffice to say, that the elegance of proportion, the exquisite taste displayed in every ornament, the lightness of the whole building, and the harmony with which all the parts are connected, stand unrivalled by any work of the most refined art, north of the Alps ; but we do not think it is entitled to rank before every edifice that still perpetuates the glory of ancient architects in Italy, Greece, and Asia. It is apparent from the holes by which the brazen letters were fastened to the stone, that there was once an inscription on the frieze, torn down for the sake of the metal. The words of this inscription had remained a mystery, never satisfactorily explained by any antiquary, when Monsieur Seguier, of this city, thought of tracing the form of the letters by means of the relation which the holes bear to each other : the following lines were the result of this ingenious process :

C. Cæsari Augusti. F. Cos. L. Cæsari Augusti :
F. Cos. Designato. Principibus Juventutis.

Hence it appears that this temple was dedicated to the two sons of Augustus, Caius and

Lucius. The inside of this elegant structure has been repaired in a bad taste, in order to accommodate it to the purposes of Christian worship; but this adoption has fortunately preserved so valuable a relic of antiquity from the ruin which has overwhelmed so many magnificent edifices.

The *town* of Nismes offers nothing but a labyrinth of streets, intersecting each other in innumerable directions, and extremely close and unhealthy. The suburbs, however, are more airy, containing broad and straight streets, gardens, avenues, squares, and abundance of handsome houses. Nismes possesses some fine modern buildings, a lyceum, public library, cabinet of natural history and antiquities, a cour royale, an exchange, an academy, fine walks, and a theatre. It has establishments for dyeing and printing cottons; silk manufactures of handkerchiefs and stockings, leather, etc. Trade in silks, cottons, cloths, muslins, wine, brandy, drugs and spices. Population, 40,000.

Those to whom the recollection of talent and virtue is interesting will not fail to visit the tomb of Fléchier, bishop of Nismes, more illustrious by his philanthropy than even by his eloquence. His monument is in the cathedral, in a chapel on the right of the choir, with a Latin epitaph much admired. This prelate ordered the construction of this simple monument himself, a short time before his death, for fear his nephews should erect a magnificent one. The zeal and charities of

Flechier were extraordinary, and when his friends would tell him he carried these virtues to excess, he used to exclaim: « Are we then made bishops for nothing? » This illustrious model of the episcopal character, a worthy rival of Fenelon and Massillon, died in the year 1710, equally regretted by Catholics and Protestants, of whom he had been the constant benefactor without any distinction.

The cardinal de Bernis also lies buried in this cathedral. The city of Nismes has produced many other eminent literary characters.

The *climate* of Nismes is extremely variable. The spring, though sometimes mild and rainy, is much oftener rough and stormy, and not seldom changes into a sultry summer. The autumn has many charming days, though these are interrupted by frequent rains, and sometimes hoar-frost and snow appear; lastly, the winter fluctuates between cold, bleak, North, or damp, relaxing South winds; and only now and then a truly fine day reminds one of a southern spring, in the so much valued and famed climate of Nismes; consequently it is very unfit for pectoral and hypochondriacal complaints.

Natural Productions, Agriculture, etc.—Of these, the most useful to the inhabitants, are the *olive* and *mulberry* tree. An olive tree that has retained its lower branches, and is twenty feet high, and thirteen or fourteen toises in circumference, will, in good years, yield about two cubic feet and a half of fruit, from which seventeen or eighteen pounds of

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oil may be obtained, worth about ten pence a pound. The *mulberry tree* is regarded as the main source of industry in this place. Round Nismes, and throughout Languedoc, it is usual to raise the black and white mulberry (*Morus alba* and *Morus nigra*), the former for its leaves, and the latter for its fruit. The first is distinguished again by the names of the *mûrier sauvageon*, the grand species, which is not abundant; and the *mûrier greffé*, which is obtained from the former by artificial means, and admits of innumerable modifications. The leaves of the *mûrier sauvageon* have the best taste and afford most nutriment; those of the *mûrier greffé* are distinguished by their size, thickness, and number. The latter tree has, therefore, for ninety years maintained the preference.

The mulberry-trees here are extremely beautiful, and afford in the spring, before they are robbed of their leaves, a very charming prospect along the rich green fields. They are most productive in the twentieth year, and they last fifty or sixty years at least. A mulberry-tree of thirteen toises in circumference, and five in height, will yield three hundred and fifty pounds of leaves yearly, a hundred weight of which fetches from twenty-five to thirty-five sous.

The vegetables of this place are excellent, and their seeds form a considerable branch of trade in Nismes. All kitchen gardens or fields are watered by means of the Persian wheel, as it is called, from the *Vistre*;

and have, therefore, even in the hottest summers, a very fresh and luxuriant vegetation. The principal vegetables, some of which attain an extraordinary size and thickness, are the branched celery, which grows above thirty inches high; cauliflowers of many different species, which are kept through winter in the open air; the African gourd (*courge barbaresque*) which is often two hundred pounds weight; melons, particularly the water-melon (*melon de Malthe*), which is extremely soft, and yet is kept till Easter; the artichoke, which may be had the whole year, without being transplanted into beds; beans, peas, &c. cannot be cultivated to any considerable extent on account of the dry climate; and potatoes are also considered as a garden rarity.

Thrashing is perfectly unknown here, as in all the southern parts of Europe. Instead of this practice the corn is, immediately after cutting, trodden out on the field by horses or mules, trained peculiarly for the purpose; which is performed with great expedition, even in violent heats, and perpetual North winds. Thirty-two horses or mules, twenty-four of which are always at work, may thus tread out thirty-two thousand pounds of grain, from which four per cent. must be deducted for labourers' wages, reckoning, however, no more than two men as necessary. The grain is besides winnowed merely against the wind without fanning, and then passed several times through a sieve in the usual manner.

In addition to wheat are also cultivated rye,

barley, and oats. The rye is used as winter fodder for the sheep; the barley is employed as green fodder for the horses; and the oats are cultivated for this purpose, and kept also for the winter.

Environs of Nismes.—The two most remarkable objects in the environs of this city, are the *Fountain*, and the *Pont-du-Gard*. This fountain issues from a rock, which wants only variety of colours to give it the appearance of marble, and is surrounded with vegetation. Sometimes, even during a long drought, the water in the fountain increases very much all at once, though not a drop of rain has fallen in the town; and after great rains, it becomes in a few hours, a large torrent, which carries every thing before it.

The *Pont-du-Gard*, or Roman aqueduct, a short distance from Nismes, is situated in a solitary spot, away from any high road, between two rocky hills, over the river *Gardon*, whose steep banks are clothed with wild fig trees, olives, and a variety of beautiful shrubs, in the most romantic manner. This noble work, winding for a course of twenty-six miles, conveyed water from two fountains near Usez, into the heart of Nismes. Under whatever point of view we consider this aqueduct, too much admiration cannot be bestowed upon it; whether, with regard to the stupendous nature of the design for which it was constructed; to the beauty, the solidity, and durability of the work; or as being

one of the most perfect monuments in existence of Roman grandeur.

« It consists (says an accurate traveller,) of three tiers of arches, making in all a height of nearly two hundred feet above the river. The length at the top is eight hundred feet; but this length constantly diminishes as it slopes down to the river, according to the form of the rocks that rise on the river's banks; and at last it becomes so contracted, that in the narrowest part, the proper channel of the river, it is reduced only to two arches. It is to be observed, however, that these two are only part of six, of which the lower tier of arches consists, but the other four are of a diminished height, being half occupied by the rocks instead of coming down to the water. The middle or principal tier of arches consists of eleven, the height of which in the centre is eighty feet; the upper tier, which supports the channel through which the water passed, consists of thirty-five arches, which are only twenty feet in height. The bridge annexed to this structure was originally only for foot-passengers, but has since been widened to admit of carriages going over it: but the modern work is so inferior to the ancient, that a very slight observation distinguishes the one from the other. The blocks of stone of which the Roman work is constructed, are of such an enormous size, that it is difficult to conceive how they were raised: it seems as if the extraordinary people by whom such masses could be arranged, must have been as

versal, that you wonder how fodder is obtained for the few horses required in its culture. We see, here and there, a little patch of lucerne." *Notes*, p. 51.

At length we reach the gate of Montpellier, and immediately enter into the narrow dirty suburbs. But the road soon improves; a beautiful row of houses, with terrace-gardens, is seen on the right hand; and on the left, a broad esplanade laid out into avenues of trees.

MONTPELLIER did not exist when Charlemagne destroyed Maguelonne, a city built in the middle of the lakes, the retreat and bulwark of the Saracens. The bishop and his clergy had already taken refuge at Sustan-tion, a village about a mile from the hill, where Montpellier was gradually formed into a town, by the concourse of people that preferred this lofty situation to the low country, both on account of safety, and of health. From some holy virgins, who either directed their choice, or did actually reside upon the hill, the new settlement took the name of *Mons Puellarum*, the mountain of the maids. Maguelonne was, however, rebuilt in the twelfth century, but again finally abandoned in 1536, and the episcopal see fixed at Montpellier, which had belonged to the crown of France since the year 1340. The people of Montpellier took an active part in the rebellions that disturbed the reign of Louis the Thirteenth, and distinguished themselves by their attachment to the reformed religion.

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The king besieged them in person, and having forced them to surrender, erected a strong citadel, to curb their refractory spirit, and secure their obedience to his authority. In these fatal religious wars, which so long desolated France, Montpellier suffered greatly; and out of forty-five churches which the town had once contained, twenty-two only were left standing, which the revolution reduced to a much smaller number.

The town is enclosed with walls, and has seven gates; that leading to Peyrou is modern, and very handsome. It stands on the declivity of a hill, at the foot of which are two small streams, the *Lez* and the *Merdanson*, the latter of which passes through some of the lower parts of the town in subterraneous channels. The walks and other embellishments give the exterior parts of this city the appearance of a metropolis, but nothing within corresponds with this idea; for the streets are narrow, crooked, and steep; the houses, though solidly built, are plain, and without any striking ornaments of architecture.

Public Buildings, Squares, &c.—The most remarkable objects of curiosity at Montpellier, are St. Peter's Church, the exchange, citadel, school of medicine, and ci-devant palace of the Archbishop; the hall of anatomy, and the anatomical wax figures of Fontana; the government-house, the theatre and concert-room; the place du Peyrou, its fine gate, and the aqueduct. The *place du Peyrou*, whence may be seen, in clear weather, on the

right, the Mediterranean, and on the left, the mountains of Roussillon, and the Pyrenees, is one of the grandest squares in Europe. It is ornamented with a water temple, or rotunda, which serves to receive the waters brought from afar, along a noble aqueduct of two ranges of arches, and is here mentioned with praise as the part of a beautiful picture. Nothing we find among the ruins of Roman grandeur can have a more sublime effect, than this vast line of arcades striding over the hills and dales. The Peyrou commands a view of sea and land, it even draws the attention from its decorations; the lake of Magredonne is seen divided from the Mediterranean by a long isthmus, through the middle of which the royal canal is continued eastward from Agde; the boats upon it seem to be sailing in the open sea; villages are scattered along the edges of the lake, and the mountain of Certe towers beyond, like an island separated from the continent by a broad channel. This esplanade, lying between the town and the fortress, and being planted with many rows of lofty, shady trees, is completely protected from the North wind, and is the proper winter promenade of Montpellier.

Among the *literary* and useful establishments may be reckoned the *College of Medicine*, always particularly celebrated; and the *Lyceum*, *Observatory*, *Academy*, *Museum*, and *Botanic Garden*, the first of the kind established in Europe. Botany may be studied here with peculiar advantage, as the waste lands about

the city afford specimens of a greater number and variety of plants than can be found assembled in the same compass on any other soil in Europe. The king's botanical garden was first planned by Dulaurem, physician to Henry IV; it is well taken care of, and students are accommodated with every facility for acquiring the knowledge of botany. The gardener makes an annual visit to the Pyrenean mountains, with a band of pupils, to examine the rare plants that grow in those elevated regions, and which are not produced in the plains and hills of Languedoc.

Climate.—Montpellier was formerly much resorted to by consumptive patients, and persons of delicate health, on account of the supposed uniform mildness and salubrity of the atmosphere. But fashion which gives the sway in these cases, has greatly overrated its merits. The climate is certainly mild; and the autumn is fine; but the continual variation of temperature renders Montpellier a very unfit residence for *hypochondriac* patients, and persons afflicted with *pectoral* disorders. In autumn and winter, the winds are continual, and very sharp; at the same time the sky is clear, and the rays of the sun powerful; therefore in every place sheltered from the north wind, as the degree of heat is considerable, and perspiration excited by very moderate exercise, the cutting blast, which is felt at every corner, cannot fail of producing pernicious consequences to a body suddenly exposed with all its pores open. In summer,

the influence of the marshes must be felt ; indeed the faces of the people that inhabit the low grounds along the coast, bear sad testimony to the pernicious qualities of their air and soil. Strangers should take particular care not to change their clothes on a sudden, or to go too thinly clad, as the winds are so very penetrating, that a cold is soon caught, but not so soon got rid of. The *bise* and the *marin*, the N. E. wind, and that from the sea, affect the nerves very forcibly, and are particularly formidable to invalids ; the latter is so moist as to render even the beds and linen very damp ! these, therefore, should always be carefully warmed, when this wind prevails. Hyères, and Nice, are greatly to be preferred for winter residences ; and Marseilles for complaints entirely *nervous*, unaccompanied by any affection of the lungs.

Expense of Living, Provisions, etc.—Living is by no means reasonable at Montpellier. At a good inn, our daily expenses will not be less than fourteen or fifteen shillings. Persons desirous of boarding in a family will not be able to do so, for less than five guineas a month ; and many are still higher in their charges. A single room will cost twenty-five shillings a month ; and dinner at a tavern about fifteen shillings a week. But if provisions are dear, they are very excellent and plentiful. Fish, fowl, and fruit, even from Spain by Cette, are to be had in abundance. The wine is very good, and the very best sorts may be bought at a moderate rate. The water is, generally speaking, not bad, but it is advisable, however,

to keep to the *eau de St. Clément*, as it is termed, which comes from the Fontaine du Peyrou. Among the delicacies peculiar to Montpellier are the *pâtés de rougets*; the *dragées* and *pastilles à la rose* and *à la vanille*; the *crème de Moka* and *huile de rose (liqueurs)*; and, finally, the delicious *marmelade* of grapes, an excellent solvent.

As to clothing, the well-known Languedoc cloths, or other manufactures, may be procured at tolerably reasonable prices. Woollen manufactures, such as blankets, flannels. etc. are by no means dear. But firing in Montpellier is a very expensive article; the wood being brought here as far as one or two leagues, and no coals burnt in the fire-places; a last of oak (four hundred pounds), frequently fetches from fifteen to eighteen francs; a last of olive ten or twelve, and other lighter sorts in proportion.

Manufactures, Trade, and Commerce.—The brandy of Montpellier, an article of large consumption in the making of *liqueurs*, is of a very mild quality, and particularly fit for this purpose. Perfumery, scented waters, and cordials of various sorts are prepared here with great skill; false cochineal, and a medicinal conserve, is made with the kermes, or gall-nut of the holm oak; wax is blanched in considerable quantities; verdigrise is the particular manufacture of this town. It is made by putting some quarts of wine in a large earthen jar; over the liquor are fixed cross sticks to bear a layer of raisins; over these is

laid a thin plate of copper; this is repeated till the pot is filled; all air is then excluded for twelve days, by means of a thick straw cover. At the expiration of this term, the copper plates are taken out, dried gradually in the shade, and then the verdigrise which has been produced upon them is scraped off.

Oil and *corn* are sent out of its diocese in great quantities. In December, when the *olives* become black and shrivelled, they are beaten down upon clean cloths, and carted to the mill, where they are thrown into a circular trough, in which a perpendicular stone turns. By the weight of this machine the fruit is crushed, and kneaded to a paste, then put into baskets of matting, with a hole at their top; these baskets are piled up under a press, and boiling water is poured upon them; the hot liquid brings out the oil, and carries it away with it into a tub, where the water sinks, and the oil is skimmed off with a ladle. It has also manufactures of woollen stuffs, blankets, fustians, muslins, cottons, aqua fortis, vitriol, and leather. Population, 33,000.

Montpellier *exports* all the above mentioned products of its own industry, and likewise the staple commodities or manufactures of Languedoc, such as corn, wool, oil, wine, silk, and brandy. It *imports* for its own consumption, as well as that of the country around, Northern, Levantic, West India, and even some Spanish productions, as esparto, cork, etc. The course of trade in Montpellier generally proceeds by two routes: all merchandize des-

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tined for foreign parts, or the southern French ports, is conveyed by Cette; and for the rest of France, by Agde. In like manner the foreign imports arrive at Cette, and the inland at Agde. Cette keeps up a brisk coasting trade with the neighbouring ports, and a considerable intercourse with Hamburgh, Bremen, Copenhagen, etc. From Agde, at the entrance of the great canal, goods are sent by Toulouse and Bordeaux through all France, and by the same channel are transported the returns for Montpellier. Besides, the inferior communications of the department are kept up by numberless carts, mules, etc.

Society, Character, Manners, etc.—Montpellier cannot boast of any extraordinary resources in point of society. The actors at the theatre are not above mediocrity; there are two clubs for reading, balls, concerts, etc., to which a stranger may easily gain admittance, as well as to the public libraries. There is also a good circulating library. The general character of the inhabitants seems to be made up of a singular mixture of the Jewish, Christian, French, and English spirit. In buying and selling they are of the Hebrew tribe; in believing and thinking, fanatics: hasty, forward, and restless, as the French; and yet rude, uncouth, and unsociable as the English. Here you have, summed up in a few words, the characteristics of the Montpelhiard. Universal report, and many concurrent proverbs, will,

at least in some measure, exculpate our remarks from the charge of partiality.

One proverb, for example, says, "pound seven Jews in a mortar, and the juice that is pressed from them will make a single Montpellierard;" a second, to denote his bigotry, "he turns up his eyes like a saint of Montpellier;" a third proverb, speaking of their irritability, declares the men of Montpellier to be like sparrows, and the women like black-birds. Finally, their egoistic niggardly unsociableness is designated by the saying, "whoever does not wish to keep a person to dinner, invites him, as in Montpellier, on the stairs, or at the house-door," etc.

In regard to these fundamental traits, there are some small modifications, from the difference of rank and sex. Thus, the higher classes are by no means so fanatic and brutal as the common people; the women distinguishing themselves in the former case more by prudery, and in the latter more by boldness; but upon the whole, the same general tone prevails. That, however, there are at the same time in Montpellier very estimable individuals, and even excellent men, is what no man would venture to deny, who had ever made remarks on variety of character.

Of the many remarkable popular festivals which existed before the Revolution, two only have survived that event, *las Treijas* and *lou Chivalet*. The propensity for dancing is so universal among the lower classes, that there is not a guild which has not every year, its

festive-day celebrated by dancing and music. Thus the stocking-weavers, coopers, gardeners, and other companies, commemorate their anniversaries with dancing through the town. Even the *porters* have such an honorary day, on which they are accustomed to go through the awkward movements peculiar to their guild before the houses of their customers. The *stocking-weavers* carry on a stage, adorned with flowers and ribands, a wooden weaver's chair, on which a boy appears to be working. The gardeners have a tub with a pole in it, from whence, instead of branches, hang a number of flower-garlands. The coopers carry half-hoops, which are also decorated with ribands and wreaths. All learn very pretty dances, and make masterly turns with their ringlets of flowers or hoops, and disengage themselves again with amazing dexterity and order. The vanity of these people, manifests itself on these solemnities under the most varied forms, and occasions a number of ridiculous scenes. Poverty allows only a few of them to put on decent clothing: but with all the indigence and dirt that are evident from their dress, they all wear white silk stockings, which are quite covered with feathers of all colours, and a threadbare scarf from the wardrobe of the theatre, and some other showy tatters from the rag-shop. The females are commonly worse dressed, and yet have fashionable ladies' hats, which they mostly borrow or beg from the houses where they serve milk or vegetables. These head-

dresses form a singular contrast with the brown and coarse faces which they shade. Many a girl appears also, for want of a female head-dress, in a man's hat, on which is stuck a number of shabby feathers. The porters also adorn their hats on these days with ostrich-feathers, and bind a scarf with gold or silver tassels, round their bodies.

The most favourite dress is that of an officer. In all their processions there are some who prance about in a soldier's coat, with a stick, sword, and epaulets; all hired from the theatre. The gold epaulet has above all things so many charms for them, that many a one attaches it to his dirty clothes, who has not the money to pay for its hire. An indispensable article in all these festivals is flags, of which there are great number of various colours, decorated with inscriptions and paintings. Twelve porters have as many different colours, of which some, to judge by the dirt, might have already served their great-grandfathers.

The other festival is called the DANCE OF THE LITTLE HORSE (*la danse du chevalet*, in the patois, *lou chivalet*) which is usually kept in autumn by the youths of the best families, and consequently can be attended with none of the ill consequences accompanying the former festival. Sometimes they all wear blue silk breeches and white silk stockings; their white shirts bound with ribands on the arms, and round the body with blue silk scarves. On their hats they have white plumes, the

favourite ornament of the nation. The leaders are also in officers' uniforms. In this procession the dancers of the chevalet proceed in great numbers two and two through the streets, dancing to Turkish music, in the open places and before the houses of the chief magistrates. One of the youths has a little horse of pasteboard, of the size of a foal, bound to his body, so that he looks like a horseman mounted; a silk cloth covering the legs of the centaur. Another youth carries a tambour de basque, filled with oats, as fodder for the horse, which, when offered to him, he rejects by dancing away from it. In the mean time, the remainder of the company dance with various evolutions round the two chief persons, and appear to give way, by alternate positions, one time to the little horse, and another to its importunate benefactor; until at length the capricious animal is so enclosed, as to be obliged to stand still before the proffered corn. This dance has something very pleasing in it; and is executed with great dexterity.

Patois of Languedoc, Literature, etc.—The dialect of Languedoc is composed of an original national language, and of a mixture of Celtic, Latin, Gothic, Arabic, and French words, accordingly as Gaul was conquered by the Romans, Goths, Arabs, and French. But as the Romans were the most cultivated, and as they ruled these provinces the longest, the Languedoc tongue resembles the Latin most in its construction, and contains

nearly three-fifths of Latin expressions. The Goths had less influence; these barbarous hordes adopted the language of the vanquished. Some vestiges are, however, still remaining, as is manifest from the words, *flegel*, *dreschflegel*, flail; *hosa*, hose, breeches; *ganza*, gans, goose; *lato*, latte, lath; *barro*, sparre, spar, etc. The Languedocian language was still less modified by the Arabic, on account of the short duration of the Saracen government. A great part of the botanical, pharmaceutical, and anatomical expressions, however, are borrowed from this language; and even the usual form of asseveration, *Vermora*, is to all appearance derived from the Arabic. But the influence of the French must naturally preponderate over all others, as from this language the whole mass of modern mechanic and moral ideas are transferred into that of Languedoc. In fact, this has gradually amalgamated itself with the former to that degree, that the ancient language of the Troubadours is not to be distinguished without difficulty. Besides, the literature of this province was confined simply to some prayer-books and collections of hymns.

Environs.—The country round Montpellier abounds with walks, but they are very deficient in shade. One of the prettiest and most shady among them is the road to Castelnau, half an hour's walk from the town, and up the banks of the Lez. Whoever wishes to extend his excursions on horseback, will be gratified by visiting the country

houses of *Montferrier*, *la Piscine*, *Clos de St. Martial*, *Château d'Eau Bionne*, but particularly *la Verune*. Other excursions may be made to *Perrol* and the *Pont Javénal*, to the mineral waters of *Balance*, about ten miles south of Montpellier; to the seacoast and island of *Maguelonne*, where, in the ruined cathedral, are shown the tombs of Peter of Provence, the beautiful Maguelone, and their child; and also to the Port of *Cette*, about fourteen miles from Montpellier. The road thither is through a very pleasant country, and by *Frontignan*, celebrated for its delicious muscat wine; not far from the hermitage there is a charming view.

The situation of *Cette* presents to the eye, a most delightful coup-d'œil, and has furnished Vernet with a subject for one of his most celebrated pictures, of which engravings are easily to be found. In the months of January and February, the port is crowded with vessels. We should remark here the principal bridge, the citadel, and should ascend the pilot's tower, whence is a noble sea-view. The sea at *Cette* communicates with the canal du Midi, or of Languedoc, by the *etang* or lake of Thau, into which it falls, and which offers some singular phenomena. In this lake or basin is contained a source or spring of soft and fresh water, which spouts, up in large drops. Merchandise is sent by the canal of Languedoc and the Garonne as far as Bordeaux; and by the Rhone and the Saone, and the canal of Briare, to Paris.

Excellent salt is made at Cette. Population, 8000. The hire of a carriage to Cette and back from Montpellier, is twenty-four francs, and six francs to the coachman. There is a *diligence* every day to Cette and return, price three francs. INNS. Le grand Galion, la Souche.

Ganges, about twenty-five miles from Montpellier, deserves a visit, on account of its fine manufactory of silk-stockings, and the grotto in its neighbourhood. This, called *la Baume des Demoiselles*, not quite a mile from the town, is situated near St. Bauzile, in a wood which crowns the rock of Thaurac. The entrance, being covered with trees, plants, and wild vines, is difficult of access.

Another more distant excursion, but highly gratifying to the lover of picturesque scenery, may be made, in the summer, to the *Cevennes*, a considerable chain of mountains, which runs along from east to west through the south of France, connecting the Alps with the Pyrenees, and consisting of ranges of mountains, piled as it were, like so many terraces, one above another. The first of these ranges forms the Garrigues, consisting of unfertile chalky rocks, on which, a little fern, some straggling stunted bushes, etc. excepted, not a single trace of vegetation is to be found. This part of the Cevennes appears, therefore, but little inhabited, scarcely reckoning three or four villages over the wide extent. Wherever the industrious countryman could find a nook of fertile land amidst

the rocks, there he has planted a vineyard, the produce of which is of a superior kind; and wherever a blade of grass is seen shooting up, there he lets his flock graze, which constitute his principal sustenance. As we ascend, we reach the second division of the Cevennes, consisting of slate-rock. These mountains are much more fertile than the Garrigues. The narrow vales exhibit the most beautiful picture of vegetation. Meadows and fields, little woods of chesnut and mulberry trees, with every other sort of fruit, afford a charming variety to the eye. The population is also considerable, occupying a number of villages, and some respectable towns. These mountains yield the chesnut wood for the casks of Montpellier and Cette, and supply very excellent cheese which is afterwards sent to the ice-caves of Roquefort for ripening, and from thence conveyed through all France. The chief sustenance of the inhabitants, however, is drawn from cultivating and manufacturing silk. In this region also lies the beautiful and cheerful town of Vigand, which, on account of its healthy air and salutary spring, may serve for a delightful summer abode.

We next attain the highest point of the Cevennes, called the *Esperou*, whence a prospect is enjoyed, which is preferred by many to the most extraordinary parts, even of Switzerland itself. This part of the Cevennes is less populous than the former, yet the southern declivities of the mountains are fitted for pasturage.

and the lower vales for the culture of fruit. The mountains themselves contain mines of silver, lead, alum, earth, coals, and rotten-stone.

No. XV. From MONTPELLIER to TOULOUSE, 32 posts; about 176 English miles.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
MONTPELLIER to Fabrègues.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Cruscades to Moux.....	2
Gigean.....	1	Barbeïra.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Mèze.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	CARCASSONE (4).....	2
PEZENAS (1).....	2 $\frac{2}{3}$	Alzonne.....	2 $\frac{2}{3}$
Begude-de-Jordy.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Villepinte.....	1
BEZIERS (2).....	3 $\frac{3}{4}$	Castlenaudary.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Nissan.....	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	Villefranche.....	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
NARBONNE (3).....	2	Baziege.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Cruscades.....	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	Castanet.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
		TOULOUSE (5).....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$

At Montpellier an agreement may be made with a *voiturier* to take a party the whole way to *Toulouse*; the rate of travelling is about thirty miles a day, and for a carriage with a cabriolet in front, drawn by three fine mules, the expense will not be more than fifteen pence a mile; supposing the party to have between three and four cwt. of luggage there will be no separate charge for it. This mode of conveyance is pleasanter than by the diligence, as we are not compelled to travel by night, and can stop when we please. From Béziers, those who like water-excursions may

INNS.—(1) Three Pigeons, an excellent Inn; Tapis-Verd, Golden Lion, Red Hat, etc. (2) White Cross, Les Balances, Three Mules, White Horse. (3) Hôtel de la Daurade, de France. (4) The Angel, St. John Baptist, Petit Paris. (5) Hôtel du Nord, de France, du Grand Soleil, des Ambassadeurs, d'Angleterre.

proceed all the way to Toulouse and *Bordeaux*, by the canal du Midi, and the Garonne.

Pezenas is prettily situated in the midst of rich and fertile plains, near the Herault, and has some charming walks in its environs; the hills about it are covered with almond-trees, olives and vines, and afford delightful prospects. Here is a good theatre. It has a considerable *trade* in excellent wines, brandy, almonds, olive-oil, red-tartar, dried raisins and figs, capers, alum, woollen and cotton goods, etc. It has an exchange, tribunal of commerce, and *manufactures* of muslin, cotton, silk-stockings, hats, soap, leather and verdegrise. Here was once a strong castle, but it has long been a heap of ruins. Vast numbers of silk-worms are reared in *Pezenas* and the neighbourhood, though no silk is manufactured here; the wool of this country is reckoned very fine. The plant woad, so much used in dyeing, is cultivated here, and with the cods of silk and the raw wool, form some of the principal articles of trade. Population, 8000. *Pezenas* has a number of pretty gardens round it, though on a small scale; all the fruit trees are in blossom, and green peas are a foot and a half high in the middle of March. The ploughs here are very old-fashioned, and seem rather to be constructed for the hand than for the horse, who is yoked between these shaft-looking instruments. Provisions are plentiful at *Pezenas*, and if the traveller should pass this place in the autumn,

he will have for breakfast, (*déjeuner à la fourchette*,) melon, oysters, turbot, lobster, partridges, figs, peaches, plums, etc.

Béziers, (*Biterræ*) is agreeably situated on the Canal du Midi, and near the river Orbe, about nine miles from the sea. The town, seated on a hill, covers a large space of ground, while its narrow, ill-paved, and dirty streets, form a most remarkable contrast to the enchanting scenery which surrounds them. The *Belvidère*, or terrace, is the best station for surveying the beautiful valley, or rather amphitheatre, which is watered by the winding Orbe, gaily clothed with the productions of a genial climate, and enlivened by the nine locks of the great canal, forming as many cascades. The delightful situation of Béziers, has long been consecrated in a monkish rhyme :

Si Deus in terris, vellet habitare, Biterris.

Vanière often sings the praises of this his native spot, in his *Prædium Rusticum*, a didactic poem, which appears cold and dull to foreign readers, but has many charms for those persons that are acquainted with this country, and qualified to judge of the truth, with which he has penned his descriptions. Béziers, even in 1802, became a favourite residence of our countrymen, and was preferred by most of them, as well as by other strangers, to Montpellier, on account of the amenity of its climate. It is also much cheaper,

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an important consideration to our emigrant economists.

The Romans, who perfectly understood the advantages of situation, sent a colony to Béziers; on the dismembering of their empire, it fell into the hands of the Goths; the Saracens dispossessed them, and fortified this post with great care. The obstinate resistance they made here against Charles Martel, incited that general to destroy the place after he had driven them out. Béziers rose from its ashes, and afterwards was governed by a race of independent sovereigns. In 1209 the Viscount of Béziers joined his standard to that of the Earl of Toulouse in support of the Albigenses; this drew upon him the resentment of the Crusaders, who took his capital by storm, and massacred its inhabitants in great numbers, without distinction of sex or age. The Kings of France soon after became possessed of the territory.

The principal objects of curiosity at Béziers are the remains of a Roman amphitheatre, and numerous fine prospects in the environs of the town. Its productions are corn, wine, almonds, wool, silk, iron, olive-oil, liqueurs, dried fruits, and preserves. Here is a tribunal of commerce, and manufactures of brandy, spirits of wine, cloth, and silk-stockings. It is the native town of *Riquet*, the celebrated engineer of the canal of Languedoc, and of father Vanière, the learned Jesuit. Population, 14,200.

Holy-Thursday was formerly a day of great

festivity in this town, and was celebrated with a variety of little sports. A whimsical procession, called the procession of the Camel, constituted a part of them. A figure representing that animal, with a man in the inside, was paraded about the town, and by means of some machinery which the man directed, the figure was made to perform many ridiculous tricks, to the great amusement of the spectators. The municipal officers, attended by the companies of the different trades and manufactures, preceded the camel; it was followed by a cart, over which were branches of trees twined into an arbour, and filled with as many people as could possibly be crammed into it; the cart was drawn by mules ornamented with bunches of flowers and ribands; a number of people stuck over with flowers and little branches of trees, who were called the wild men, followed the cart and closed the procession. After parading about the town all day, towards evening the whole company repaired to the chapel of the Blue Penitents, where it was met by the chapter of the cathedral, who had previously also gone in procession round the town, and then a large quantity of bread was given away by the chapter among the poor. Hence the day was called, in the language of the country, *lou jour de caritach*, the day of charity.

Another part of the ceremonies of the day was, that the peasants from the country for a great way round assembled in the streets with crooks in their hands, and ranging them-

selves in long files on each side made mock skirmishes with their crooks, aiming strokes at each other, in parrying with which great dexterity was shown, and great emulation which should parry them the best. There were commonly many skirmishes in the course of the day, and each ended with a dance to the music of the pipe and tabour. The inhabitants of the town also carried on among themselves a little warfare, in throwing sugar-plums and dried fruits at each other, from their windows, or as they passed in the streets.

Finally, the day was concluded by a favourite dance among the young men and women, called *la danse des treilles*. Every dancer carries a *cerceau*, as it is called, that is a half-hoop, twined with vine branches; and ranging themselves in long files on each side of the street, they form different groups, and in the evolutions of the dance make a variety of figures with the *cerceaux*, with wonderful grace and agility. The young men were all dressed in white jackets and trowsers, and the young women in white jackets with short petticoats, and ornaments of flowers and ribands. (See Plumtree's Residence in France, vol. III, p. 28.)

These curious sports were suspended during the Revolution, but, since the return of the *ancient régime*, have again contributed to amuse the people.

There is a *coche d'eau*, or boat, which goes every day from Béziers, at twelve o'clock, to Toulouse, and the different places *en route*;

and thence to Bordeaux by the Garonne, a fatiguing, land journey, of 200 miles. This kind of conveyance is not to be compared with the stately canopied *barge* used in Flanders, for elegance, neatness, or convenience; but is, in fact, similar to the *coche* which descends the Rhone, noticed in our account of that river, and is not at all unpleasant in *fine weather*, when we can remain on deck, and enjoy the fresh breeze; but if obliged to stay below in the general repository of live stock, some of the senses may be a little annoyed. Yet, we cannot entirely agree with a traveller in 1814-15, who, writing from Béziers, says, « We went to see the *coche d'eau*, described as *superbe* and *magnifique*, by our French friends. Their ideas differ from ours. It would be perfectly impossible for an English lady to go in such a conveyance, and few gentlemen, even if alone, with only a portmanteau, would venture. The objections are, there is but one room for all classes of people; they start between three and four each morning, stop at miserable inns, and if you have heavy baggage, it must be shifted at the locks, which is tedious, and costs a great deal. Adieu to all our airy dreams of gliding through Languedoc in these *Cleopatrian vessels*. They smell, they are exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, and they are filled with bugs, fleas, and all kinds of bad company. » Notwithstanding this unfavourable picture, we recommend the traveller, if not pressed for time, to go by

water to *Bordeaux*; it is much cheaper, more pleasant, and less fatiguing than the route by land; and will afford many more opportunities of seeing and conversing with the *people*, and observing their various costume, manners, and habits. It would not be so agreeable for a delicate English female, but surely no *man* accustomed to travelling would regard the trifling inconveniences just specified.

The celebrated *Canal Royal du Midi*, or Canal of Languedoc, as it was formerly called, was begun in 1666, and finished in 1681, after the plan and under the direction of PAUL RIQUET. The innumerable obstacles to the execution of this astonishing work, which successively presented themselves, were all vanquished by the genius, the skill, and the industry of this great man. It was necessary to cut through mountains, bring earth from a distance to construct hills, divert the course of rivers, and triumph over the wind and the sea. But the munificence of Louis XIV, seconded by skilful engineers and abundance of workmen, surmounted every difficulty.

The Canal du Midi connects the two seas; the Ocean and the Mediterranean. Beginning at the Garonne, above *Toulouse*, whose walls it bathes, it takes a direction from N. to S.E., passes by Montgiscard, enters the department of the Aude, which it traverses from W. to E., washes Castlenaudry, continues its course in nearly a parallel line with Aude, bathes Tresbes, runs from W. to E. in the depart-

ment of Herault; passes by *Béziers* and *Villeneuve*, and is finally lost in the large reservoir or *étang* of *Thau*, near the Mediterranean, a little above *Agde* (1). It is one hundred and fifty English miles in length, and has twenty-six falls. The most considerable fall is that of *Fonseranne*, near *Béziers*. This is at the end of a reach near thirty miles in length, the longest reach in the canal, and the fall is so great as to require eight gates. To avoid the delay which would be occasioned by passing all these, the passage-boats are unladen when they arrive at it, and the passengers walk on to the end where another boat is waiting to receive them, and the baggage is carried on men's shoulders or on handbarrows. The same thing is done at another fall, where there are five gates, and at five falls where there are four gates at each; at the remaining nineteen, where there are only three gates, as the delay is not more considerable than the changing boats would be, the boats pass through them. The original idea was that the canal should be supplied by the waters of the *Garonne*, but this was found impossible on account of the height to which it must be carried above the level of that river. Two vast reservoirs are therefore formed in the black mountains, at the highest part of the course of the canal, in which are

(1) *Agde* is about two miles from the Mediterranean, and 12 from *Béziers*. It is a flourishing little port, and contains a population of 7500. Manufactures of brandy and p-building, fishing, etc.

collected the waters from a number of springs in the mountains; and by means of these the canal receives a supply of water, which, in more than a century that has elapsed since it was first opened, has never been known to fail. The basin of Saint Ferreol, which is the largest of the two, is nearly an English mile in length, and about half that breadth; it is capable of containing nine hundred and forty thousand cubic toises of water, each toise consisting of six French feet, which is about six feet and a half English. The basin of Lampy is nearly two thirds the size of that of Saint Ferreol. Thus, by having two reservoirs, in the case of repairs being wanted by the one, so that it is necessary to lay it dry, a constant supply of water may be had from the other. These reservoirs are two hundred feet above the level of the Garonne, and six hundred above that of the Mediterranean. To this stupendous work an elegant tribute has been paid by Delille, in his charming poem "L'Homme des Champs."

Là, par un art magique, à vos yeux sont offerts
Des fleuves sur des ponts, des vaisseaux dans les airs;
Des chemins sous des monts, des rocs changés en voûte,
Où vingt fleuves, suivant leur ténébreuse route,
Dans de noirs souterrains conduisent les vaisseaux,
Qui du noir Achéron semblent fendre les eaux;
Puis gagnant lentement l'ouverture opposée
Découvrent tout à coup un riant élysée,
Des vergers pleins de fruits, et des prés pleins de fleurs,
Et d'un bel horizon les brillantes couleurs.
En contemplant du mont la hauteur menaçante,
Le fleuve quelque temps s'arrête d'épouvante;
Mais, d'espace en espace, en tombant retenus,
Avec art applanis, avec art soutenus,

Du mont, dont la hauteur au vallon doit les rendre,
 Les flots de chûte en chûte apprennent à descendre;
 Puis traversant en paix l'émail fleuri des prés
 Conduisent à la mer les vaisseaux rassurés.
 Chef-d'œuvre qui vainquit les monts, les champs, les ondes,
 Et joignit les deux mers, qui joignent les deux mondes.

Near Béziers, a little out of the high road to Narbonne, the royal canal is carried through the mountain of *Malpas*, a subterranean channel, 600 feet in length: the arch through which it runs is vaulted over with stone-work, the whole of the way, and there is a walk by the side of the canal. While the workmen were opening this subterraneous cut, they accidentally struck upon a channel made by the Romans, to drain a lake that once filled a vast hollow on the summit of the mountain. From Malpas to the surface of the river Orbe there is a fall of sixty-seven feet, which renders ten locks necessary for the raising or lowering the barges.

« The whole district between Montpellier and Narbonne is extremely fertile and well cultivated; a deep-soiled corn country. Farmers every where treading out their wheat with mules or horses, twelve or fourteen together. After the corn is separated, they continue treading the straw, until it is reduced almost to chaff, to improve the fodder, and forward the maturation of the dung. Families in the towns universally lay in their stock of wheat for the year's consumption, at this season (August). Present price, 5s. per bushel, Winchester measure (1814.) The wine of this rich country is not good, but extremely abun-

dant. From an acre of 800 toises, about three-quarters of an English acre, they expect 3600 bottles. The labour is nearly the same as for hops; and where quantity rather than quality is the object, about the same proportion of manure is applied every other year. » See Birkbeck's Notes, p. 55.

Narbonne is a place of small extent, six miles from the sea, upon a navigable communication from the Aude to the Royal Canal, near a lake called the *Etang de la Robine*, once a port. Narbonne became a Roman colony 115 years before Christ, and gave its name to a large division of Gaul. The abode of proconsuls and prefects, the masters of the world, or at least their deputies, was sure to receive every embellishment, and mark of distinction, which those proud inhabitants could bestow: the pleasures of Rome were undoubtedly transplanted hither, and sumptuous buildings raised for the sake of enjoying them. The numerous fragments that occur in every part of the town, attest the grandeur and taste of its ancient decorations; but time, and the fury of barbarians, have left none of these edifices standing.

The *cathedral* is remarkable for the loftiness of its roof, but the style of architecture is heavy. In the choir is the mausoleum of Philip the Hardy, son of Saint Louis; he died at Perpignan in 1285; while he was employed in despoiling his excommunicated relation, Peter of Arragon, of his dominions.

Narbonne was formerly governed by sove-

reign viscounts, but the Kings of France acquired it in the 16th century. Its *trade* chiefly depends upon the exportation of its wheat, which is much esteemed for seed-corn; and, except olives, is the only important production of the diocese: it is sent by a canal to the sea, where it is shipped for those provinces along the coast, that are deficient in that first necessary of life. The salt-pans on the lakes bring in a considerable revenue. The waste grounds about Narbonne abound in aromatic plants, and from which the bees extract a white and highly perfumed honey; its gentle laxative quality recommends it to the apothecaries in preference to other honey.

The fields in the low grounds are divided by rows of mulberry-trees, and mounds overgrown with thickets of tamarisks; the plough used here, consists merely of a slender handle, and a coulter, proportioned however to the lightness of the soil. Population, 9000.

Between this place and Carcassonne, the country is very agreeable. We pass by numerous villages, and old chateaux, over gentle eminences swelling amid the most lovely verdure, and tufts of wood, beautiful in the evening, from the tints of the parting sun. There is, however, little shade on this road, and the soil is rocky and gravelly.

The ancient town of *Carcassonne* is situated between the Aude and the Canal du Midi. It is divided into two parts by the river: the high town, called *la Cité*, contains the ancient castle; and the lower town is a regular square,

with the streets all straight, and intersecting each other at right angles. Carcassonne existed as a town under the Romans, and afterwards fell into the hands of the Saracens, under whom it sustained a remarkable siege against Charlemagne, conducted by a lady called *la dame Carcasse*; hence the name of the place.

It sustained another terrible siege in the Albigensian wars; when, on its surrender to the cruel Simon de Montfort, the inhabitants were compelled to quit the city in a body, *in a state of perfect nudity*, without regard to sex or age.

The objects of curiosity at Carcassonne are the ancient chateau, two fine squares, the church of the ci-devant Capuchins, the fountain of Neptune, the hôtel-de-ville, the fine manufacture of worsted thread, the public walks, the halle; and near the town, a column of coarse grey marble, erected by the Romans, with this inscription: *Principi juventutis M. Numerio Numeriano nobilissimo Cæsari N. M. P. P.*

Very considerable *manufactories* of woollen cloth are carried on at Carcassonne; the superfines, which are in great request, are chiefly exported to the Levant. This town is one of the most agreeable and by far the *cheapest* residence for a foreigner, in the South of France. Population, 15,000.

The climate now becomes too cold for the *olive*, and we lose the sight of this tree, after we quit Carcassonne. *Castelnaudry* (castrum novum Arrii) is seated on an eminence near

the Canal du Midi, in a territory fertile in corn, wine, and silk; which, with manufactories of cloth, form its chief trade. Here the army of Gaston, Duke of Orleans, was defeated in 1632, and the Duke of Montmorency taken prisoner. The passage-boat from Toulouse passes the first night here. From this place goes off the branch of the canal leading to the black mountains, a chain of naked hills, or rather rocks, which divide Languedoc from the Rouergue, and the seat of the great works by which the canal is supplied with water; particularly of the immense basin or reservoir of *St. Ferreol*, before noticed, which is built entirely of hewn stone, and provided with enormous cocks, which are opened by iron bars: three rivers are constantly emptying themselves into this reservoir. It is not more than fourteen miles from Castelnaudry; and, as a work of art, is one of the most astonishing productions in this way that can be conceived. There is a large dock-yard at Castelnaudry, for the construction of boats, used on the canal. Population, 7500.

Pass the little town of *Villefranche*, founded by Raymond, Count of Toulouse, in 1091; and thence over a rich, flat country, through the villages of Baziege Castanet, &c. to Toulouse, whose tall spires shooting up under a pure, warm sky, convey, at a little distance, some vague notion of eastern magnificence.

TOULOUSE, the capital of the Volsci Tectosagi, appears to have been one of the most

M m.

flourishing cities of ancient Gaul (1); but, like most places that boast of remote antiquity, has its origin and early history obscured with fables. The Romans decorated it with many noble structures, as an amphitheatre, a capitol, etc. but no vestiges of them are left, except the brick arches of the former. It stands in the centre of an extensive plain, which yields large crops of corn and millet; vineyards are scarce in the environs, and the wine they give is not of a very good quality. The circumference of the city is about four miles: its streets are broad and spacious, and the houses well constructed; some of them are grand, but there is a gloominess in the colour of the brick with which they are built, and a want of motion in the streets, that casts a damp upon the spirits, and excites ideas of misery.

Among the public squares, which are generally small and irregularly built, we may distinguish that before the Hôtel-de-Ville; those of St. George, of the prefecture, decorated with a fountain; and that of St. Cyprian, more regular than the others, and ornamented with some uniform buildings. The principal churches are those of St. Stephen and St. Sernin. The most remarkable public building is the *Hôtel-de-Ville*, inferior only to that of Lyons, where the *capitouls*, or eight

(1) It has the epithet of Palladia assigned to it by Martial:

Marcus Palladiæ non inficianda Tolosæ
Gloria, quem genuit pacis amica quies.

ancient chief magistrates, used to assemble. Toulouse suffered considerably in the time of the Revolution; and particularly by a dreadful explosion of a powder magazine, on the 16th of April, 1816, by which almost all the public buildings were much damaged. The traveller should not forget to see the corn-mill of *Basacle*. The bridge at Toulouse is one of the finest in Europe.

Toulouse had once a celebrated university, founded in 1229, and many academies, among which was that of the *Floral Games*, the most ancient literary society in Europe, now about to be re-established. See a full account of this curious institution, and of the *Gay Science*, in Miss Plumtree's excellent travels in France, Vol. III, p. 50-59. Toulouse is an archiepiscopal see, has a cour royale, a mint, an academy of arts and sciences, and a Royal College. It has given birth to many celebrated men, among whom may be named Marcus Antonius Primus, whose character is so ably sketched by Tacitus; Cujas, a name identified with European jurisprudence; Duranti, the ecclesiastical writer; Maignan, a self-taught geometrician; and Gui de Faur, Goudelin, Maynard, and Campistron, votaries of the muse. Goudelin, who wrote in the Languedocian dialect, is regarded as another Homer by the people of this country. The sonnet to cardinal Richelieu has immortalized *Maynard*, one of the first poets who gave ease and elegance to his native language; whose social disposition is fondly noticed by his

countrymen; and whom Voltaire has judiciously estimated as a writer and a man. Over the door of his study in his country retreat, were inscribed the following lines:

Las d'espérer et de me plaindre
Des muses, des grands et du sort;
C'est ici que j'attends la mort,
Sans la désirer, ni la craindre.

The Toulousans have been always extremely bigoted in religious matters; witness the fatal tragedy of *Calas*, and the other religious persecutions and dissensions, which have so often disgraced this city. Toulouse being a literary, rather than a commercial place, is a cheap and agreeable residence; yet we would not recommend it as proper for the *education* of a young Englishman, as a vicious pronunciation and phraseology pervade the discourse even of the higher ranks.

Public walks, etc. — Few cities in France have more extensive and agreeable promenades than Toulouse; on every side are the most charming walks. The principal are the *esplanade*, consisting of several long avenues of trees, meeting in a centre; and the walks near the canal du Midi, and that of Brienne, which are both lined with trees, and form long *allées* terminated by bridges, sluices, and a view of the river. From the bridge is a noble and extensive prospect of the Pyrenees, at the distance of 100 miles; and of the Cevennes, blended with other heights in Auvergne, apparently connecting the chain of Alps.

Productions, Commerce, Manufactures. —

The productions of Toulouse consist of silk, wool, corn, flour, wine, timber for ship-building, etc. It is also celebrated for its *geese*; the legs of which are preserved in the fat of the animals melted in a manner resembling our potted meats, and sent thus to a great distance. Pies made of the livers of geese, fattened to an enormous size are also esteemed a great delicacy. *Manufactures* of tobacco and snuff, unbleached cloth, broad cloth, dimity, stuffs, printed calicoes, blankets, counterpanes, etc. Population, 55,000.

From Toulouse, we may make an excursion to the *Pyrenean mountains*, which will amply repay the lover of picturesque scenery. In this tour will be included a visit to the towns of Auch and Tarbes, and the romantic watering-places of *Bagnères* and *Barrèges*. Thence the traveller may proceed to *Pau*, *Bayonne*, and BORDEAUX; or he may return to Toulouse and take the high road to that city described in our next chapter.

The tour which forms the subject of the following pages, may be reckoned one of the most interesting in France; they who visit Bordeaux, or pass some time at Toulouse, will find it a most delightful excursion.

No. XVI. From TOULOUSE to BAGNÈRES DE BIGORRE, $19\frac{1}{2}$ posts; about 107 English miles.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
TOULOUSE to Leguevin.	2	Vienau to Mirande....	$1\frac{1}{4}$
Ile-Jourdain.....	$1\frac{3}{4}$	Mielan.....	$1\frac{1}{8}$
Gimont.....	2	Rabasteins.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Aubiet.....	1	TARBES.....	$2\frac{2}{3}$
AUCH.....	2	Bagnères de Bigorre...	$2\frac{1}{2}$
Vienau.....	$1\frac{5}{4}$		

Gimont, situated on the right bank of the Gimone, has some mines of turquoise stone, and a population of 2400 inhabitants. *Auch*, the chief town of the department of Gers, and formerly capital of Gascony, is seated near the river *Gers*, built on the side of a hill, and presents towards the S. E. an amphitheatrical view of great beauty. The streets are narrow and winding, but it has a fine regularly built *place*, situated in the most elevated part of the town, and terminated towards the W. by an agreeable promenade; whence is seen, for the first time, in coming from Agen, a part of the Pyrenean mountains. The principal buildings worthy of remark here, are the cathedral, a Gothic edifice, and the ancient archiepiscopal palace. *Manufactures* of coarse woollen cloths and serges, (called crepons, callemandes, cadis, and burats), and cottons. *Trade* in wine, wool, and quills. Cardinal Ossat was born here. Population, 8800.

We now pass through a hilly country, and reach *Mirande*, the only place of consequence between Auch and Tarbes: it is a small town

on the Baise, situated in the most sterile spot in the whole department. *Trade* in wine, brandy, and wool. To the north are the remains of a city, called *Saint-Jean-de-Leziau*, the castle belonging to which remains. Population, 1600. According to Mela, the Auscii were the most celebrated people of Aquitania; and their city, Climberis or Climberum of the Gauls, and Ausci or Augusta Ausciorum of the Romans, was the most flourishing, and enjoyed the privilege of being governed by its own laws. There are a few mulberry-trees in the vicinity of the town. The pears of Auch, especially its *bon chrétien*, are in high request. Some very large kinds are cultivated near the walls. The seeds seldom attain to maturity, and the juices, of which they are deprived, are diffused in the pulp. This pear has long been a favourite fruit in France.

As we are now travelling in what was formerly called the province of *Gascony*, it may be proper to observe, that this vague term, applied to a considerable portion of Guienne, was first employed by Gregory of Tours. It is derived from the Vascons, a Spanish tribe, who, issuing from their fastnesses in the Pyrenees, occupied these regions towards the close of the sixth century. Poverty, pride, and provincial dialect discriminate their descendants from Frenchmen. They pronounce most of the quiescent letters, and confound *b* and *v*. Whence Scaliger's bon-mot, *Felices, quibus vivere est bibere!* *E* and *a* are treated

with the same want of ceremony, and *e* is honoured with an acute accent. Their vicious turns of phrase have been collected into a dictionary of Gasconisms, and another might be composed of Gasconades. But, if the Gascons have their foibles and peculiarities, they may, perhaps, justly claim a comparative superiority in respect of quickness of perception and regular deportment.

From Mirande the country is composed of a hilly and swelling surface, pleasantly chequered with clumps of trees and festoons of vines. After we pass *Mielan*, we descend into the beautiful plain of *Bigorre*. The small district which formerly bore that name is about forty-five English miles in length, and nine or ten in breadth; and contains, within this narrow compass, a surprising variety of hill and dale; it was formerly renowned for its wines, and more anciently for its stags and rein-deer, when Gaul, on account of its forests, might be compared to Canada or Lapland. The men, in this part of the country, are stout, and rather *grossier*. Many of them wear bonnets like those of our Highlanders, but white, and with a loose scarlet tuft upon the top. The women have fine fresh complexions, and a peculiar expression of sagacity, to which the red capulet worn by many of them, perhaps, contributes in part. We next arrive at

Tarbes, the chief town of the *Tarbelli*, whom Pliny distinguishes by the epithet *quatuor signani*; thus intimating that their gar-

rison was composed of four bodies of troops, each of which had its respective ensign, or standard-bearer. It stands upon the beautifully winding Adour, which, rising in the Pyrenees, here separates into five streams, and falls into the sea near Bayonne.

Qui tenet et ripas ATURI, quo littore curvo
Molliter admissum claudit TARBELLIVS æquor. LUC.

There are few French towns of the same size more pleasing to a stranger than Tarbes. There is something peculiarly captivating in a sequestered situation, a mild atmosphere, a fruitful plain, beautified with wood and water, and skirted by lofty and age-worn mountains. The streets are clean and airy, the houses neatly built, and covered with blue slate. The ladies are admired for their handsome persons. The men have much the look of health, and regular features. Out of 7800 inhabitants may be formed a very select and agreeable circle. No wonder, then, that Tarbes should have detained some English families on their way to or from the watering places, and detained them for life. Accommodation is good, and provisions are cheap. The only discouraging circumstance to a stranger is, that the French language is not here spoken in its purity. The town experienced no disaster from a smart shock of an earthquake in 1750; but a neighbouring valley was entirely destroyed. Here are some paper-mills; and Tarbes is the general depôt for the commodities of the department.

The road from Tarbes to *Bagnères*, distant about fourteen miles, passes through a rapid succession of grand, romantic, and pleasing prospects, where the uncommon richness of the soil is ably seconded by the intelligent industry of the cultivators. Near Tarbes the plain is so extensive that the range of hills on each side scarcely engages the attention; a large portion of its flat surface is covered with pollard cherry-trees, serving as props to the vines, while Turkey wheat occupies the ground below. Not a spot of land is suffered to lie in unprofitable idleness, except where the Adour has desolated the plains with its irresistible torrents that rush down from the mountains on the melting of the snows. We gradually draw near the entrance of a valley, the hills, as it were, approach towards us, and each lofty summit becomes more distinctly marked; the way soon grows less level, and the face of the country is hidden by woods of tall oak; in the midst of these groves are numerous villages, delicious habitations in summer, for every cottage is shaded by a clump of trees, and every garden is refreshed by copious streams of limpid water; the ground rises gently towards hills neatly cultivated, and strewn with a beautiful variety of productions.

At length the vale narrows to a point like the bottom of a net, and is entirely closed up by the buildings of *Bagnères*; an awful pile of mountains, rudely thrown together, presses behind upon the green woody heights which overhang the town; the low lands before it

are covered with crops of divers sorts of grain, but chiefly abound in Turkey wheat.

Bagnères de Bigorre, so called to distinguish it from *Bagnères de Luchon*, another small watering place of the Pyrenees, is situated on the *Adour*, at the foot of Mont Olivet, in one of the most agreeable and picturesque sites imaginable. It is tolerably well built, and the streets are broad and well paved; the quantity of water that runs through them renders the town cool and pleasant in summer, but in winter it is exceedingly cold, on account of the vicinity of the mountains, and the heavy falls of snow, that remain several months upon the ground. It has no buildings of any note. The *Adour* is here a furious torrent; its waters are white, like those of all mountain streams proceeding from snows; they are diverted at several places from their natural course, and conveyed in channels across the plain, and through the town, where they are employed in numberless useful operations.

Bagnères derives its name from the mineral baths which were known and frequented by the Romans, as many inscriptions and monuments still existing on the spot, satisfactorily demonstrate; the most explicit is to be seen in the square, dedicated to the nymphs of these salutiferous waters.

NYMPHISPROSALVTESVASEVERSERANVSUSLM.

The situation of this place is happily calculated for all exercises that tend to the recovery of health; it is built in a flat, and upon

a very dry soil; every part of it enjoys an easy communication with the fields, the banks of the river, or the high roads, where the weaker sort of visitants may breathe the fresh air, and regain strength by moderate exertions; while the more vigorous, who repair to Bagnères for the sake of amusement, may climb delightful hills, and wander among shady groves through a never-ending variety of landscape. The plain and eminences are traversed by innumerable paths, accessible to horsemen as well as foot passengers; the high grounds are not like those in the Alps, broken and precipitous, but easily sloped, and clothed with soft and pleasant verdure.

Bagnères is much frequented twice in the year; in spring and autumn. The number of wells and baths amounts to thirty, which differ more in the proportion of heat than in their medicinal qualities. They are aperient, diuretic, and slightly purgative; but are chiefly used as thermal waters, for washing ulcers and old sores, and in the form of a *douche* for rheumatisms, contractions, &c. The heat of some spouts is almost insupportable, but gradually grows less painful; so that the patient can expose his diseased limb to the *douche*, or to be pumped upon by the boiling stream, for more than a quarter of an hour at a time. The objects of curiosity within the town of Bagnères are its public walks, the church of St. Vincent, the theatre, the hospital, and the establishment of *Frascati*, where every species of amusement is united. *Manufac-*

turies of paper, woollen stuff, linen, and crapes. The population, about 3000, is chiefly supported by the annual visits of strangers to take the waters.

From Bagnères a variety of excursions may be made. 1°. To the *Pic-du-Midi*, but which may be ascended more conveniently from Barrèges. 2°. To *Bagnères-de-Luchon*, a small watering-place. 3°. To *Barrèges*, from whence we may visit the baths of St. Luz and Sauveur; to *Gavernie*, one of the most extraordinary water-falls in the world; *Cauterets*, &c. &c. Indeed, the whole of this district of the *Hautes-Pyrénées* abounds with the most picturesque spots, and the most romantic scenery—preferred by many amateurs to the wonders of the Alps. No powers of description can do justice to the varied points of view that every where present themselves in this fine country.

The road to *Barrèges*, whither we shall now conduct the reader, abounds with the most awful and sublime scenery. Pass through the village of Aste, the populous vale of Campan, and town of that name, near which is a curious grotto. Above Campan, the valley grows more confined; the hills on the right hand studded with trees and barns, covered with lively verdure; those on the left, rocky, barren, and savage. At the chapel of St. Mary, two branches of the Adour flow from different glens and join their waters; we ride up the more western stream to Grip, where all level ground terminates. Noble groves of fir over-

hang the river, which dashes successively down three romantic falls. Having taken some refreshment, we proceed up the mountain, by a winding, steep, and rugged path, through a forest of silver and spruce firs; we occasionally catch views of the river foaming among the rocks and trees, and in one spot darting over a vast precipice in a full, magnificent sheet. Upon leaving the woods, we cross a large naked plain, at the foot of the Pic-du-Midi, the highest mountain of the Pyrenées. The Adour issues out of a pyramidal hill, a few miles farther up, and winds in a small stream through the rushy pastures. Abundance of flowers animate the face of this otherwise dull scene of nature.

We are now arrived at the highest point of land we have to surmount; and a clear but horrific view opens down the *Valley of Barréges*; rude and barren mountains shade it on both sides, and the Bastan, a foaming torrent, fills the intermediate hollow. *Barréges* is composed of two small hamlets, the principal of which, Lower Barréges, contains about fifty houses, along with the baths. Close to the village runs the little stream of the Bastan, which flows in a rapid course to join the Gave, one of the tributaries to the Adour.

The situation of Barréges is extremely wild and romantic. The valley of the Bastan is on all sides enclosed by lofty crags, the sides of which are arid, scarcely admitting of cultivation, and intersected by deep perpendicular ravines, the channels of large torrents,

when the winter snow begins to melt from the mountains. To defend the village and baths of Barréges from the ravages of the waters, a large stone dyke was erected by M. Louvois, which bears his name, and protects the centre of the town, where are situated the hot springs, while the whole place is overhung by a wood of oak and ash trees that cover the lower part of the mountain.

The hot springs that have given celebrity to the village of Barréges are four in number. They have all the same component parts, but differ somewhat in their temperature, and in the quantity of sulphur, the hottest being the most strongly penetrated with this active ingredient. The three coolest are chiefly used for supplying the baths, the hottest for drinking and topical applications.

The *waters* of Barréges are remarkable for a very smooth soapy feel; they render skin that is immersed in them very supple and pliable, and dissolve soap and animal lymph. For this property they are doubtless indebted to the soda and bituminous matter which they contain.

Barréges is chiefly resorted to as a bath, and from the highly detergent powers of its waters, joined to the degree of heat, they are very powerfully efficacious as discutients in resolving tumours of various kinds, rigidities and contractions of the tendons, stiffness in the joints, left by rheumatic and gouty complaints; and are highly serviceable in cutaneous eruptions. The warm bath is used both

generally, and in the form of the *douche*. Internally taken, this water gives considerable relief in disorders of the stomach, especially attended with acidity and heart-burn; in obstinate cholics, jaundice; and in gravel, and other affections of the urinary organs. The spring and autumn are the best times for taking the waters. There are some very fine crystals to be had at Barréges, and a quarry of white marble in the neighbourhood. Population, 670.

They who visit Barréges for the purpose of restoring the use of a diseased limb, by the application of the *douche* or pump-bath, and are unable to bear the fatigue of travelling by land, may go by water, nearly the whole of the way from England. They must be contented with a sea-voyage to *Bordeaux*, and thence ascend the Garonne to TOULOUSE; at which place a convenient *litter* may be hired, a sort of carriage suspended between two mules; and in about four days, the invalid may reach Barréges. Or continue to ascend the Garonne, as far as *St. Gaudens*; but as there are no passage boats for travellers, and the accommodations of the barges which carry merchandise are very indifferent, the journey will be rendered rather unpleasant.

Barréges is the best point whence to ascend the *Pic-du-Midi*; we follow the borders of the Gave as far as the Tourmalet, and thence the way is to the north along the valley which rises to the base of the cone of the peak. M. Ramond, who, a few years since, ascended

this mountain, preferred to pass the Gave below the town, and proceeded directly towards the heights. But as a *guide* is always a necessary accompaniment in such excursions, it will be needless to say more here of the route to be followed (1).

Frequently, in these excursions among the mountains, is the wanderer surprised by a terrible storm of thunder, and happy may he think himself, if he can find the shelter of some friendly cave,—while

Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And answers through her misty shroud.

Excursion to Gavarnie.—From Barréges we proceed to the baths of Luz, and St. Sauveur; from this place to Gavarnie is a mountain road, which is a continued succession of the most romantic scenery. *Gavarnie* is a small village with a church and about forty houses, situated in the midst of barren hills, shaded by high mountains, and traversed in several directions by foaming torrents. Arrived at the *Fall of Gavarnie*, we discover a stupendous amphitheatre, three sides of which are formed by a range of perpendicular rocks; the fourth is shaded with wood: above the upright wall, which is of a tremendous height, rise several stages of broken masses, each covered with a layer of everlasting snow. The mountain

(1) See also M. Ramond's *Travels in the Pyrénées*, by Gold. 8vo.

eastward ends in sharp pinnacles, and runs off to the west in one immense bank of snow. From these congealed heaps the Gave derives its existence: thirteen streams rush down the mighty precipice, and unite their waters at its foot. The whole western corner of the area below is filled with a bed of snow, which being struck by few rays of the sun at any season, receives a sufficient volume of fresh snow every winter, to balance the loss occasioned by the warmth of the atmosphere in summer. Two of the torrents fall upon this extensive frozen surface; they have worn a huge chasm, and extending from it, a vaulted passage five hundred yards in length, through which their waters roll. The snow lies above it near twenty feet thick; the roof is about six feet above the ground, and finely turned in an arch which appears as if it had been cut and chiseled by the hand of man. In some places there are columns and collateral galleries; the whole glitters like a diamond, and is beautifully pervaded by the light.

Returning to Luz or St. Sauveur, we may pass a night at either of these places, and proceed the next day to visit *Cauterets*, celebrated for its mineral waters. This town stands in a wide vale, delightfully improved and planted: the surrounding mountains are thickly covered with wood; and the wells lie in the midst of a beautiful scene: two vast torrents pour over a ledge of rock, shaded by an evergreen forest; beautiful woody knolls rise behind, and mountains of great bulk seem

to rest upon them as upon a basis. One of these hills is quite round, and an exact representation of the eminence at the bottom of Ulls-water in Cumberland, called Dunmollin, which all persons acquainted with our delightful lakes, esteem a perfect model of rural beauty. The traveller may next proceed to Lourdes, and thence to *Pau*; but we shall now return to Barréges, and describe the route thence to Pau, Bayonne, and Bordeaux.

No. XVII. From BARRÉGES to BAYONNE, $23\frac{1}{2}$ posts, about 130 English miles.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
BARRÉGES to Luz.....	1	Artix to Orthès.....	$2\frac{1}{2}$
Pierrefitte.....	2	Puyoo.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Lourdes.....	$2\frac{1}{2}$	Peyrehorade.....	2
Lestelle.....	2	Biaudos.....	$2\frac{1}{2}$
PAU.....	3	BAYONNE.....	2
Artix.....	$2\frac{1}{2}$		

Lourdes is a small romantic town situated on the ridge of a lofty rock, at the top of which is an ancient castle, whose uncouth towers, and massy ramparts frown on the peaceful vale. It is at present, a state-prison in which Lord Elgin was confined in the winter of 1803. It has manufactures of cotton handkerchiefs, linen, woollen stuffs, etc. Beds of slate and quarries of grey marble are found in the neighbourhood. Population, 2,700.

Pau stands on the brow of a hill, overlooking the immense plains through which the Gave meanders; its many streams join in one

large body, before they pass under the arches of the bridge below; and the southern horizon is bounded by a far lengthened chain of mountains, rising behind a range of well-wooded hills. Pau is the chief town of the Basses-Pyrénées, formerly of Bearn; it is of a tolerable size, and well built, but has neither walls nor gates. Henry IV was born here, on the 13th of December, 1553. *Trade* in wine of Jurançon, excellent hams, salted legs of geese, counterpanes, superior handkerchiefs, and woollen caps. Population, 8585. At Pau, or in its neighbourhood, a single person may board and lodge in a family for 30*l.* a-year.

Orthès is a small town on the Gave du Pau and has a considerable *trade* in leather, and hams for Paris. Here are some dyers; and slate quarries, and mines of coal, sulphur, etc. in the neighbourhood. Population, 6758.

Bayonne, situated at the confluence of the Nive and Adour, about three miles from the sea, is a very important, strong, rich and commercial city. It is divided into three parts by the two rivers; and *great* and *little* Bayonne are surrounded with an old wall, and have each a small castle: the citadel is on a height which commands the whole of the town; the fortifications of which were greatly improved by Vauban. The principal objects worthy of remark are the quay or promenade, and the place de Grammont. The merchants of Bayonne exchange their drugs, fine hams, oil, brandy, chocolate, ingots of gold and

silver, wines, iron, and wool of Castile and Arragon, for drapery, cloths, printed linens, gold and silver lace, silk stuffs, ribands, mercery, hardware, etc. all the produce of different parts of France. A diligence goes to Bordeaux and Toulouse every day. Population, 13,200.

Near the village of *Briaritz*, about six miles from Bayonne, and much resorted to for sea-bathing, are some very curious grottos or caves, particularly worthy of inspection.

The spirit of their ancestors still lives in the Basques and their neighbours the Biscayans, who boast of the same origin: all we read in ancient history of the agility, perseverance, and industry of the Cantabrians, may be recognised at this day in every part of these provinces. Their early habits of exercise improve the neatness of limb and flexibility of muscle which distinguish them when adults: if they dance to the sound of their native tambourine, the fire of their character pervades and animates the whole frame. Ancient Greece herself could not present her painters and sculptors, with models of more exquisite elegance than the young women of this country; a flowing white veil fastened with bunches of red ribands, and the freedom which their short garments leave for every movement, enhance the natural beauty of their form.

No. XVIII. From BAYONNE to BORDEAUX 33 posts; about 182 English miles.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
BAYONNE to Ondres...	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Caloy to Roquefort....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Cantons.....	2	Poteau.....	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
St. Geours.....	2	Captieux.....	2
St. Paul-les-Dax.....	2	Bazas.....	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Poutons.....	1 $\frac{5}{8}$	Langon.....	2
Tartas.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Cérons.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Campagne.....	2	Castres.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Mont-de-Marsan.....	1 $\frac{5}{8}$	Bouscaut.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Caloy.....	1 $\frac{1}{8}$	BORDEAUX.....	1 $\frac{1}{8}$

Tartas is a small town, agreeably situated on the Douze, and is the general entrepôt of the trade of Bordeaux, Bayonne, and the department of the Gers. Commerce in fine wheat, wines, brandy, oil, resin, wood for ship-building, etc., etc..

Mont-de-Marsan, the chief place of the Landes, situated at the confluence of the Douze and Midan, was built in 1140, by Peter, Count of Marsan. Manufactures of druggets, counterpanes, leather, and linseed-oil. The mineral waters here are considered good in complaints of the stomach, and obstructions of the liver. The principal buildings are the hôtel of the Préfecture, and of the court of Assize. Population, 4500. The canal of the Landes, which reaches as far as Bayonne, commences at this place. Pass through Bazas, Langon, and Castres, and arrive at BORDEAUX.

Great part of the country between Bayonne and Bordeaux is composed of *Landes*, or level heaths and sands, and presents a very singular

appearance to the traveller; but this will be noticed more at length, in the following chapter.

CHAPTER V.

Route from Toulouse to Bordeaux—Montauban—Agen—Description of Bordeaux—Shepherds of the Landes—From Bordeaux to Tours by Angoulême and Poitiers—to Nantes, by Rochefort and Rochelle.

THERE are two ways of proceeding to Bordeaux. We may descend the Garonne, a very pleasant trip in fine weather; or we may take the following land route, and visit the different towns mentioned at the head of this chapter.

No. XIX. From TOULOUSE to BORDEAUX $36\frac{1}{4}$ posts; about 200 English miles.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
TOULOUSE to St. Jory..	$2\frac{1}{4}$	Port St. Maine to Aiguillon.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Grizolles	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Tonneins.....	2
MONTAUBAN (1).....	$2\frac{1}{2}$	Marmande.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Saula	$1\frac{3}{4}$	La Motte Landron....	1
Moissac	2	La Reole.....	1
Malauze.....	$1\frac{5}{4}$	Cauderot.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Magistère.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Langon	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Croquelardit	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Cérons	$1\frac{1}{2}$
AGEN (2).....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Castres.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Pont St. Hilaire.....	1	Bouscaut	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Port St. Hilaire.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	BORDEAUX (3).....	$1\frac{1}{4}$
Port St. Maine.....	1		

INNS.—(1) Le Tapis-Vert, l'Hôtel des Ambassadeurs, le Grand Soleil. (2) The Petit St. Jean, Hôtel des Ambassadeurs. (3) Hôtel de Fumel, de Richelieu, Prince of Asturias, Seven Brothers, Providence, Ambassadeurs, Holland, Star, Golden Lion.

Nothing particularly worthy of remark occurs between Toulouse and Montauban. Much of the soil is a poor white sand, cultivated with wheat and fallow alternately: in the better parts, Indian corn is substituted for the fallow. Few flocks are to be seen in this country. *Montauban* is pleasantly situated on the Tarn, which divides it into three parts; and by communicating with the Royal Canal and the Mediterranean, offers great commercial advantages. The town is in general regularly built, well paved, and very neat and clean. Many of the buildings are handsome. The air is very salubrious here, and the environs are thickly spotted with charming country houses and gardens. Montauban being seated on the gentle declivity of a hill, has a fine appearance, particularly from the platform between the two principal walks, whence may be seen in clear weather, the Pyrenean mountains, distant more than 100 miles. This town has a theatre, public library, and very agreeable walks; and the bulk of its inhabitants are *Protestants*: under Bonaparte, a college and great privileges were allowed to them. *Manufactures* of woollen stuffs, known by the names of cadis and rattines of Montauban, cotton and silk, silk stockings, calicoes, leather, tobacco, soap, earthenware; *trade* in drapery, brandy, drugs, spices, cutlery, silks, iron, salt, and goose quills. Population, 23,436.

Montauban takes its name from the quantity of willows that grow in its neighbourhood,

and which, in the language of the country, are called *aubes*. This is in the number of those towns which suffered much in the wars with the Albigeois, in those with England, and in the civil wars. In the latter it was considered as the principal focus of Calvinism.

The town of *Moissac* consists of one long street, which runs along the banks of the Tarn, but is not more than a fourth part of its ancient size, before it suffered, like Montauban, in the religious wars: it was of considerable note in the time of the Romans. Clovis founded an abbey here which was capable of containing 1000 monks; and some remains of it still exist. *Moissac* is situated in a very fertile and agreeable country, and has some trade in oil, the finest flour (*minot*), saffron, and wine. Population, 9000.

Cross the Tarn, and begin to ascend the heights at the foot of the town we have just left. The road continues to wind for a considerable way among these hills, and overlooks the richest country imaginable. We next pass *Malause*; *Magistère*, a small town with 1800 inhabitants, and a trade in dried plums, and fine flour; arrive at *Coquelardit*, and hence at

Agen, finely situated in the midst of a fertile country, on the banks of the Garonne, but not considered a very healthy place. It is an episcopal see, has a cour royale, and a tribunal of commerce. Here are some remains of Roman antiquities, baths, an arena, a curious rock, and a chapel with cells cut in the

rock, the view of which is very fine. We should remark also the church of St. Caprais, the hotel of the prefecture, the house of the *dépôt de mendicité*, the promenade of Gravier, and the works of the bridge over the Garonne. Agen produces corn, wine, brandy, hemp, fruits, (particularly what we call French plums) and cattle. *Manufactures* of serges, sail-cloth, cottons, counterpanes, candles, leather, and braziery. Population, 11,000. Joseph Scaliger was born at Agen.

The whole of the route from Agen to Bordeaux is through a rich and fertile country, on the banks of the noble Garonne. Pass port St. Mairie, a town with 2800 inhabitants, and reach *Aiguillon*, situated in a charming valley, at the confluence of the Lot and Garonne, which owes its celebrity to the two Dukes of this name, who took their title from the place; the last was one of the few nobles who adhered to the popular cause, at the Revolution. Aiguillon has some trade in hemp, which is much esteemed, and a stocking manufactory. Population, 1600.

Tonneins, situated on the right bank of the Garonne, in an extensive and fertile plain, consists only of one long and broad street of handsome houses. Here is a newly built *Hôtel-de-Ville*, the façade of which forms a part of a spacious *place*, containing an esplanade, planted with elms, which commands a fine view of the course of the Garonne. This is the most commercial town of the Agenois; its inhabitants are very industrious, but are equally celebrated for their love of luxury and

of pleasure. Tobacco is cultivated here in great quantities, and there is a manufacture of pins, and rope-yarns. Population, 7800.

The next place of note in our route, is *Marmande*, on the Garonne, a small well-built place, with broad streets, a college, and a fountain in the centre of the town: it has a considerable *trade* in grain, wine, brandy, plums of Ante, and hemp. Here are also several tanners. Population, 5600. Marmande suffered greatly in the civil wars. *La Réole*, on the right bank of the Garonne, supplies abundance of fine cattle, and trades in wine, brandy, grain, cutlery, etc. Population, 3800. Arrive opposite Langon, and cross the river to that place. *Langon* is celebrated for its delicious white wine, being the best of all the different sorts of the Bordelais, which pass under the name of *vins de grave*, from the sandy and gravelly soil in which the vines grow. Pass Cerons, Castres, and Bouscaut, and at length reach

BORDEAUX, formerly the capital of Guienne, and situated on the left bank of the Garonne. Scarcely any thing can be conceived more striking than the situation of Bordeaux. The town, nearly three miles in length, sweeps round a crescent formed by the Garonne, so that the view of the whole circuit can be taken in at once by the eye. Along the river, which is much broader than the Thames at London-Bridge, runs a fine quay, the buildings on which are of white stone, almost all modern, and very handsome; and the river

is always full of shipping, some of the vessels being of a considerable size. On the opposite bank, a rich country adorned with wooded slopes, and vineyards, with a number of villas scattered about, extends as far as the eye can reach. This forms, on the whole, a much finer *coup-d'œil* than is presented by the quay at Paris, along which run the Louvre, the Tuilleries, etc. There are not, it is true, at Bordeaux, any buildings to be compared individually with those that have been mentioned at Paris; but in considering the effect as *a whole*, a decided preference must be given to Bordeaux. The fine river Garonne presents a much grander feature than the Seine; added to which the circular course of the river permits the whole to be seen at once, and with the utmost distinctness; whereas the quay at Paris, running in a straight line, the objects, however grand, can only be seen in detail.

On approaching Bordeaux by the road from Paris, we arrive at the village of La Bastide, which being separated from the ancient capital of Guienne only by the Garonne, may be considered as a suburb, especially as the bridge which is to establish this important communication, is in a fair way of being speedily completed. A special law has lately authorised a toll upon it for the space of 99 years, for the benefit of the company that offers to concur in this expense, estimated at seven millions of francs (300,000 £.) including the 2,300,000 francs that have been

already expended. There will be nineteen arches, and its whole length 580 metres, about 1800 feet. This bridge is to be finished in 1821.

This is one of the boldest enterprises of the kind that human industry ever dared to attempt. The possibility of it was long contested, and nothing was ever thought of but a bridge of boats, as the only one that could be attempted with any hope of success. M. Deschamps, inspector-general of bridges and highways, was the first who maintained the possibility of a stone-bridge, and he has since proved it.

It is a sort of arm of the sea over which this bridge is thrown; for the Garonne at Bordeaux, where it receives the tide sufficiently to admit the largest merchant vessels, may well be considered as an arm of the sea, from its breadth of near a quarter of a league, and the force of its waters, continually struggling with those of the ocean. Till the bridge be completed the river is still passed in boats, called *gabarres*, or in ferry-boats, which are less frequently employed, as the lading is longer, and the management of them more difficult. On the port, and almost in front of the landing place, is a handsome gate of the town, called the gate of Bourgogne, because it was erected to celebrate the birth of the Duke of Burgundy. It is in the form of a triumphal arch, and at the end of a sort of public walk like a boulevard, which being on the site of the ancient ditches, consequently

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points out the old enclosure of Bordeaux.

In traversing these ditches, or boulevards, we see on the right another gate, which is remarkable from the Gothic form of the building under which it forms an opening: this is the old *Hôtel-de-Ville*, which was abandoned for one more commodious, situated on the same boulevard, on the opposite side. Old Bordeaux is on the right; and the part on the left has been formed by successive aggrandisements, more or less ancient, which have at length made it a very considerable quarter of the town. This part, a little more open and regular than the other, though not handsomer, is traversed by a principal and pretty broad street, long since given up to the Jews, who have rendered it extremely busy; it is called Bouhault, and faces the road to Toulouse, and the suburb of St. Julien, from which it is separated by the handsome gate and place of that name.

In this large circular place, several broad, straight, and long streets or avenues terminate, which form one of the finest parts of the town. On going outside the gate, if you turn to the left, two broad streets will lead you to the extremity of the port. If you turn to the right, you arrive, by a magnificent public walk, at the Place Dauphine, the first in Bordeaux in point of size, and the second in beauty; it is square, and uniformly built of hewn stone.

In front of the Cours, or walk just mentioned, is another, the finest and most animated in Bordeaux; it is called Tourny, and

leads to the faubourg or port of Chartron. In the same place terminates, on the right, the Rue de l'Intendance, which would be the finest street in the town, were it not that, on becoming broader at the opposite extremity, it forms another and still finer street called Chapeau-Rouge; this, properly speaking, is only the end of a street, but, notwithstanding, it is here that is displayed the magnificence of Bordeaux. Here are the finest houses, among which the most remarkable are the Hôtel-Sage, now the Prefecture, and the Hôtel-Fonfrede, particularly noticed for its staircase.

Antiquities.—This town was in its origin a Roman colony, and was called *Burdigala*, of which the etymology has not been ascertained. After the overthrow of the Roman empire, it fell into the hands of the Visigoths, who were expelled from it by Clovis. There are yet remaining some fragments of one of the edifices with which the Romans embellished the town: to which is given the name of *Le Palais Gallien*, under the idea that it was a palace built by the emperor Gallienus, who reigned early in the third century. It has, however, the appearance of having been an amphitheatre, and it is known by tradition that there was one in the town: but some antiquarians place the site of that, near the spot where now stands the church of St. Surin, which is at some distance from the Palais Gallien. This latter, it is evident from the fragments that remain, was of a circular form, and there is an archway remaining perfect, which

has a similar appearance to one of the four great entrances to the amphitheatre at Nismes. If it was a palace, as is asserted, it was an immense one; but so the Roman palaces undoubtedly were. The area appears, as far as any opinion can now be formed of its size, much larger than that of the amphitheatre at Nismes: but we judge here only by the sight, and the difference between the present situation of the two buildings may possibly lead the eye astray in this particular. The circuit of the amphitheatre at Nismes is entire; but here, though there are sufficient fragments to point out that the form of the building was circular, and to mark the extent of the circuit; yet as there are large intervals where the walls are entirely broken down, and where other buildings are erected which intersect the fragments that remain standing, it is not so easy to determine by the judgment of the eye, respecting its comparative dimensions, as if the perfect enclosure had remained. It is built of a mixture of stone and brick, one row of small square slabs of stone, and then three of brick, so alternately the whole height of the wall. This is a style of building far inferior, in grandeur as well as in solidity, to the enormous blocks of stones which were used in constructing the edifices of the more splendid days of Rome, and is known to have been that of the declining years of the empire.

Some considerable remains of a Roman temple, served for the foundation of a for-

tress called the Chateau Trompette, erected on the quay, by Charles VII, but now again destroyed in its turn,

No other vestige of Roman antiquity is to be seen at Bordeaux. Ravaged in the eighth century by the Saracens, it was ruined in the ninth by the Normans. Some centuries after, it experienced all the vicissitudes which were drawn upon it by the long struggles between England and France for the province of Guienne. During all this period, the town of Bordeaux always evinced the greatest attachment to the English, and particularly showed its predilection for the famous Black Prince, son of Edward III. After the treaty of Fronsac, in 1451, by which it had submitted to the King of France, it again opened its gates to the English, but was at length finally subdued in 1453, and reunited for ever to the crown of France, notwithstanding the brave and obstinate resistance of the valiant Lord Talbot.

Under the minority of Louis XIV, Bordeaux took an active part in the troubles of the Regency, but was soon reconciled with the Court, and its fidelity has never wavered since. All Europe has witnessed, in our days, the proofs of her attachment to the royal family of France, as well as her esteem for the English nation, when, in the year 1814, she opened her gates to the Duke d'Angoulême and to Marshall Beresford; who had advanced to Bordeaux with a division of the English army commanded by the illustrious

Duke of Wellington. This army had lately performed feats of valour in that country, which strongly recall to mind the heroic exploits of their ancestors in the days of the Black Prince and of the renowned Lord Talbot.

Churches.—The revolutionary hand has not provided so many ruins for the decoration of Bordeaux as it has for many other places. The churches have in general been suffered to remain with little or no injury, except the despoiling them of the gold and silver vessels, and any other ornaments of value which they possessed. The metropolitan church, dedicated to St. Andrew, is a fine old Gothic building: it existed before the time of Charlemagne, who, dying, left several rich bequests for its additional decoration. It was on the ruins of the ancient church that this fine cathedral was erected by the English, while they were masters of Guienne during the 13th century. At the west end are two lofty spires, but the summit of one was many years ago struck off by lightning, and has never been repaired. There are three other churches in Bordeaux, all Gothic buildings which have also, at different times, been injured by lightning.

The church of St. Surin is another very fine old Gothic structure, and has a profusion of Gothic ornament about the great altar, as well as about an altar in one of the side chapels. In the same chapel are deposited a great number of relics which have been *happily* preserved through the revolution.

In the church of St. Michael, another handsome Gothic structure, there is a fine carving in wood over the pulpit, of the saint to whom it is consecrated chaining the Devil. The church of St. Peter has, as well as that of St. Surin, a large collection of relics. The church of Notre Dame is a handsome modern building, much in the style of that of St. Sulpice at Paris, only upon a smaller scale.

A profusion of votive offerings are hung up here, tributes to the virgin patroness of the place, the great saint and protectress of seafaring persons; consequently a saint who must receive much homage at Bordeaux.

Public Buildings, etc.—The Exchange is a fine modern building upon the quay: it is of an oblong quadrangular form, with a court within, over which is a glazed roof, so that those who assemble there for transacting business are sheltered from the weather. Round the court is a piazza filled with shops for merchandise of all sorts, in the style of the Palais-Royal at Paris, only that it is a miniature resemblance, for the longest sides of this building appear scarcely longer than the shortest of the Palais-Royal. Over the Piazza are galleries in which two fairs are held every year. The archiepiscopal palace is a fine pile of building; and the *grand theatre* is generally allowed to be the handsomest edifice of the kind in the whole kingdom, or even in Europe. Its front is to the alleys of Tourny, one of the great promenades of Bordeaux, and one side is to the Chapeau-Rouge, the widest street in

the town. The building itself is however entirely insulated, which contributes not a little to the grandeur of its appearance. It has a handsome colonnade in front, over which is a balcony with a stone balustrade, on which are statues of Apollo and the nine Muses. From this balcony there is a very fine view over the town and the rich country round it. Other buildings and objects of curiosity are, the city museum and library; the museum founded by Rodrigue; the Athenæum established by Gœthal; the various minor theatres; the mayor's house; the custom-houses, etc., etc.

In the Rue Montaigne is the Royal College, in the church of which is the tomb of Montaigne, the celebrated author of the Essays, who died at Bordeaux in the year 1592. This city has produced several eminent literary characters. Montesquieu was born at the Chateau of La Brede, a few leagues from the town. In the decline of the Roman Empire, two illustrious men were born at Bordeaux, Ausonius the poet, who died in 393, and his disciple St. Paulinus, who died in the year 431. Berquin, who wrote so many books for children, was a native of Bordeaux.

Promenades.—The quay is a very fashionable promenade even in winter, notwithstanding its exposure to the north; but the busy scene it presents from the extensive foreign commerce which the town carries on, renders it always gay and amusing. The Alley of Tourny is another of the promenades:

they consist of several rows of trees; and being in the centre of the town, and a very great thoroughfare, they are always full of company. Another great place of resort for those who want to get rid of time is the Champ-de-Mars, a sort of little park, almost at the extremity of the town, near the quarter of the Chartrons. This is to the people of Bordeaux, what the Champs-Élysées are to the Parisians—the theatre of a variety of sports.

Manners, Society, etc.—The Bordelais are remarkably frank and cheerful in their behaviour; gay, and fond of pleasure. The women are very handsome, and particularly amiable. Bordeaux has been always a favourite residence with the English, and from its commercial character, several thousands of our countrymen are always found living in the city or its environs during peace. This place, like Marseilles, is by no means a cheap, but is a most agreeable *séjour*. The environs are more reasonable, and there a single gentleman may board and lodge in a private family for forty pounds a year. There is no want of amusement at Bordeaux; the continual influx of strangers, from all parts of the world—the moving scenery of shipping—the noble quay—the beautiful walks—the different theatres, balls, concerts, etc., the amenity of the climate, and the natural gaiety of the people, all contribute to render Bordeaux the most delightful residence of southern France. Though the winter here is cold,

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it is preferred by many to Marseilles, as a permanent residence.

The hospitality of the Bordelais may be considered as one of the principal features in their character: it is not to be found in the same degree in any other town of France; at Marseilles it is quite the contrary. The merchant of the Chartron seldom fails, on his return from the exchange, to bring home with him several friends, merchants or not, and his wife, who knows this, and likes company, perhaps, as well as he himself, is never taken unawares. As to the husband, who is occupied all day in his counting-house, warehouses, or at the exchange, it is his only pleasure. Entirely engaged in business, he only goes to the theatre to meet his friends and talk of his affairs; and his only walk is from his counting-house to the exchange, either by the quays, the courts, or the *Allées-de-Tour-ny*. As he exists only by commerce, he exists only for it.

The rest of the inhabitants, though not merchants, are not insensible to the love of riches. The desire of acquiring wealth, and of displaying it, are striking features in the character of the Bordelais. They are admirers of the fine arts, and they love honours and glory, both of which they not unfrequently attain; for nature has certainly been prodigal towards them in the means of advancing in the world. They are accused of being given to boasting, the endemic disease of the climate of Gascony; and it is certain that

in this country, people in general know their own merit, and have the candour not to conceal it. A frank open manner is a part of the character of the Bordelais, who adds moreover to the levity of the Frenchman, the gaiety, wit, and petulance of the Gascon; but he must boast of his good qualities; too sensible to be ignorant of them, he is too communicative to be able to conceal them; often even will he boast of those he does not possess: but this is one of the productions of the country, where the cultivation of truth is generally thought to be a little neglected.

This disposition for fiction, which is supposed to prevail on the borders of the Garonne, more than in other parts, is not owing to the climate or the soil, or to the character of the inhabitants, but arises from the passion they have for making up stories to delude the credulous; from telling stories and deceiving for their amusement, they come, at last, to do the same for their interest.

But after all, these characteristic defects are more applicable to the Gascons in general than to the Bordelais, and to other towns in the south of France, more than to Bordeaux; which having connexions with all parts of the world, and being always full of strangers, has lost, to a certain degree, its natural character.

The population of Bordeaux depends very much on its commerce and prosperity, and varies with them altogether by the effect of peace or war; the former will easily raise it to above 100,000 souls, while the latter may

sink it, as we have seen in our days, to 50 or 60,000.

Marseilles, which of all the towns in France may be the most properly compared with Bordeaux, does not vary so much in its population, because it depends less, in this respect, on the chances of war; as its principal relations with the Levant, are not so liable to be interrupted, and from being on the sea coast itself, it can both see the danger better, and also watch the favourable moment for commercial enterprise.

The last returns of the population in these two towns seem to place Marseilles much above Bordeaux, because, from circumstances that had not so much affected Marseilles, Bordeaux had lost one half of its population. But, from its extent and that of the port, it is much superior to Marseilles, which it will probably also soon surpass in population, if peace continues to favour its commercial speculations.

Notwithstanding, therefore, all we have said of Lyons and Marseilles, we must assert, that Bordeaux, even in its present state, is without dispute, and without any exception, the second town, and the first commercial port in France; it is the one, moreover, which has the most resemblance to the capital, by its character of a great city, and by the number and elegance of the handsome carriages that are seen in the streets. Neither Marseilles nor Lyons come up to Bordeaux in this respect;

but as to persons on foot, their number appears greater in Lyons.

The climate of this town is hot, but rather wet, the surrounding country is flat and sandy, but excellent for vines. It is the beginning of the tract called the Landes, which, on approaching the Garonne, becomes gravelly: and it is this soil which produces the finest wine of Bordeaux called *Vin de Grave*.

This meagre soil, moreover, is very favourable to the growth of the vine; no where is it more vigorous, each vine plant being a little tree, under the shade of which several persons might find shelter. All the vines of Medoc also are on gravel, but do not grow so high, which contributes to give a better quality to the wine.

The other bank of the Garonne, which has not the same aspect, has not either the same soil; instead of being flat, it is a steep, though not a high bank; and instead of a gravelly soil, is argilo-calcareous, sometimes stony, but always covered with vines or wood, which form a charming prospect of verdure opposite the port.

Productions, Commerce, Manufactures. —

The wine of the country, *vin de Bordeaux*, or as we call it, claret, forms the principal export and trade of this place; the best comes from the *pays de Medoc*, a district bordering on the Garonne; when it has been about four years in bottle, it is a most delicious wine: but it is much adulterated with brandy before it reaches England. One year with another

the exportation of wine from Bordeaux is supposed to amount to 100,000 hogsheads.

The other articles of commerce are brandy, vinegar, plums, honey, chesnuts, resin, pitch and tar, turpentine, hemp, perfumery, preserved fruits, hams, and live stock of all sorts. It exports to America the productions of the Gironde, and trades largely with Spain and Italy. Bordeaux has also sugar refineries, and manufactories of brandy, a famous liqueur called *Anisette*, vinegar, calicoes, stockings, aqua-fortis, earthenware, glass, and several rope-yards. The port of Bordeaux is capable of containing more than a thousand vessels.

Nothing can surpass the bustle that prevails, in time of peace, in the port of Chartron. It is remarkable that the wine at Bordeaux is not put into cellars like that of Champagne and Burgundy; but is stowed on the ground-floor of the houses and workhouses in the Chartron, from which the hogsheads are rolled on the quay, and conveyed to the vessels which are to transport them to every part of the world.

There are hardly any places worth visiting in the environs of Bordeaux. We have already mentioned the chateau of La Brede, where Montesquieu was born, to which most travellers make a visit.

The tower of Cordouan, built on a rock in the sea, at the mouth of the Gironde, is the finest light-house in France, and perhaps in Europe; but it is seventeen leagues from Bordeaux, and the only way to it is down the

river. The foundations of it were laid in the year 1584, by Louis de Foix, the same architect who built the palace of the Escorial in Spain. The construction of this pharos is as admirable as its destination is useful; its exterior presents three orders of architecture which rise one above the other in a pyramidal form; that of the ground-floor is Doric, the second Corinthian, the last Composite. The diameter of this tower, at the bottom, is twenty-one toises five feet; its entire height is seventy-five feet; it is terminated by an iron lantern which was substituted in 1727 for one of stone which the fire had calcined: this iron lantern, fifteen feet high, is supported by four bars of the same metal, three inches and a half thick below; but diminished to two and a half above; so that they cause no shadow. Above is a dome eight feet in diameter placed on a piece of masonry in stone, a foot and a half thick: this dome is sufficiently large to be seen by navigators, during the day, at a considerable distance.

On the dome rises a small lantern, three feet and a half in diameter, surmounted by a globe with a weathercock.

It is under the dome, and in the great iron lantern we have mentioned, that the fire of the light-house is placed; the pan that contains it holds 225 pounds of coal, which is lighted every evening at sunset, and burns all night.

The interior of the tower is composed of a ground-floor arched, and two stories above; the first, which is called *la chambre du Roi*,

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is a great room; the second is occupied by the Chapel. There are four watchmen who reside constantly in the tower to take care of the fire. The expence of keeping them, that of the coals, and the repairs which the violence of the waves often renders necessary, is partly raised by a toll on every vessel, French or foreign, which pays five sous on quitting the river.

This account of Bordeaux would be incomplete were we not to notice a remarkable tract of country in its vicinity, known by the name of the *Landes*, or desert of the South of France, which lies between the mouths of the Adour and the Gironde, along the sea-coast; and, according to tradition, was once the bed of the sea itself, which flowed in as far as Dax. The following is an account of this singular country, by a recent traveller. « It is a bed of sand, flat, in the strictest sense of the word, and abounding with extensive pine woods. These woods afford turpentine, resin, and charcoal, for trade, as well as a sort of candles, used by the peasantry, made of yarn dipt in the turpentine. The road is through the sand, unaltered by art, except where it is so loose and deep as to require the trunks of the fir trees to be laid across to give it firmness. The villages and hamlets stand on spots of fertile ground, scattered like islands among the sands. The appearance of a corn-field on each side of the road, fenced by green hedges, a clump of trees at a little distance, and the spire of a rustic church tapering from

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among them, gave notice of our approach to an inhabited spot. On entering the villages, we found neat white cottages, scattered along a bit of green, surrounded by well-cultivated gardens and orchards, and shaded by fine old oaks and walnuts. Through the centre of the village, a brook of the clearest water was always seen running among meadows and hay-fields, and forming a most grateful contrast to the heat and dust of the sandy road.

« It was between the villages of Castel and La Buharre that we first saw these shepherds, mounted on stilts, and striding like storks, along the flat. The stilts raise them from three to five feet; and the foot rests on a surface, adapted to its sole, carved out of the solid wood; a flat part, shaped to the outside of the leg, and reaching to below the bend of the knee, is strapped round the calf and ankle. The foot is covered by a piece of raw sheep's hide. In these stilts they move with perfect freedom, and astonishing rapidity; and they have their balance so completely, that they run, jump, stoop, and even dance with ease and safety. We made them run races for a piece of money, put on a stone on the ground, to which they pounced down with surprising quickness. They cannot stand quite still without the aid of a long staff, which they always carry in their hands. This guards them against any accidental trip, and when they wish to be at rest, forms a third leg, that keeps them steady.

« The habit of using the stilts is acquired

early, and it appeared that the smaller the boy was, the longer it was necessary to have his stilts. By means of these odd additions to the natural leg, the feet are kept out of the water, which lies deep during winter on the sands, and from the heated sand during the summer: in addition to which, the sphere of vision over so perfect a flat is materially increased by the elevation, and the shepherd can see his sheep much farther on stilts than he could from the ground. —Journal of Science and the Arts, Vol. II. p. 255.

From Bordeaux, the traveller may proceed to *Tours*, by Angoulême and Poitiers, the usual route; or first visit Nantes, taking the road of Rochefort and Rochelle. We shall give both routes, so that the tourist may then make his election.

No. XX. From BORDEAUX to TOURS, by *Angoulême* and *Poitiers*, $48\frac{3}{4}$ posts; about 268 English miles.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
BORDEAUX to Carbon-		ANGOULÊME to Churet.	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Blanc.....	2	Mansle.....	2
Cubzac.....	1	Nègres.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Cavignac.....	$2\frac{1}{2}$	Ruffec.....	1
Chiersac.....	2	Maisons-Blanches.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Montlieu.....	1	Chaunay.....	1
La Grolle.....	2	Couhé.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Reignac.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Minières.....	1
Barbezieux.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Vivonne.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Petignac.....	2	Croutelle.....	2
Roulet.....	1	POITIERS (2).....	1
ANGOULÊME (1).....	2	Clan.....	2

INNS. (1) Great Stag, Round Table, White Horse.
(2) Hôtel d'Evreux, du Plat d'Etain, des Trois Pilliers.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
Clan to Tricherie.....	1	Ormes to St. Maure...	2
Barres de Nintré.....	1	Sorigny	2
Chatellerault.....	1	Montbazou	1
Ingrande	1	TOURS (1).....	2½
Ormes.....	1½		

Cubzac is on the right bank of the Dordogne, which is there as broad as the Garonne at Bordeaux. It is passed in a similar manner in a sort of boat. The space between the two rivers is called *L'entre-deux-Mers*; the road is very fine and the country very pleasing.

The situation of Barbezieux, on the high road to Bordeaux and Spain, is very advantageous to the place. It has a manufactory of cloth; its capons are delicious, and its mutton of an excellent quality.

Angoulême, the ci-devant capital of the Angoumois, is situated on the Charente; is an episcopal see, and has a tribunal of commerce and an agricultural society. Here is a good theatre, an exchange, and some fine walks, particularly that called *Belle-Vue*, which offers a most picturesque coup-d'œil. Trade in grain, wine, Cognac brandy, saffron, wood, iron, cattle, salt, etc., etc. Manufactures of excellent paper, of which there are twenty-five mills; of woollen, earthenware, serges, drugget, etc., a royal foundery of cannon for the marine, and numerous forges. Population, 15,000. In the rocks which form the banks of the Tardouère and the Bandia, are numerous caves or grottoes, filled with stalactites of different colours, and assuming a thou-

INNS.—(1) Pheasant, Golden Ball(very good).St. Julian.

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hats; *trade* in wool, paper, iron, wine, corn, hemp, linen, cloth, brandy. Population, 21,124. It was near this town that a battle was fought in 1356, between the English and the French, when the latter were defeated, and their king taken prisoner. The army of the English, led on by the Black Prince, amounted only to 12,000 men, and that of the French to 60,000.

The neighbourhood of Poitiers was also the scene of two other very memorable battles: that in 507, when Clovis defeated and killed Alaric, King of the Visigoths; and that of 732, when Charles Martel annihilated the formidable army of the Saracens, commanded by Abderamus, who there lost, according to the historians of that time, from 3 to 400,000 men. During the wars with the English, Charles VII held his parliament at Angoulême, and resided here a long time.

Chatellerault, agreeably situated on the Vienne, has a fine square, in the centre of which a fountain has been lately erected. It has a tribunal of commerce; *trade* in grain, much esteemed wine de veaux, brandy, plums, coriander, honey, gum, wool, hemp, millstones; *manufactures* of excellent cutlery, serges, bleaching of wax, and tan-yards. Population, 8400.

At *Ormes*, is one of the finest chateaux in France, the property of Mr. D'Argenson, of the illustrious family of that name. On each side of this village, and nearly at equal distances, are two remarkable places, on the

right, Haie-Descartes, situated on the river Creuse, the birth place of the famous philosopher Descartes, and where the room he was born in is still shown; on the left, about four leagues from Ormes, the little town of Richelieu, where the celebrated Cardinal Richelieu built a very magnificent chateau, now demolished.

About a league to the right of *Saint Maure*, is the beginning of the very remarkable spot called *Les Falunières*. It is a plain, about nine leagues square, and entirely composed of sea-shells, without any mixture of earth, the depth of which is not known. The neighbouring farmers dig up these shells for manuring their lands.

On the right, beyond Saint Maure, is the little church of Saint Catherine de Fierbois, where the intrepid Joan of Arc went to take the sword that was there in the tomb of a knight.

At *Montbazon*, on the Indre, are the ruins of a very ancient castle, supposed to have been founded by Julius Cæsar. We now pass through a pleasant fertile country, till we reach the brow of a steep hill, from which is a delightful view of the plain in which stands the city of Tours, with the Cher winding through it. The road is continued to the gate of Tours by a magnificent avenue of four rows of trees. The town will be described in our next chapter. We now proceed to notice the route from *Bordeaux* to *Nantes*, by *Roche-fort*, and *Rochelle*.

No. XXI From BORDEAUX to NANTES, by *Rochefort* and *Rochelle*, $41\frac{1}{2}$ posts; about 228 English miles.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
BORDEAUX to Carbon		St. Porchaire to St. Hy-	
Blanc.....	2	polite.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Cubzaac.....	1	ROCHEFORT (2).....	$1\frac{3}{8}$
Damet.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Passage.....	2
Fontarabie.....	1	ROCHELLE (3).....	2
Ragoneau.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Grolaud.....	1
Etauliers.....	1	Marans.....	2
St. Aubin.....	1	Moreilles.....	2
Mirambeau.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	St. Hermand.....	2
St. Genis.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Chantonay.....	2
Pons.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Fongeray.....	$1\frac{5}{8}$
La Jard.....	1	Montaign.....	$2\frac{3}{8}$
SAINTES (1).....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	La Jaunaye.....	2
St. Porchaire.....	2	NANTES (4).....	2

The above is the route for those who travel post; the *diligence*, however, usually starts from *Blaye*, about 18 or 20 miles from Bordeaux, and we descend the Garonne in a passage-boat to that place. The voyage is very pleasant in fine weather, and there are some noble views on the river, in different parts, particularly about half way, where the Garonne and the Dordogne unite their streams. The town of *Blaye*, standing on a considerable rock, and sloping towards the shore, has

INNS.—(1) Hôtel de France, la Cloche. (2) Le Bacha, la Coquille d'Or, la Grâce de Dieu. (3) Hôtel des Ambassadeurs, des Princes, des Trois Chandeliers. (4) Hôtel de France, an immense building; can make up 60 beds, take in 100 horses, and numbers of servants; des Etrangers, the best, and very comfortable; White Horse, Robin, Green Cross, Pelican, etc. etc.

a very picturesque appearance when approached from the water. The Gironde is here four miles broad, though more than 50 miles distant from the sea. Its port is much frequented, and is advantageously situated for commerce. Vessels are built here for the cod-fishery, and others of 200 tons burthen. Here is the tomb of Cherebert, King of Paris, who died at Blaye in 567; a citadel, and a theatre. Population, 4700.

Saintes is pleasantly situated on a peninsula, formed by the winding of the river Charente; it was formerly a considerable Roman colony, and was adorned with many splendid edifices, some vestiges of which still remain; as the ruins of an amphitheatre, and the fragments of a triumphal arch, on the bridge over the Charente. It has some fine public walks, and a theatre. The average quantity of red wine produced annually from the environs of this town is 8000 tuns, and of white wine 10,000 tuns, which last is made into brandy and excellent spirits of wine. *Manufactures* of dimitry, caps, earthenware. Population, 10,400.

It was the birth-place of the noted Bernard Palissy, who lived in the reign of Henry III.

The environs of *Saintes* are delightful; and the Charente, in its tranquil course, waters fields covered with the richest productions. The entrance to the town is over a bridge, in the midst of which is the *triumphal arch* already mentioned. It is remarkable that this arch was originally built on the bank of

the river, which has changed its bed; so that the arch is now over the centre of the stream and fixed in the bridge. Time has overwhelmed it with its attacks; all the projecting parts are mutilated, the summit is greatly damaged, and the plants that are commonly seen on old monuments pierce through it on every side. This ruin, however, is so picturesque, that the most indifferent person can not help being interested with the sight of it.

This monument now stands on a piece of stone masonry which forms one of the piles of the bridge: and is composed of two porticos, crowned with an entablature and surmounted by an attic. The plan of it has no grandeur, and this arch is less remarkable for its architecture, than for its inscriptions, of which there still remain some vestiges, by which it is evident that it was erected to Germanicus, after his death, and that, for fear of offending the jealous pride of Tiberius, the *Santones* added the name of that emperor, and of his son Drusus, in the year of Rome 774, of the Christian era 21st.

One would suppose that a bridge on which there is such a curious monument, would lead to a town embellished with handsome buildings; but, on the contrary, the interior of Saintes is the most dismal and gloomy place imaginable. There are few ancient towns, however, that have so many Roman ruins.

The church of Saint Eutropius is very ancient and partly destroyed. Behind it is the amphitheatre, of which only a few arcades

remain, and the *arena* being cultivated tends to hasten its destruction. It is said to have had the same dimensions as that of Nismes. Here is the fountain Sainte Eustelle, where young girls come and drink the water, after having heard mass in the church of Saint Eutropius, and performed their devotions in the chapel of the saint of the fountain, in hopes of good fortune in marriage. It is thought that this theatre also served for *naumachias*, and that the aqueduct, of which some remains are to be seen, was destined for the conveyance of the water necessary for this sort of show.

The cathedral, dedicated to Saint Peter, is very ancient, and the steeple is said to have been built in the time of Charlemagne.

In the time of the Roman emperors there was at Saintes a manufacture of large cloaks, which had a kind of hood like that of the capuchin friars, and which appears to have been much worn at Rome. It was called *cucullus*, or *bardocullus Santonicus*. So Martial says:

Gallia *Santonico* te vestit bardocucullo.

And Juvenal :

..... Quid, si, nocturnus adulter,
Tempora *Santonico* velas adoperte cucullo ?

The industry of the inhabitants of this department is now entirely directed towards agriculture. Saintes contains no manufactory, and the arts are neglected.

The weather here is commonly serene, and the sky clear.

Not far from Saintes is the town of Cognac, so famous for its excellent brandy, and for having been the birth-place of Francis I. Cognac is delightfully situated, on a height, with an ancient ruinous castle that commands the town and a fine park. It was under an elm-tree, near this castle, that Louise de Savoye, Duchess of Angoulême, returning from a walk, was seized with labour-pains, and brought into the world Francis I., the 12th of September 1494. In order to perpetuate the remembrance of the birth of one of the most illustrious French monarchs this elm was religiously preserved for a great length of time, and was called in the country *l'Elm-Tile*; when it was entirely decayed the inhabitants planted another, which they surrounded with a wall of an hexagonal form, which has been destroyed in order to widen the road.

Jarnac, two leagues further on towards Angoulême, is famous for the battle which Henry, Duke of Anjou, gained there in 1569, over the Calvinists, commanded by the Prince of Condé, who was miserably assassinated after the battle.

The country after leaving Saintes is woody and pleasant, and continues so till we reach

Rochefort, situated on the Charente, about twelve miles from its mouth, in the midst of a low, marshy, country; the houses are very low, and many of them have only one story. The town is, notwithstanding, handsome and regular, and was built by Louis XIV, who made it a department of the marine. The port is convenient, and defended at the en-

trance of the river by several forts. It has a tribunal of commerce, a maritime prefect, a dock-yard, vast magazines, a place d'armes in the centre of the town, an arsenal, considered the largest and first in the kingdom, a fine hospital, agreeable promenades, and a vast basin or reservoir, to supply the town with water. *Trade* in wine, brandy, salt, and grain of every kind. Population, 17,000.

It was from Rochefort that Bonaparte sailed, when, after the loss of the battle of Waterloo, he delivered himself up to the English, in the month of July, 1814.

Rochelle is a considerable sea-port. It is well built, and many of the houses are supported by arcades and porticos: the Place du Chateau is a noble square. Rochelle is an episcopal see, has a tribunal of commerce, and a mint; a theatre, exchange, and agricultural society. The Place d'Armes is a fine public walk; and from *le Mail* may be seen, at one view, the isles of Oléron, Ré, and Aix; Brouages and Marennes: from the tower of Baleine we may see the country for twenty or thirty miles round; this is also a light-house. Rochelle fits out vessels for the isles, and furnishes wine, brandy, salt, hemp, linseed, and mustard. Population, 18,000.

The celebrated *mound* (digue) erected by Cardinal Richelieu, extends from side to side, across the whole harbour, nearly an English mile in length, and when the sea retires is still visible. We may walk out upon it for more than 300 feet; its breadth is even now more than 180 feet, and it widens considerably to-

wards the base. No effort of art or power can possibly impress the mind with so vast and sublime an idea of the genius of Richelieu, as does this bulwark against the sea. While we stand upon it, in the middle of the port, between the waves which roll on either side, and contemplate its extent and strength, we are almost inclined to suppose this astonishing work to be superior to human power, and the production rather of a deity than of a mortal. A small opening of about 200 feet was left by Pompey Targon, the architect who constructed it, to give entrance to vessels, and was shut up by chains fixed across it. A tower was also erected at each end, no remains of which are now to be seen. In all probability a thousand years, aided by storms and all the fury of the sea, will make little or no impression on this mound, which is destined to endure as long as the fame of the cardinal its author.

In the year 1361, Rochelle was delivered up to the English, as part of the ransom of King John, who was taken at the battle of Poitiers. In 1540 it was the grand asylum of the Protestants; and the massacre at Paris was soon followed by the memorable siege of Rochelle, which began in November 1572, and was raised in June 1573.

The public library, and the cabinet of natural history, one of the finest in France, are worth visiting. A taste for literature and science has long prevailed at Rochelle, and it has produced some eminent men, particularly



naturalists. Reaumur and Desaguliers were both natives of this town.

Great part of the country between Rochelle and Nantes lies near the sea, and is very fenny and marshy; but the air is only unwholesome to strangers, for the natives look very healthy, and live to a good old age. The marshes afford great quantities of salt, feed abundance of draught oxen, and a great deal of hemp and flax is grown in them. In this route, we have traversed from south to north, the *circons* province of Poitou; and, in part, the unfortunate *La Vendée*, which commences about Saint Hermant. Three of the places in our route, Chantonay, Saint Fulgent, and Montaigu, were the scenes of action of particular note, in the Vendéan war. In the short space of three days, the latter town was twice given up to indiscriminate pillage and massacre; being first taken by the republican army, and afterwards retaken by the Vendéans. But of these melancholy events we have neither space nor inclination to enter into any detail.

The *Vendéans* are considered as a remnant of the Huns and Picts, who, under the latter emperors of the West, overran a large part of Italy and Gaul. They have a character, both physical and moral, which differs in many respects from the character of those, among the French, who may more decidedly be pronounced descendants of the Franks. They have larger heads, thicker necks, smaller eyes, and fairer complexions, than the French in general. They are rather low in stature,

of a disposition less ardent and active than the French of many other parts; but when their spirit is roused, they enter with great eagerness into whatever they undertake, and are remarkable for a stoical contempt of death in the pursuit of any favourite object.

They are very hospitable, and if a traveller should be overtaken by bad weather, will invite him into their cottages, give him any refreshment that they afford, and would esteem it an affront if the guest should offer to pay for it. They are more addicted to drinking than the generality of the French, and are less eager after diversions; yet they have their Sunday amusements, to which they are much attached. After service, the men make parties at bowls, in which they particularly excel; and the losers always treat the company with two or three bottles of wine, according to the numbers that are to drink. But the great time of festivity is when a hog is killed by any of the peasantry. The owner of the animal invites all his neighbours to his house, when they play at bowls, dance, and amuse themselves with other active sports till supper. They then make a jovial and hearty meal, when the wine flows freely, and afterwards tell stories, or make speeches; or sometimes preach burlesque sermons, in which great humour is displayed. The Vendéan women are reckoned to sing and dance extremely well.

A very bad jargon is spoken in this country, a dialect of the French, not like the Provençal and the Breton, a language distinct from

it. The Vendéans, put the verb in the plural to the nominative pronoun in the singular, and say, *j'avons, je mangeons, etc., etc.* They are besides remarkable for adding the word *moi*, which they pronounce *mai* to every thing they say when speaking of themselves.

CHAPTER VI.

Tour of the Loire.—Description of Nantes—Angers—Saumur—Tours—Blois—Orléans.—Route from Orléans to Paris—From Angers to Paris, by La Fleche, le Mans and Chartres.

As the tour of the Loire is usually made on its banks, rather than on the river, in a boat, as on the Rhine, Rhone, Garonne, etc. on account of the difficulty of navigation, in summer, from the various shallows which are met with, there is no objection to commencing the journey at *Nantes*. Those, however, who come from Paris, may take the diligence to Orléans, and *descend* the river from that place to Nantes; but there are no public passage-boats (*coches d'eau*) all the way, as on the other rivers. In this case, the traveller will have to *reverse* the route we are about to describe.

The approach to *Nantes*, from the south, for about a mile and a half, is over a continued succession of bridges, built over the various branches of the Chezine and the Ardres,

two small streams that run into the Loire. Nantes is finely situated on the declivity of a hill, at the foot of which runs the *Loire*, almost as broad as the Thames at London, but much more picturesque, on account of the numerous little green islands, spotted with *guingettes*, or houses of refreshment, with gardens; the river covered with boats and small vessels; the fine quay, nearly a mile in length; the various promenades, and the view of the surrounding country, altogether form a most charming coup-d'œil, which is scarcely surpassed in any part of France. Yet Nantes labours under a commercial inconvenience, in the shallowness of the river, as vessels of more than an hundred tons burthen, are obliged to unload at *Paimbœuf*, distant about 25 miles. This place, only a village at the commencement of the 18th century, is now a flourishing sea-port, with a population of 4,000 souls.

Nantes is an episcopal see, has a royal college, a tribunal of commerce, a noble public library, a school of anatomy and surgery, an agricultural and commercial society, a botanical garden, a museum, a cabinet of natural history, and a school of hydrography. Among the principal buildings are a fine ancient cathedral, lately repaired (1816); the Hôtel-de-Ville, the palace of the prefecture, a very handsome theatre, the exchange, the halle, the departmental column, 76 feet in height; and the vast *château*, in an excellent state of preservation. Nantes is al-

together a very fine city, and several parts of it bear a close resemblance to Paris, particularly in the magnificence of the public buildings, the height of the houses, the breadth of the streets, the beauty of some of the squares, and in the architecture of a few of the twelve bridges which connect the different quarters of the town. Among the four large faubourgs of Nantes, that of *la Fosse* is the finest, and inhabited by the rich merchants and bankers. The *Isle Feydeau* also contains some very handsome and well-built houses.

Productions, Manufactures, and Commerce.—Nantes furnishes coals, and wood for making hoops for casks, and has rope-yards, manufactures of counterpanes, calicoes, dimities, handkerchiefs, cotton twist, liqueurs, earthenware, glue, soap, glass, sugar, bleaching wax, etc.: exports the productions of all France (particularly brandy) to foreign countries, and has considerable trade with the East and West Indies, Africa, and the American colonies; and carries on a cod-fishery at Newfoundland and Cape Breton. Here merchant vessels of 1000 tons are built, and small ships of war.

Environs.—The country in the neighbourhood of Nantes is very beautiful, and affords a variety of picturesque rides and walks, particularly on the banks of the river; and the numerous houses of entertainment (guinguettes and bastringues), at a short distance from the city, draw an immense number of people on

the fête days and Sundays, to enjoy all the luxury of rural sights and rural sounds. One of these places, which we visited in 1816, consists of a large orchard, filled with fruit-trees, a corn-field, kitchen-garden, walks, etc., and a snug sort of farm-house, where parties may dine, and enjoy their own society; or sit under the shade of a fruit tree in the pleasant gardens, and amuse themselves with seeing the belles and beaux of Nantes, as happy as a holiday, fine weather, music and dancing, can make them. A boat will convey the traveller hither for a trifle.

Besides visiting *Paimbœuf*, a journey which may be easily made by water or land according to the inclination of the traveller; he may make an excursion to *Indret*, about five miles from Nantes, where there is a grand dépôt of timber for ship-building, and one of the finest cannon founderies in Europe. On the opposite coast, frigates, and other vessels are built.

The *Plateau de la Salle Verte* is another object of curiosity in the environs of Nantes, usually visited by travellers. This is a large block of granite, producing the fetid quartz, or stink-stone: it is semi-transparent, greyish, and when rubbed briskly, gives out a strong and disagreeable smell; or, if two pieces be rubbed together, it produces the same effect. Submitted to the action of fire, it loses its scent, becomes white, and increases in weight. These fetid stones are also found in the country to the N. and N. W. of Nantes.

Nantes is celebrated for the famous edict of Henry IV. made in 1598, in favour of the protestants, and the revocation of which by Louis XIV, in 1685, will ever remain so foul a blot in the otherwise glorious career of that celebrated monarch. During the time of the revolution, Nantes was disgraced by the *noyades*, or horrible executions, ordered by the monster Carrier.

No. XXII. From NANTES to ORLÉANS, $37\frac{1}{2}$ about 206 English miles.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
NANTES to Sailleraye..	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Langeais to Luynes....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Oudon.....	$1\frac{3}{4}$	Tours (2).....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Ancenis.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	La Frillière.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Varades.....	$1\frac{3}{4}$	Amboise.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Champtocé.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Veuves.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
St. Georges.....	1	Chousy.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
ANGERS (1).....	$2\frac{1}{4}$	Blois (3).....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Port-la-Vallée.....	$2\frac{1}{4}$	Menars.....	1
Rosiers.....	$1\frac{1}{4}$	Mer.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
La-Croix-Verte.....	2	Beaugency.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Chouzé.....	$2\frac{1}{4}$	Saint Ay.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Trois Volets.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	ORLÉANS (4).....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Langeais.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$		

The route from *Nantes* to *Orléans*, follows the course of the Loire, and for the greater part of the way, is on the *banks* of this beautiful river. The roads are very good, except after heavy rains; and even then, much of it being a *pavé*, or paved causeway,

INNS.—(1) The White Horse, an excellent Inn; the Pheasant, where the diligences stop. (2) The Golden Ball, Pheasant, St. Julien. (3) The Golden Ball. (4) The same.

little inconvenience is experienced, except when the latter is out of repair; and this, to the credit of the government, is very seldom the case in France.

Pass through the romantic little village of *Mauves*, situated among a rich variety of woodland and meadow; with hills on both sides the river, tufted with wood, and now and then crowned with the ruins of an ancient tower or chateau, frequently patched up and inhabited. From *Mauves* to *Oudon* is a fine and enclosed country, well wooded, and thickly spotted with neat little cottages generally of one floor, and most of them situated in orchards, fronting the river. Before we arrive at the village of *Oudon*, a single street of straggling houses, we reach a lofty eminence, crowned with the ruins of an old castle, whence there is a prospect of most exquisite beauty, over the Loire. Having enjoyed this prospect, it will be better to trust to our feet in descending the hill; no one can ride down with any pleasure; although the heavy waggon-like diligence, and its female passengers, generally run the risk.

Ancenis, a little town on the right bank of the Loire, is remarkable for nothing but its beautiful situation in a rich and fertile country. From this place to Angers, nothing can be more beautiful than the natural distribution of lawn, wood, hill, and valley, while the river which borders this scenery is ever giving it a new form by its serpentine shape. The Loire, is perhaps, the only river

in Europe, which is bordered by hills and hillocks, and which, in so long a course, so seldom passes through a mere dead level. Accordingly, from the earliest times of the French monarchy, the rising grounds of the Loire have been selected for the sites of castles, monasteries, abbey, and chateaux; these, many of them still entire, and others with nothing remaining but their lofty walls, together with towns, windmills, and steeples; hills covered with vines, and alternate woods and corn-fields, all form a landscape, or rather a chain of landscapes, which remind one of a fine poem, where we are successively refreshed, delighted, animated, and exalted (1).

Still it should be remembered, that this scenery is of a mild and beautiful, rather than of a grand and romantic character; and that it will be more pleasing to those who have not visited the Meuse in Belgium; the Saône, and the Rhone; the *Rhine*, and the Moselle. The RHINE indeed, should be reserved by the *amateur*, as the *ne plus ultra* of SCENERY.

Angers, formerly the capital of Anjou, now the chief town of the Maine and Loire, is si-

(1) To this picture we may add the floating apiaries, consisting frequently of a hundred bee-hives, which are occasionally seen on the smooth, unruffled surface of the stream :

So through the vales of *Loire* the bee-hives glide,
The light raft dropping with the silent tide;
So, till the laughing scenes are lost in sight,
The busy people wing their various flight,
Culling unnumbered sweets from various flowers
That scent the vineyard in its purple hours. ROGERS.

tuated on the Mayenne, a little above the place where this river receives the Lesser Loire and Sarthe, and which then takes the name of Mayenne or Main, and about three miles from the point where the united streams fall into the Loire. Though this situation, at the confluence of three rivers, and within a short distance of one of the largest in France, is very advantageous in a commercial view, yet the water of the Mayenne is so harsh, as to be unfit to drink, or to cook with; and were it not for the proximity of the Loire, and some aqueducts, Angers, though built on a river, would be in want of one of the first necessities of life. Angers was a favourite station of the Romans, and many remains of the conquerors of the world are yet to be seen. A few of the arches of an aqueduct constructed by them across the river are in perfect preservation, and form a very prominent object as you walk beside its busy banks.

The general appearance of Angers is not in its favour; the streets are steep, narrow, dark, and winding, and most of the houses very ancient, projecting, and ill-built: yet there are many very handsome buildings within the walls, and outside of the town; it is chiefly the *interior* which has a sombre appearance. The gloomy *castle*, formerly tenanted by the Plantagenets, in which antiquaries are shown the tomb of René, king of Sicily, together with that of his wife, demands our first attention. The *cathedral*, of a since

ture perfectly unique, consisting of one long avenue surmounted by a gothic arched roof without a pillar, merits inspection. Here is the monument of Margaret of Anjou, the queen of Henry VI of England. Besides these, various superb religious houses, of modern erection, in which simplicity and elegance are united, deserve to be visited. They are now turned to various purposes. The present *caserne*, was formerly an equestrian academy of high reputation throughout Europe. It is a superb building, and most admirably adapted to the purposes for which it was erected. Peter the great of Russia learnt here the art of horsemanship. Angers has long been the seat of literature. Its university, founded by Louis II, Duke of Anjou, in 1246, maintained a reputation fully equal to that of any university in the kingdom; and its academy of the belles-lettres, founded in 1685, was not less illustrious. The church formerly attached to the university, is now converted into a gallery for paintings, and its numerous appendages are devoted to the arts and sciences.

Angers is an episcopal see, has a cour royale, a tribunal of commerce, a royal college, an academy of arts; a conservatory of machines on a similar plan to the one at Paris; a botanical garden; a *musée*, including a gallery of pictures and statues, and an excellent museum of natural history; a public library, a theatre, and a very handsome mall, or public walk. Professors of natural and experimental philosophy; the mathematics; surgery; medicine; painting; sculpture; and botany, are here esta-

blished with competent salaries at the expense of the nation.

The walls round this city were built by King John of England, and though six centuries have elapsed, are still nearly entire. Part of them were indeed demolished by Louis the Eighth, but they were restored to their original form by his successor, and remain a proof of the durable style of building of that age (1230). The castle of Angers was built at the same time. It is situated on a rock which overhangs the river, and though now in decay, has still a very striking appearance. The walls are lofty and broad, the towers numerous, and the fossés deep. They are cut out of the solid rock, and must have required long and ingenious labour. Very great improvements have been made in Angers, within these few years; a great part of the old walls have been thrown down, and trees planted to form *boulevards* as at Paris, and many handsome houses have been built on the side of the road. In walking through the streets of Angers, particularly on a Sunday, the traveller will be surprised to see the females riding *à la fourchette*, or in plain English, *astride* upon their ambling nags: and this practice is not confined to the lower classes: elegant women in spruce habits, may be observed equestrianizing in this fashion, without seeming to know any thing about the convenience and modesty of a side-saddle.

The *trade* of Angers consists in grain, wines, brandies, hemp, flax, timber both for

the navy and for building, slates, coals, horses, cattle, wax, and honey: *manufactures* of sail-cloth, cotton handkerchiefs, printed calicoes, stockings, *etamines*, a sort of stuff, serges, and table-cloths. Population, 28,927.

The climate of Angers is delectable: the fruits are rich and abundant; the surrounding country furnishes wine in the greatest plenty, some samples of which are scarcely, if at all inferior to Champagne; and though wood for fuel is dear, there is plenty of *coal*, which would, no doubt, be preferred by an Englishman. House-rent is much cheaper here than at Tours; a good house may be had for 20 or 30*l.* a-year: and a fine mansion without the walls including twenty or thirty acres of ground, for 50*l.* a-year. In short, for 400*l.* per annum, a family might live in the greatest comfort here, keep their carriage, and partake of luxuries which they would not procure for twice the sum in England. The veal and mutton are good; poultry and game excellent and cheap, and fruits and vegetables extremely plentiful. Provisions of all sorts, indeed, are reasonable.

Angers, being seated upon the skirts of La Vendée, suffered much from the Chouans, particularly during the memorable siege.

Following the most moderate computation, not less than 250,000 souls perished in the dreadful civil war of La Vendée, by the sword, by famine, and all the horrible modes, which destruction and extermination employ to fill up their catalogue of human victims.

Shortly after we leave Angers, the country

becomes thickly enclosed, and on each side of the river varied with hill and dale, woodland and meadow. We now enter upon the *Levéé*, one of the most stupendous works which France, or almost any other country can exhibit; compared with it, the utmost exertions of the kind which we have elsewhere seen, are insignificant and pigmy productions; if it be any where outstripped, it must be in Holland and in China. The parts of Anjou, Touraine, and the Orleannais, which border upon the Loire, are perfectly flat; and, in the earlier ages of the world, must have formed a vast morass of not less than 100 miles in length, and from twenty to forty miles wide—so says tradition, and it appears extremely probable. The *Levéé* is an immense bulwark, raised by human hands, to exclude the river from this wide-extended tract of country, and confine its waters within its banks, and extends from Angers to Orleans. Its base may be about forty feet wide; its elevation is nearly twenty-five feet from the adjoining level; and its upper surface, which is paved with large stones, like the streets of London, just capacious enough to admit of three carriages abreast. This is, in general, kept in the most excellent repair, and is equally good in winter or summer; the only objection to the road to an English traveller, not accustomed to the *pavés* of France, is the continual rumbling and occasional jolting of the carriage. From this causeway, on one side is a fine view of the river and its opposite shore; and on the other, numberless little cottages and houses in

the midst of orchards and corn-fields; and pretty gentlemen's seats, with handsome gardens. When the corn is ripe, the landscape is particularly beautiful. The price of a good mansion here and between six and seven hundred acres of land, would be about six thousand pounds.

About half-way between Angers and Tours, after passing *La Croix Verte*, we should cross the river to visit the interesting town of *Saumur*, pleasantly situated on the left bank of the Loire. As we cross the first bridge from the northern bank to the island, it seems a matter of doubt whether Saumur be situated on this island in the river, or on the island and opposite shore, and whether the town-house, church, etc., which seem to constitute the nucleus of a town, are in the one or the other. The second bridge from the island to the southern bank is very beautiful. The curiosities of Saumur are soon visited; consisting of its handsome bridge, church, one or two public buildings, a theatre, the grande place, and an ancient chateau, now converted into a prison, at a short distance from the town. Trade in wine, brandies, vinegar, hemp; manufactures of linen cloth, handkerchiefs, and saltpetre; powder-mills and founderies of copper and iron. Population, 12,000.

The principal attraction of Saumur consists in its picturesque situation, and the rich and fertile country which surrounds it on every side. House-rent and provisions are very reasonable at Saumur; and we think it would

be a very agreeable residence for an English family.

Again crossing the river, we take leave of the agreeable town of Saumur, and pursue our route to *Tours*, along the banks of the Loire, which still continue to be covered with villages, churches, cottages, etc. The vineyards now become more frequent, the plants climb up the steepest declivities, and occupy situations absolutely incapable of any other culture.

In the midst of these vineyards the habitations of the peasantry form very interesting objects. The rocks consist of several strata of soft calcareous stone, easily hewn, and perfectly free from moisture, even in the most unfavourable states of the atmosphere. Availing themselves of this circumstance, the *Vignerons* have excavated immense hollows, in the cliffs which border the road, and, by squaring and smoothing the sides and roofs, have formed them into dwellings by no means contemptible.

The manner of *preparing the grapes* for the press in this part of the country is remarkably cleanly. Instead of being trampled on by the naked feet, as in Portugal and other countries, they are thrown into a large vessel, and macerated with a wooden pestle, and as soon as the vessel is filled the whole is then transported to the wine-press. We next pass Chouzé, Trois Volets, from whence is seen, at the distance of a mile from the opposite side of the river Ussé, the magnificent seat of the

Duke of Duras, unquestionably one of the finest specimens of an ancient castle of the fourteenth century remaining in France. It is highly picturesque, and is rendered more so by the fine woods in which it is embosomed. The celebrated engineer, Vauban, formerly possessed this noble domain. From this place we pass to *Langeais*, celebrated for its melons, and the ruins of its old castle; *Luines*, a town with about 2000 inhabitants, and finally arrive at *Tours*. Between Langeais and Luines is a remarkable monument of antiquity, on the road side, called *La Pile Saint Mars*. It is a square tower eighty-six feet high, terminated by a pointed prism; the top is surmounted by five small pillars nine feet high, of which four are at the corners, and one in the centre. In the upper part the bricks, by their turnings, form lozenges and knots. The origin and purpose of this tower are unknown.

At a small distance from Luines, there are considerable remains of a Roman aqueduct.

The whole of the road between Saumur and Tours presents to the eye of the enraptured traveller, the most varied scenery, and the most lovely country, abounding in vines, corn, meadow, wood, and water, and numerous gentlemen's seats, in the most picturesque situations.

Nothing can be more charming than the situation of *Tours*. Imagine a plain between two rivers, the Loire and the Cher, and this plain subdivided into compartments of every

variety of cultivated land, corn-fields studded with fruit-trees, and a range of hills in the distance, covered with vineyards to the top, while every eminence has its villa, or abbey, or ruined tower. The entrance to Tours is magnificent, and the coup-d'œil is extremely grand. Passing over a most elegant bridge of seventeen arches, we see before us the noble *rue royale*, composed of regularly-built houses, with handsome stone fronts, and bearing some resemblance to the best streets of Bath. On either side of us, the river is dotted with the most beautiful islets; and on the left, partly hidden by foliage, appear the majestic towers of the venerable cathedral. This view, in a fine summer moonlight evening, can scarcely be paralleled in France. The *rue royale* is one of the finest streets possible, and has the useful accommodation of a *trottoir*, or pavement, on each side, as in London; but it is the only good street in Tours, and when we have walked through this, we have seen all the beauty of the place; and for this it is indebted to the munificence of the unfortunate Louis XVI. The town having been almost wholly destroyed by fire, the king rebuilt the fronts of the grand vista, at the expense of the nation, on condition that the proprietors of the land would rebuild the rest of the houses. At the end of this street is a long avenue of trees, stretching as far as the eye can reach towards Bordeaux.

The *Cathedral* and the public walk of the *Mail* are the principal objects of curiosity at

this place. The cathedral is a fine Gothic pile, and has some beautiful stained glass windows in high preservation. Tours is an episcopal see, has an academy of arts and belles-lettres, a royal college, (*ci-devant Lycée*), an agricultural society and a theatre. *Trade* in corn, wine, pulse, aniseed, dried fruits, plums, chesnuts, and silk : *manufactures* of all sorts of silk stuffs, cottons, wax, candles, pottery and earthenware. Population, 21,000, independent of strangers.

The climate of *Touraine* is exceedingly fine. In Anjou and Touraine *maize* is much cultivated with buck-wheat; the roofs of the peasant's houses are covered, about the latter end of September, with it, drying in the sun; the ears are of a bright golden yellow, and the effect is singular :—lucerne is seen, but not in any great quantity ;—saintfoin is more rare—and clover rarer still. In every peasant's garden we perceive hemp and flax flourishing, the latter of which, especially, is prepared at home, and wrought up for the use of the family, and not unfrequently into linens of no contemptible quality. One thing merits observation with regard to flax: in England, the richest lands are chosen for the cultivation of the plant, which is, we believe, justly considered an impoverisher of the soil. In France, on the contrary, any soil whatever serves the purpose, and not unfrequently that which is exhausted; the consequence of which is, the English farmer plucks a *large* crop, the French peasant a *good* one. It is thus they

obtain the fine stapled flax of which their cambrics and lawns are made.

In our route to Blois, the first place worthy of remark is *Amboise*, pleasantly situated on the Loire; it consists of two streets and a chateau built in 882, which is very curious and well worth visiting. The view from it is magnificent. Near Amboise is Chanteloup, formerly the residence of the Duke of Choiseul, and one of the finest places in France. This place trades in wine, and has manufactures of woollen stuffs, cloth, buttons, cutlery, etc. Pass Ecures, Veuves, and Chouzy, and arrive at Blois. Nearly the whole of this road continues to run by the side of the Loire, and presents nearly the same sort of scenery as we have already noticed.

Blois, is situated on the Loire, in a as agreeable country, but the structure of the town does not correspond with the beauty of its site: the streets are narrow, dark, winding, and ill-paved, and very steep: the greater part of the town being built upon the declivity of a hill. The most agreeable residence is in front of the Loire, as is also the suburb on the other side of the river. The bridge which connects them is a very elegant structure, and in the centre of it is a fine pillar more than one hundred feet in height. Blois has an ancient cathedral, some pretty fountains, a fine terrace, and a few remains of antiquity, particularly of an aqueduct; a handsome *hôtel de la préfecture*, a theatre, public walks; and, above all, a magnificent chateau, built

upon a rock overhanging the Loire, by Louis the Twelfth in 1520. In one of the chambers, the celebrated Duke of Guise was assassinated. Population, 13,100

The *purest French* is spoken at Blois: there is, perhaps, not another town in France more fit for the education of a young family, than Blois. It unites economy with excellent tuition; and agreeable society may be found in the town and its environs: another advantage—it is not *yet* overstocked with English colonists.

The high road to *Orléans*, passes through Menars, Mers, Beaugency, and Saint Ay. Beaugency is a small town; has a trade in excellent wine and brandy; tan-yards, paper-mills, a manufacture of woollen stuffs, and a population of 4500 inhabitants. We advise the traveller, however, to go by a cross-road to visit the magnificent castle of *Chambord*, buried in woods, and not visible till within some hundred yards of it. This chateau was built by Francis I, who is said to have employed 1800 workmen for 12 years in its construction: it is moated and walled round, and has every appendage of the Gothic castle, innumerable towers and turrets, drawbridges and portals. If seated upon a hill, it would be impossible to conceive a finer object. Marshal Saxe lived here in great state, and had a regiment of 1500 horse; the barracks of which are near the castle. To regain the high road to Orleans, we must direct our course to

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the village of Saint Lawrence on the waters, about twelve miles from Chambord.

As we draw near to Orléans, the declivities on both sides of the Loire become more picturesque; there are many enchanting slopes finely wooded, and intersected with lawns and vineyards, with here and there the chateaux of the country gentry (in situations well chosen) interspersed between them. In short, the country here assumes the aspect of that elegance and comfort to which we are habituated in England. In general, the French *chateau* is very distant from the ideas we are accustomed to form of it—very distant from what the sounding name would lead a foreigner to suppose. In the ordinary construction of an old French chateau, there is a greater consumption of wood than brick, and no sparing of ground. It is usually a rambling building, with a body, wings, and again wings upon those wings; and flanked on each side with a pigeon-house, stables, and barns. One grand avenue leads up to the front of the house; and, its noble rows of lofty trees, planted by hands long since mouldering in the dust, carry our reflections back to the ages which are past, to the long train of honourable ancestry which has occupied the same spot—so far all is well. Another avenue conducts us to some neighbouring wood, with here and there, as you pass along, a hornbeam, or a juniper, clipped into the shapes of peacocks, with their spreading tails; pillars, and pyramids, etc. Arrived at its centre, six other avenues, like

the rowel of a spur, branch off in as many directions; every tree of which is drilled like a regimental recruit, and looks almost as much the work of nature: it would be a sin against taste were one of them to swerve from the most correct geometrical exactitude.

In short, the French garden is just what the English garden *was*, and still is, in many parts of the country; an enclosure where all view of the surrounding country is excluded from without, and all traces of nature obliterated within: the only *variety*, a tedious repetition of the same objects: straight walks, square grass-plats, and formal terraces, painted leaden statues of Mercury, Diana, Flora, etc. and fountains, shell-work grottoes, embroidered parterres, mazes, and wildernesses, and all the absurdities of topiary work, and trees disfigured and distorted into statues and pyramids, giants, and dragons. We must, however, do the French the justice to observe, that this antiquated style of gardening is rapidly giving way to the acknowledged beauty of the *English garden*, and that there are numerous successful imitations of this style to be found in France. The modern chateaux are also very handsome buildings.

Orleans is a large well-built town on the Loire, situated in an agreeable and fertile country, and nearly in the centre of France; and, though it has not so elegant a vista as that which passes through Tours, is, with this one exception, far better built, and more airy, neat and clean. The *grande place* in

the centre is spacious, and the principal street, which is also terminated by a noble bridge, but just yields the palm to the *Rue Royale* at Tours. The *cathedral* was constructed in the thirteenth century, but a great part of it having been destroyed by the Huguenots, it was rebuilt by Henry IV; and Louis XV added the two magnificent towers at the western extremity: they are singularly beautiful; and though covered with ornaments, the general effect is very striking. The view from these towers is one boundless extent of vineyards. The chapels surrounding the great altar are pannelled with wainscot, on which the most interesting parts of the New Testament history are carved in a masterly manner.

Orleans is an episcopal see, has a cour royale, a tribunal of commerce, an exchange, an academy, a royal college (ci-devant lycée) a physical and medical, and agricultural society; a fine walk or mall, a public library, a monument of Joan of Arc, called *La Pucelle d'Orléans*; the tower of Belfroy, and a theatre. The *Canal of Orléans*, which is about two miles from the town, joins that of Briare at Combleux, which communicates with the river Loing, and afterwards with the Seine. This grand and useful work was constructed in the last century. It is eighteen leagues in length, and has thirty sluices; and serves materially to facilitate the transport to Paris of all the articles of merchandize which ascend the Loire. Trade in wines, brandy, excellent vinegar, and wood for building and

fuel : *manufactures* of caps, stockings, cotton prints, blankets, serges, linen cloth, paper for rooms, bleaching of wax, earthenware, porcelain and pottery, and sugar-houses. Population, 42,000.

About two leagues from Orleans is the *chateau de la Source*, beautifully situated, and so called because there is the source of the little river Loiret. Here the famous Lord Bolingbroke resided for many years during his exile in France.

Near Orleans is the famous forest of that name, one of the largest in France.

No. XXIII. From ORLÉANS to PARIS, $14\frac{3}{4}$ posts; 81 English miles.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
ORLÉANS to Chevilly...	$1\frac{5}{4}$	Etampes to Etrechy...	1
Artenay.....	1	Arpajon.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Toury.....	$1\frac{1}{3}$	Lonjumeau.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Angerville.....	$1\frac{3}{4}$	Berny.....	1
Mondésir.....	$1\frac{1}{4}$	PARIS.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Etampes.....	1		

The journey from Orléans to Paris is made in a day by the diligence, which starts at four in the morning, and arrives the same evening. The whole road is *paved*, and passes through an agreeable corn-country, but over immense plains; there is no object of particular interest. Etampes, Arpajon, and Lonjumeau, are the most considerable places. *Etampes* is pleasantly situated on the Juine, and has a *trade* in grain, flour, wool, honey, and vegetables for Paris; *manufactures* of counterpanes,

woollen stockings and leather. The most delicious crayfish are taken in the neighbourhood. Population 7800. *Arpajon*, a small town on the Orge, has *manufactures* of muslins, dimities, and cottons; and flatting mills; cannon founderies, and a manufacture of arms near the town. Population 2100. *Lonjumeau*, a bourg, with a population of 2,000 persons, has several manufactories of leather in its neighbourhood. From Etampes the plain begins to be broken up; the country becomes uneven; the scenery more diversified, and the whole bespeaks our approach to a great capital.

Those who descend the *Loire*, or follow the course of this river from Paris to Nantes, visiting Orleans, Blois, Tours, Saumur, and Angers, in their way, and who wish to return to the capital by another route, must proceed from Nantes to *Angers*, and from that place, pursue the road laid down in the following Itinerary; it is through a very fine country, and is, in every respect, an agreeable tour.

No. XXIV. From ANGERS to PARIS, by *la Flèche*, *le Mans*, and *Chartres* $36\frac{3}{4}$ posts; about 202 English miles.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
ANGERS to Suette.....	$2\frac{1}{2}$	MANS to Saint Mars-la-	
Durtal.....	2	Bruyère.....	$1\frac{3}{4}$
La Flèche.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Conneré.....	$1\frac{1}{4}$
Foulletourte.....	$2\frac{1}{2}$	La Ferté-Bernard.....	$2\frac{1}{2}$
Guesselard.....	1	Nogent-le-Rotrou.....	2
MANS (1).....	2	Montlondon.....	$2\frac{1}{2}$

(1) The Crescent, Dauphin, Golden Ball.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
Montlandon to Courville	2	Epernon to Rambouillet.	$1\frac{1}{2}$
CHARTRES (1).....	$2\frac{1}{4}$	Coignièrès.....	$1\frac{1}{4}$
Maintenon.....	$2\frac{1}{4}$	VERSAILLES.....	2
Epernon.....	1	PARIS.....	$2\frac{1}{2}$

La Flèche is a clean little town, pleasantly situated upon the Loire, in a charming valley, surrounded by swelling hills, covered with woods and vineyards, and is the most agreeable in the whole department. It is far better built than the generality of French towns; the streets are wide, commodious and regular; and the general aspect of the place is comfortable. La Flèche had a famous college, founded by Henry IV; this suffered greatly by the Revolution, but is in part restored. Masters of eminence in the several branches of tuition are here engaged, and youth are taught the living and dead languages, the mathematics, philosophy moral and natural, music, dancing, in short, every thing requisite to the education of a gentleman—are boarded, clothed, and lodged for fifty guineas per annum. *Trade* in white wine, and grain; its capons and pullets are equally esteemed with those of Mans: *manufactures* of serges, sail-cloth, earthenware, and pottery. The town is supplied with good water by a very fine aqueduct, of 509 toises in length. Population, 5100.

Le Mans is a large populous town, situated on the river Sarthe, near its junction with the Huisne, and is an episcopal see. There are here nine public squares or *places*; a

(1) L'Ecritoire, Chariot d'Or, le Vert Galant.

cathedral, a very handsome Gothic edifice, lately repaired; the hotel of the prefecture, ancient abbey of Benedictines, the Hôtel de Ville, and the theatre. *Trade* in grain, maize, beans, chesnuts, nuts, cattle, pork, poultry, game, linseed, wax, marble, and slate. *Manufactures* of wax, excellent candles, cotton handkerchiefs, stuffs, woollen caps, lace, soap and blankets. The geese, pullets, capons, and partridges, here, are of the most delicious flavour: the capons are of an uncommon size, and much sought after by epicures. Population, 18,500. Diligences go every day from Mans to Paris by Chartres, and to Nantes by Angers; to Tours and the South; to Alençon, Caen, Rouen, &c. to Laval, Rennes, &c.

The river *Sarthe*, in the environs of Mans, and particularly about *Sable*, is, perhaps, one of the finest rivers, for its size, in the universe. Its waters are limpid as the dew drop, and as transparent as crystal. On either side it is bordered with a strip of the richest meadow, clad in almost everlasting green. On its northern shore, at the distance of perhaps 100 yards, the marble rock pushes its dark-featured and almost perpendicular cliffs to a very considerable elevation: the bluff points of which sometimes boldly pierce through the thick foliaged copse with which its slopes are clad, and sometimes hide themselves amid the vines which climb up its rugged sides, and swing in the wind with the most wanton luxuriance. Its waves are tenanted by millions of the finny tribes, in

all their customary varieties, and on its bosom the frequent barge spreads abroad its tumid sails, and courts the favouring breeze.

There are few situations in France the scenery of which is so completely enchanting as the shore of this placid stream.

Nogent-le-Rotrou is situated on the Huisne, surrounded with picturesque mountains: at the entrance of the town is a pretty waterfall, formed by the small river Arcisse, which turns three mills. *Trade* in hemp, coals, and hay. *Manufactures* of stuffs, serges, white druggets, linen-drapery, &c. Population, 6780. We next arrive at

Chartres, situated on the Eure, and built on an eminence: it is divided into the upper and lower town, and surrounded with walls and fosses. Chartres would deserve a visit were it only for the sake of its noble *cathedral*, the two steeples of which are, without exception, the most astonishing specimens of the Gothic we ever beheld: one is 378, and the other 342, English feet in height. The latter is remarkable for its wonderful mass of stone, and its pyramidal form; and the former for the boldness of its execution, and the richness and delicacy of its ornaments. The interior of the church is magnificent, and the construction of the *choir* was pronounced by the great Vauban as one of the wonders of France. To form a perfect cathedral, the French say, it is necessary to have the front of Rheims, the choir of Beauvais, the nave of Amiens, and the *steeples of Chartres*. The

carpentry of the roof well merits a close inspection. The sexton will, if required, take the visitor all over the roof and completely round the church ; the only mode of forming an accurate estimate of this astonishing edifice. From either of the towers is a *superb view* of the most extensive *corn country* in the world ; and in July, just before the harvest, this immense *sea of waving grain* presents a most magnificent spectacle. Chartres has a mineral spring, of great efficacy in chronic diseases ; some very fine public walks, and two or three considerable religious establishments for females, which are open to the inspection of the stranger, upon request made to the superior. *Trade* in corn and flour ; *manufactures* of woollen caps, broad-cloth, serges, cotton twist, stuffs, and some celebrated tan-yards. The patés or pies of Chartres are much in request. Population, 13,000.

When at *Chartres*, if the traveller wish to proceed to Paris by the diligence, he should take his place only as far as *Maintenon*, where the remainder of the day will be well spent in viewing the fine chateau which bears that name, and the delightful gardens belonging to it. Here are also the remains of the aqueduct begun by Louis XIV, to bring the waters of the Eure to Versailles. From *Maintenon* he can go in the diligence, the next day, to *Rambouillet*, where there is a royal chateau and fine grounds.

Epernon is situated on the declivity of a hill, at the junction of three small rivers.

Hugues Capet built a chateau here, which the English took possession of and defended for a long time against Charles VI; but being at last forced to abandon this post, it was mined and blown up: the arms of England are yet seen among the ruins. Here are some tanyards, and a population of 1533 inhabitants.

The chateau of *Rambouillet* is situated in a park, in the midst of woods and waters. The approach to it from the village is by a long avenue, planted on both sides with double and treble rows of lofty trees, the tops of which are so broad and thick as almost to meet each other. This avenue opens into a lawn, in the centre of which is the *chateau*. It is a vast structure, entirely of brick, and having turrets, arches, and corners, characteristic of the Gothic order.

Louis XIV held his court in this castle for some years; and from respect to his memory, the apartment in which he slept and held his levee is still retained in the same condition in which it was left by that monarch. This chamber is nearly thirty yards in length, by eighteen in width, and lofty in proportion; the windows like those of a church. At the farther extremity is a raised floor, where stands the royal bed, of purple velvet and gold, lined with white satin, painted in a very superior style. The colours both of the painting and the velvet still remain; and two pieces of coarse linen are shown as the royal sheets. The counterpane is of red velvet, embroidered as it were

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with white lace, and with a deep gold fringe round the edges : this is likewise lined with white satin, and marked at the corners with a crown and four fleurs de lis. On each side of the bed are the portraits of Louis XIV and XV ; of Philip IV of Spain, and of his queen. Immediately over that line of the apartment where the raised floor terminates, is a gilded rod, extending along the ceiling. When the king held his court at Rambouillet, only a curtain separated his chamber and the levee-room. In the latter room are several portraits of the peers of France, during the reign of Louis XV, with those of some Spanish grandees.

The rooms are all magnificently furnished : the grand saloon is an immense room ; the floor is of white marble, as are also two ranges of Corinthian pillars on each side of the apartment. The gardens are very spacious, and were laid out, in the French taste, by Le Notre, in borders, walks, terraces, flower-beds, &c. &c. The park is two thousand acres in extent, and is surrounded by a forest of nearly thirty thousand acres.

The diligence which passes through Rambouillet, about eleven o'clock in the morning, will convey the traveller to PARIS : he will pass through VERSAILLES, but as it is so near Paris, and there is such a facility of conveyance to this place every day from Paris, it will be better to proceed at once to the CAPITAL.

CHAPTER VII.

A Tour through Lower Normandy and Brittany.—From Paris through Evreux and Caen to Cherbourg.—Road from Cherbourg to Avranches.—Mont Saint Michel.—Road from Avranches to Brest.—From Brest to Rennes, the capital of Brittany, through Quimper, L'Orient, and Vannes.—Return from Rennes to Paris.

The English traveller, who lands in France at Dieppe or Havre, and goes up to Paris through Rouen, has an opportunity of seeing the greatest part of Upper Normandy. We therefore refer the reader to those Routes as detailed with the other roads from London to Paris, in the Appendix; and shall now proceed to conduct him through the most interesting parts of Lower Normandy and Brittany; which, though not often visited by travellers in general, present a great variety of objects extremely worthy of attention.

No. XXV. From PARIS TO CHERBOURG, $44\frac{1}{2}$ posts.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
PARIS to Nanterre.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Pacy-sur-Eure to EVREUX	
Saint-Germain-en-Laye.	$1\frac{1}{2}$		2
Triel.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	La Commanderie.....	$2\frac{1}{4}$
Meulan.....	1	La Rivière Thibouville.	2
Mantes.....	2	Marché-Neuf.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Bonnières.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	L'Hôtellerie.....	$1\frac{3}{4}$
Pacy-sur-Eure.....	2	Lisieux.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
Lisieux to Estréez.....	2	Vaubadon to SAINT-Lo	$2\frac{1}{2}$
Moult.....	$1\frac{5}{4}$	Saint-Jean-Dacy.....	$1\frac{5}{4}$
CAEN.....	2	Carentan.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Bretteville.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Ste.-Mère-Eglise.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Bayeux.....	2	Valognes.....	2
Vaubadon.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	CHERBOURG.....	$2\frac{1}{2}$

We quit Paris by the Champs-Élysées. After traversing the Plaine des Sablons, we arrive at Neuilly, remarkable for its fine horizontal bridge over the Seine; and thence to Nanterre, renowned for its cakes, and also for having been the birth-place of St. Geneviève the patroness of Paris.

Soon after, we pass on the left, the celebrated chateau of Malmaison, and coasting the Seine, we pass by the machine of Marly, and ascending a steep hill arrive at

Saint-Germain-en-Laye. This town is situated on a height, and enjoys a healthy air. The royal palace is a very large pavillion, five or six stories high, built several ages ago, and augmented under different reigns, especially by Louis the XIV, who flanked it with five new pavillions; it is surrounded by deep ditches. Henri II, Charles IX, and Louis XIV were born here; and James II, after having resided for some years in the palace, died there in 1701. Close to the town is a fine forest of 8500 acres, in which the French princes often hunt and shoot. Here there is a famous fair at the end of August or beginning of September, which exhibits a very curious and interesting sight, particularly in the evening. The terrace at Saint Germain, which is greatly ad-

mired, is about 7000 feet long by 100 broad; the view from it is very extensive, but the traveller is surprised to see a tract of country, so near Paris, so perfectly naked and unadorned. Population, 9800.

The road goes for a league through the forest to Poissy, a town on the Seine, celebrated for the assembly which was held there in 1561, called *Le Colloque de Poissy*. Here was born Louis IX, or Saint Louis, who, from having been baptised in this place, used to call himself Louis de Poissy. A considerable market for oxen, sheep, and calves is held here every Saturday for the supply of Paris.

Mantes is a pretty town, very pleasantly situated on the Seine, and has two good inns. It was at the siege of Mantes, that William the Conqueror received the hurt which soon after occasioned his death.

Near Mantes is Rosny, the celebrated residence of the famous Sully, the minister and friend of Henry IV. The castle and grounds are now the property of the Dutchess of Berry. Soon after leaving Rosny, we come on the bank of the Seine, and from the top of a steep hill have a beautiful view of the country we have just past, and of the windings of this magnificent river. Leaving the province formerly called *L'Isle de France*, we now enter Normandy, and the *Département de l'Eure*, of which the capital is *Evreux*, a large and ancient town, situated in a valley, watered by the little river Iton. It is tolerably well built; and, among its public edifices, is the

cathedral, of which the nave, in particular, is remarkable for the beauty of its Gothic sculptures. Architects admire the construction of the steeple, the height of which is about 260 feet. Evreux has some fine public walks, one of which leads into the forest. At the extremity of one of the faubourgs of the town is the Chateau de Navarre, so called because it was built by Jane, Queen of Navarre, wife of Philip, Count of Evreux. This house, which was rebuilt by the Dukes of Bouillon, after their exchange of the principality of Sedan for the county of Evreux, forms a large square pavilion, in the midst of which rises a dome in the nature of that of Marly; vast woods, majestic groves, and various pieces of water add to the charms of this habitation.

Evreux is favourably situated for trade, being traversed by three great roads which correspond with the principal towns in the kingdom. It is a commercial place, and contains a variety of manufactures. Population, 8000.

In the preceding chapters of this Guide, we have omitted no opportunity of presenting the reader with an account of the origin and antiquity of the principal towns, together with an exact description of the remarkable monuments that may be seen in them, or in the environs, as well as an historical sketch of the ancient state of the provinces in which they are situated. This species of information is generally acceptable to most travellers, and as we have now entered the extensive and celebrated province of Normandy, we shall here

proceed, on the same plan, to give a sketch of its history; reserving the description of any particular remains of antiquity, for the places in which they are to be seen.

The ancient province of Normandy derives its name from the Normans, who acted a great part in the history of France. Normandy, before and under the Romans, was inhabited by several small nations, governed in the form of a republic; they followed the religion of the Druids, who had a principal establishment at Dreux.

After the establishment of the French Monarchy in Gaul, Normandy formed a part of the kingdom of Neustria, or western France. But a warlike race of people, who came from the North, as their name of Normans indicates, changed its name and its destiny.

Charlemagne had restrained their excursions, and had repelled them from the coasts of France; but in the reign of Louis-le-Debonnaire, the Normans renewed their expeditions in great boats with two sails and oars. They coasted the country, landed where they found no resistance, and returned home to share their plunder, according to the laws of piratical nations, still practised in Barbary.

In the year 843, they entered France by the mouth of the Seine and pillaged Rouen; and, after different excursions in Spain, Germany, and England, they penetrated in 885 through Holland into Flanders, passed the Somme and the Oise without resistance, and laid siege to Paris, which they kept in a state

of blockade for a year and a half. At length they established themselves in Neustria, notwithstanding all the efforts of Charles the Simple, King of France, to drive them out: who was, at last, obliged to cede that province to them, which thence took the name of Normandy, in 912. He even gave his daughter in marriage to Rollo, the chief of these terrible conquerors. The Dukes of Normandy, who succeeded him, were almost all distinguished by estimable qualities, justice, courage, and military talents.

In 1066, William, Duke of Normandy, invaded England, and, having gained the battle of Hastings, obtained possession of the throne; from which period, Normandy became a part of the kingdom of England, and was governed by his successors till the reign of King John. This prince, being summoned, in the year 1212, to the court of the Peers of France, to justify himself for the murder of his nephew, Arthur, Duke of Brittany, and not making his appearance, was declared guilty of felony, and his possessions in France, were confiscated; and it was thus that Philip Augustus, under whose reign this event happened, became master of Normandy.

It was conquered again by the English, in the fifteenth century, but they were driven out by Charles VII, whose son, Louis XI, united it for ever to the crown of France.

Before the Revolution, in 1789, Normandy was divided into Upper and Lower; both of which now form the five departments of the

Eure, the Orne, Calvados, the Manche, and Seine-Inférieure.

The department of the Eure, of which Evreux is the chief town, is very fertile, rich, and populous; its agriculture especially is remarkable; it is actively employed in trade and commerce, and contains several flourishing and manufacturing towns.

Antiquities. This country, the greatest part of which formed the county of Evreux, was formerly inhabited by the people whom Livy calls *Aulerci*. Ptolemy calls the town of Evreux *Mediolanum Aulercorum*, and marks its position, in saying that it is twenty miles from Rouen, seventeen from Dreux, and thirty from Paris.

Ammianus Marcellinus sufficiently marks the rank and consequence it then possessed, by stating that it was one of the principal towns of the second Lyonnese.

In the course of time, this town changed its name, and, some centuries after, was called *Civitas Ebroicorum*, from which, at length, was formed its present name Evreux.

There can be no doubt but that the ancient Celts, and after them the Romans, erected religious and military monuments in this part of Gaul; there are, however, but feeble vestiges of them at present. We must mention, however, two enormous druidical stones, one in the forest of Evreux, near Ventes, the other in that of Conches.

Antiquarians have also paid considerable attention to a little parish near Evreux called

Vieil-Evreux, where there are still some remains of a Roman aqueduct, and where, even a few years ago, a great number of medals, fragments of marble, and antique vases were discovered.

Agriculture, farms, etc. As the agriculture and vegetable productions of this department are more or less the same as in the other parts of Normandy, we shall here once for all give a general sketch of them.

Several persons have remarked that the department of the Eure seems to be the limit which nature has traced, towards this part of the North, for the cultivation of the *vine*. Some of the chalky hills, on the banks of the Eure, are planted with vines; but the uncomfortable appearance of the inhabitants of those parts sufficiently proves the uncertainty and scantiness of their crops, which are always exposed to the influence of the fogs and frosts.

The appearance of the farm-houses, in Normandy, is in general different from that of most other parts of France. They consist of enclosures, larger or smaller according to the size of the farm, and contain commonly from 4 to 16 and 20 acres. Each building is distinct, and occupies a separate spot; the smallest of them all is the oven, which is always fixed in an insulated spot for fear of fire, and it is most probably from precaution against such accidents that the buildings are thus separated from one another. The enclosure of these farm-houses is formed of very strong quickset hedges, mixed with forest trees, which

are lopped every four or five years. These numerous enclosures, scattered through the country, have a very striking effect to the eye of the traveller.

As *cider* is a drink more particular to Normandy than any other province in France, we conceive it will be a gratification to our readers if we enter into some details respecting the method of preparing it in this country. There is only one way in Normandy of preparing either cider or perry. The fruit is put into circular troughs constructed of wood, stone, or brick, and is then crushed by a millstone drawn by a horse. When it is sufficiently bruised it is removed to a board, called *tablier*, to be arranged in square heaps, intermixed with slight layers of long straw. Each heap is covered by a table made of strong planks, on which the beam of the press is let down by means of a long and strong wooden screw, till no more juice comes out. This cider is immediately put into barrels, where it ferments for twenty or thirty days, disgorging itself by the bung-hole, which is left open for this purpose, and also for filling up the void which the disgorging has occasioned; the bungs are not put in till all sensible fermentation has ceased. Such is the process by which the ordinary cider is obtained without water. The difference of quality or fineness only comes from the choice of the best sort of apples, or of those which ripen better from the quality of the soil, or their exposure and shelter. The dregs of the ordinary cider are again put back

into the troughs, and pounded a second time with a certain quantity of water: the whole is thrown into a tub, where it remains one or two days to get a colour; and is then taken out to be put under the press. The liquid pressed from the dregs is then deposited in a great tub, where it is left four or five days, till it mounts by fermentation; it is then drawn off clear, and treated in barrels like ordinary cider. When the crop of apples is indifferent, no ordinary cider is made, but the water is put at once to the fruit; this is called small cider, and forms the common drink of the country. The ordinary cider is often kept in barrel above five or six years; but the small cider seldom two years. The different sorts of cider and perry are exported for the consummation of the neighbouring towns, and even to Paris. The excess is converted into brandy or vinegar, the greatest part of which goes to Rouen. Old perry gives more spirit, and a better vinegar than cider.

There are some valuable *iron* mines in this department, and in one of its forges the pieces of iron were cast that were employed for the construction of the iron bridges called the *Pont des Arts*, and the *Pont du Jardin des Plantes*, at Paris.

Evreux is the see of a bishop, and the Roman Catholic religion is the only one practised in the whole diocese.

Leaving Evreux, we find nothing remarkable till we pass the post of *L'Hôtellerie*, soon

after which we enter the department of Calvados.

Lisieux is an ancient and pretty considerable town, situated in a fertile valley, and watered by the rivers Toucques and Orbec, which unite their streams on leaving the town. Before the use of cannon, Lisieux was a very strong place, and its inhabitants have several times given proofs of courage in defending it; but commanded by heights, its ramparts would now be useless. In place of them, handsome buildings have been erected, and a pleasant public walk formed, which are embellishments to the town. Among other fine edifices, the most remarkable is the bishop's palace, of which the staircase is very curious; in the garden are jet d'eau's, cascades, and a superb prospect. Lisieux is very ancient, and is mentioned in Cæsar's Commentaries by the name of *Noviomagus Lexoviorum*; it was pillaged in 877 by the Normans; the Bretons burnt it in 1130; Philip Augustus took it in 1203; the English in 1415; the generals of Charles VII in 1448; the Protestants in 1571, and Henry IV in 1589. Henuier, one of its bishops, will always be remembered for having saved the Protestants of his diocese from the massacre of Saint-Barthelemy. He gained their hearts by his apostolical charity and converted a great number.

The population of Lisieux is about 10,000 inhabitants. The people are industrious and have several manufactures, the chief of which are flannels, swansdowns, and the linen called

cretonnes, from *Creton*, the name of the person who first manufactured them near this town. The *cretonnes* are almost all exported to Paris and America, by the port of Honfleur. This branch of manufacture is constantly increasing, it occupies above three hundred looms, and produces annually above 3000 pieces of linen. The flax used for this manufacture is grown in this department and in that of the Somme.

Flannels are the principal manufacture of Lisieux, where it employs and enriches numbers of people. The looms employed in this sort of work are estimated at 2000, and the number of pieces they make every year at 524,000. These stuffs are sold white or coloured, at the fairs of Caen and Guibray, and the greatest part of them is consumed in Brittany.

Caen, the chief place of the department of Calvados, is a large town, with a population of 40,000 inhabitants, and situated in a valley between two vast meadows, at the confluence of the Orne and Odon, and forms a sort of horse-shoe surrounded by four great suburbs.

This town is not very ancient, nor can the etymology of its name be traced with any certainty. Ancient charters call it *villa*, *vicus* and *oppidum*, which signify a large village or market-town; but the epoch of its foundation is unknown. It is certain that it encreased greatly under the Dukes of Normandy, who often made it their residence; and William

the Conqueror, embellished it with various edifices.

Caen was formerly defended by stout walls, and a large and strong castle: but was twice taken by the English; in 1346 by Edward III, where his army gained immense plunder; and in 1417, under Henry V. At this period, the English established themselves at Caen, and remained masters of it for thirty-three years.

At present Caen has no fortifications, and the castle was demolished in 1793.

By uniting with its suburbs, the town of Caen has almost doubled its extent. It is remarkable for its broad streets and handsome buildings, and, from the improvements that are continually going on, will soon be one of the finest towns in France. Among other edifices deserving of admiration are the *Abbaye aux hommes*, now occupied by the Royal College, with the church of St. Stephen adjoining, in which is the tomb of William the Conqueror; the *Abbaye aux dames*, which, with the former, was built by William the Conqueror and his Queen, Matilda; the palais de Justice, a very handsome building; several Gothic churches with painted windows, and the Hôtel-de-Ville. In the latter is a fine public library, and a museum of paintings in which are some very good pictures. Caen possesses several pleasant public walks, the chief of which is the *Cours*, on the banks of the Orne, and by the side of a vast meadow.

This town is only two or three leagues from the sea, and by the help of the tide,

vessels of 150, or even 200 tons, can come up the Orne as far as Caen.

Before the Revolution, in 1789, Caen was much frequented by the English, and since the restoration of the Bourbons several English families have settled in it.

Manufactures. The principal manufactures of Caen are lace and hosiery. The lace is made of thread, or black and white silk. This business is of the greatest importance for the department of Calvados, where it occupies numbers of people of all ages, and particularly girls from ten years old. Nine-tenths of the produce are exported, and a great deal is smuggled into England. The number of females employed in this manufacture in the department may be estimated at above 20,000; and they gain from three or four, to twenty or thirty sous a day. It is an object of near four millions of francs a year.

The lace now manufactured at Caen rivals the most celebrated of the kind in beauty and quality; and is formed into gowns, shawls, and every agreeable form that taste can invent.

Caen has also a considerable manufacture of stockings, and the number of looms at present is estimated at 800, and the workmen 4000, who gain 35 sous a day. Before the Revolution they used to make 20,696 dozen pairs of worsted stockings a year, that were greatly esteemed in the trade. This quantity has probably increased of late. Besides wors-

ted, they also use cotton and thread. A part of the produce of this manufacture is exported into the interior of France, and the rest abroad. It is an object of more than two millions of francs.

Agriculture, face of the country, etc. This department, situated in the north-west part of France, washed by the sea and a great number of rivers, is fertile in grain and fruits; but it abounds especially in excellent pastures, in which many cattle are reared and fattened, and form the principal wealth of the inhabitants, who are more devoted to farming than to manufactures. It may be said in general, that the Calvados is one of the most populous, most wealthy, and consequently one of the most important in the kingdom: it exhibits a cultivated soil, very active commerce, and several flourishing towns.

It derives its name from the rock of Calvados, in the sea, about six leagues in length, between the mouths of the rivers Orne and Vire; which is separated from the shore by what is called *La Fosse d'Espagne*. These names are derived from a ship of the famous Spanish Armada, that was wrecked on these rocks, the captain of which was called Calvados.

This department, bounded by the Ocean, or the English Channel, to the north, intersected with hills, traversed in every direction by valleys, and watered by a quantity of rivers, greatly resembles England both in its climate and general appearance. It forms a

sort of level basin, open in some parts, wooded in others, generally fertile and well cultivated; meadows and pastures, so rare in the south of France, are a great object of cultivation in most parts of Normandy. There are fattened the oxen which are sold in the markets of Sceaux and Poissy, near Paris; there are seen the fine cows which furnish the renowned butter of Isigny; there finally are reared the fine Norman horses, so much esteemed in every part of France.

Character, manners, customs. The Normans are in general well made, robust and tall. The women are remarkable for their fine figures and complexion. The men are intelligent, thoughtful, laborious, and equally fitted for agriculture, navigation, the army, commerce or the sciences; they have produced a number of distinguished characters in all these branches. Who does not know that William the Conqueror was a native of Calvados, and that it is the country of Malherbe, Huet, Segrais, Sarrasin, and an infinity of others, whose names will always confer celebrity and honour on the place that gave them birth? Nevertheless, whether it be jealousy, or some remains of the fear which the ancient Normans spread over the other parts of France, and especially the capital, they have been reproached with many failings, of which the best founded perhaps is their passion for lawsuits, which are certainly too frequent here: but this may be accounted for in part from the great population of the country, the activity

of its inhabitants, the extreme division of property, and the vast number of transactions that daily take place, which must necessarily give rise to discussions and afterwards to law-suits.

The food of the inhabitants of the department of Calvados chiefly consists of pure wheaten bread, or mixed with rye or barley; rye-bread, and barley-bread. In some parts they make great use of what the French call *la bouillie*, like our hasty pudding, also cakes of buck-wheat, and oatmeal gruel. The inhabitants of the country consume much more vegetables than meat, which they eat only once or twice a week, and the poor very seldom.

At Caen, on Christmas Eve, the children have a custom of assembling in different quarters of the town, or before their houses, holding lighted torches, or paper lanterns, painted of different colours; they go through the streets crying out, *adieu Noël, Noël s'en va*; and this lasts two or three hours. On the eve of twelfth day, the young peasants in the country places run through the fields round their enclosures, with brands of lighted straw, which, to those unacquainted with this custom, appears a very curious sight.

In some parts of the country they are very credulous and superstitious; they believe it possible for a charm to be thrown upon them, or that the butter may be stopped by looking at the churn; on which account, when they transport it from one house to another, they cover it with a cloth. But these and other

superstitious notions seem to be gradually wearing out.

Literary Establishments, etc. As Normandy is a country very fertile in men of genius, and writers of distinguished merit, so the department of Calvados has always produced the greatest number. A taste for literature and learned pursuits has for a long time been one of its peculiar characteristics; the great number of good works that have been published, and of establishments destined for instruction that have been formed in it, sufficiently show the esteem in which men of letters have always been held.

The university of Caen was remarkable for the useful studies that were pursued in it, before several other universities in France were founded. It is indebted for its origin to Henry VI of England, the founder of Eton College, where, as Gray says;

..... Grateful science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade.

That King established the faculty of civil and canon law at Caen, by letters patent in 1433; in 1436 he added those of theology and the arts, and the following year augmented them by the faculty of medicine.

In the present order of public instruction in France, Caen has besides a royal college, an *Academy*, whose jurisdiction, independently of Calvados, extends over the departments of the Manche and the Orne.

There are a good many Calvinists in this

department, and they have a church and a minister at Caen.

Before we quit entirely the subject of literature and men of letters in this department, we must not omit the name of Olivier Basselin, of *Vire*, who lived in the beginning of the 15th century. To him France is indebted for the *Vaudeville*. Basselin was a fuller, and lived in the *vau*x or vallies below *Vire*, where he and his workmen used to sing songs that he had composed, as they stretched out their cloth along the banks of the river *Vire*. These songs were thence called *Vaux-de-Vire*, and afterwards *Vaudeville*.

About two leagues from Caen, near the coast, is the village of Douvres, situated near a chapel consecrated to the Blessed Virgin, which is held in great veneration by the people, and is resorted to by pilgrims in great numbers. It is called *Notre-Dame de la Délivrante*.

On leaving Caen, we pass through a rich open country to *Bayeux*, situated about two leagues from the sea, in a fertile valley, watered by the river Aure. This town is very ancient, for the Druids occupied it in the time of Cæsar. It was originally called *Næomagus Biducassium*, and from this latter name was derived, in the course of time, that of Bayeux. Long anterior to Caen, it became, at the establishment of Christianity, the see of a bishop, which it still continues.

This town is, after Caen, one of the most considerable in the department, but it is ill

built, like almost all ancient towns. It has no remarkable building but the cathedral, which well deserves the attention of the curious. Its portal is magnificent, and the three steeples which surmount it are of a surprising boldness and elevation.

Bayeux was for a long time fortified and defended by a castle, it has maintained different sieges, and been taken several times. It is now an open town, united with its suburbs. Population, 10,000.

A remarkable piece of antiquity is preserved at Bayeux, which is the tapestry of Queen Matilda, representing the invasion and conquest of England, by her husband, William Duke of Normandy; and is a very curious monument of the state of the arts in the 11th century. Though the town of Bayeux was burnt in 1106 and in 1356, though in the 15th century it was under the power of the English, and exposed in the 16th to the devastations of civil war, nevertheless this tapestry has escaped the ravages of revolutions and resisted the injuries of time.

It is formed of a strip of linen 18 or 20 inches broad, and 212 or 214 feet long, on which figures are embroidered with thread and worsted, crossed and of different colours.

The description of the objects it represents would be too long for this work, but it may be found in the first and second vol's of Montfaucon's *Antiquities*, it is also described by Lancelot, in the 10th and 12th vol's of the *Memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions and*

Belles-Lettres ; and by Ducarel, in his work entitled, " Anglo-Norman Antiquities considered in a Tour through a part of Normandy. "

This tapestry of Queen Matilda is deposited and preserved with the greatest care at the Hôtel-de-Ville at Bayeux. Bonaparte had it brought to Paris in the year 1803, where it was exposed to public view, in one of the halls of the Louvre.

From Bayeux we proceed to Vaubadon, the last place in the department of Calvados, from which we enter that of La Manche.

Saint-Lo, the chief town of this department, situated on the river Vire, is a strong town, defended by a citadel and good fortifications in the ancient style, cut out of a steep rock. This town is not very ancient nor considerable, having a population of only 7000 inhabitants.

Carentan is a small town, with an ancient castle, not far from the sea, which we now observe on the right, as we proceed to Valognes, together with the islands of St. Marcon, which are uninhabited ; one of them was taken possession of by Sir Sidney Smith, during the last war, since which time a fort has been erected upon it.

Valognes is a neat, pretty, opulent town, containing about 7000 inhabitants ; and is situated in a valley, on the little river Merderet, three leagues from the sea. Near this town have been found the remains of a theatre, a large bath, and other Roman monu-

ments, with medals of the emperors. These and other vestiges of antiquity give us reason to suppose that this town was formerly of great extent. Valognes is celebrated for its manufactures of cloth and leather. It communicates with the port of La Hogue, in the Channel, the road of which is much admired. Valognes was the birth-place of Letourneur, whose translations of Shakespeare, of Young's Night Thoughts, and of the Poems of Ossian, greatly contributed to diffuse through France a taste for English literature.

On leaving Valognes, we find two roads that lead to Cherbourg; that to the right is the longest, the one to the left is shorter, and most commonly followed. Pursuing the latter road we soon observe on the right the forest of Cherbourg, which the road afterwards enters and traverses for about a league; after which we descend a steep hill, from which is a fine view of the port, the town, and the surrounding country.

Cherbourg, which is situated on the English Channel, at the northern extremity of the peninsula of Cotentin, is remarkable for its road, which is one of the finest in France, and is capable of containing 500 vessels. The town being situated on the open sea, extraordinary operations were necessary in order to form the port and render it safe. These amazing works were begun long ago, and were continued with great activity under the reign of Louis XVI, and especially by Bonaparte, to whom the completion of the port of Cher-

bourg was a favourite object of ambition. Being the only port on the Channel capable of receiving first-rate ships of war, it is a place of great maritime importance to France; which is also increased by its position, being nearly opposite the Isle of Wight, and only twenty-three leagues from Portsmouth. When finished, it will be one of the finest sea-ports in Europe.

The first and principal operation undertaken at Cherbourg was to close the road, and form an inner harbour, which might be secure from the attack of an enemy, and from the violence of the open sea which flows with great impetuosity against the shore. For this purpose they undertook to connect the island *Pélée* with the continent, by means of a mole constructed with truncated cones made of strong timber-work, sixty feet in diameter at the base, and of the same height. The mole begins at the village of Querqueville, about a league north-east from Cherbourg. The cones were transported on empty casks to the spot where they were to be placed, and when sunk to the bottom of the sea, were filled with large stones in order to consolidate them. At high tide the mole is covered with water, but is very visible when the tide is out. A strong fort at Querqueville and another on the island *Pélée*, the batteries of which cross each other, defend this port, which is calculated to contain above eighty men of war, and has always from 30 to 35 feet of water at the lowest tides.

The mole and forts at Cherbourg are not the only objects of curiosity. About the year 1803, Bonaparte undertook to make a new port, with wet and dry docks, and a complete naval arsenal ; for which purpose a vast space of ground was enclosed and surrounded by a ditch, to the left of the town, and at a small distance from it. On examining this ground it was found to consist of a sort of slaty rock, which grew harder the deeper they dug into it. The principal basin, cut out of the solid rock, and destined to contain the largest ships of the line, is completed, and is 900 feet long, 750 broad, and 55 feet deep ; the pass or entrance by which it communicates with the sea forms an opening of 196 feet. On the 27th of August, 1813, this new basin was opened for the admission of vessels, in presence of the Empress Maria Louisa, whom Bonaparte had sent down to Cherbourg for that purpose. The following description of the ceremony on that occasion was published soon after by a French gentleman who was a spectator of it.

“ Two pits had been dug at the bottom of the new port, one opposite the opening, the other in front of the dry dock, in order to put in them a box of oak, covered with a sheet of lead, containing pieces of all the French money in circulation, and eighty bronze medals of the Emperor's reign. The minister of the marine, who arrived on the 23d of August, presided at this ceremony. In each of the pits was also deposited a plate of platina,

on which were engraved the date of the construction of the port, and the names of the different public officers who conducted the works. Heaven grant that posterity may never behold these inscriptions, buried at such a depth under the water! It could only happen in consequence of some grand catastrophe.

« The empress arrived at Cherbourg in the evening of the 26th; and next day, about noon, was conducted to the port, and descended to the bottom of the basin, accompanied by the minister of the marine and the persons of her suite.

« An immense dam had been raised to resist the fury of the waves and to prevent the sea from rushing into the port during its formation. It was principally composed of two long parallel boats or caissons, between which had been thrown a vast mass of hard clay, which rested on the bottom of the sea itself. Her Majesty had scarcely left the port, when a number of labourers began to work at the destruction of the dam; but instead of attempting to destroy the timber-work entirely, in order to avoid all kind of accident, they only made three principal openings in the centre. This dam had been completed during one tide, and the workmen seemed desirous not to employ any more time in removing it. The work was executed with great activity by military carpenters, most of them from the southern departments, and several Italians. The Spanish prisoners too, on their

side, were vigorously employed in carrying off the sand and clay which filled the inside. It was an extraordinary sight, to see men born perhaps on the borders of the Tiber, or on the banks of the Guadalquiver, working, under the direction of French genius, to open in the Channel a formidable port against the English navy.

« The three steam-engines employed to extract the water from the basin, henceforward useless, were stopped. It was expected that at high water, about three o'clock in the afternoon, the sea would enter the new port.

« A considerable crowd had already covered its steep borders early in the morning; but they had been fenced off with stakes, in order to prevent people going too near, and such good precautions were taken that no accident occurred.

« I was not the last to be at the port. While the axe was vigorously attacking the dam, I was considering with delight the various objects that surrounded me. There were thousands of persons in front; and a great number placed on seats in the form of an amphitheatre, formed groups that had a charming effect. On the same side was seen, though at a greater distance, a triumphal arch erected for the occasion, and a part of the enclosure of the new port already defended by cannon. The view was terminated by hills crowned with redoubts destined to protect the port and the town.

« A great number of spectators had also assembled on the side of Fort Homet, where two tents were fixed for illustrious strangers, and the most distinguished personages of the town.

« Towards Fort Galet, and near the opening of the basin, was the pavilion of her Majesty; it was adorned with garlands of verdure and trophies. On the same line was a long tent for the persons of the court; and on the other side of the pavilion we could distinguish four vessels of the line on the stocks, among which was the *Inflexible* of 118 guns. The others were the *Centaur* of 80, the *Jupiter* and the *Generous* of 74. Between the stocks we could see the beautiful dry dock, formed entirely of granite hewn with astonishing perfection, in which the largest vessels can be built or refitted. Further on, beyond the enclosure of the port, was the *Zealand* of eighty guns and the *Duguay Trouin* of 74, placed on the stocks near the road. The mountain of *Roule*, the town, and *Cape Levi* bounded the horizon.

« The labourers had ceased their work, and a profound and truly awful silence reigned among this prodigious concourse of spectators. About a quarter past five, when the sea had risen to a certain height, it was seen all of a sudden entering through the three openings made in the dam.

« During this time the Empress arrived, and her presence was announced by flourishes of warlike music and multiplied salutes of artillery. The shouts of joy were long con-

founded with the noise of the batteries. Her Majesty having placed herself in the pavilion prepared for her, the bishop of Coutances, surrounded by his clergy, advanced towards her, and pronounced a discourse analogous to the circumstance. After the ceremonial and the customary prayers, he turned towards the port, and gave it his solemn benediction.

« In the mean time the sea rose more and more, and a triple cascade began to fall through the dam into the basin, when another object all of a sudden attracted our attention. It was the squadron in the road, which having got under sail, was performing a bold manœuvre, and majestically approaching the dam. Some of the vessels came so near, that the crews aboard each could be easily distinguished. This sight became the more interesting from the appearance of an English squadron that was cruising before the road.

« Though the temperature of the air was very cold, her Majesty resolved to remain till the evening; when the greatest part of the spectators, who had been there since the morning, insensibly retired. I remained with one of the engineers and only about a dozen persons.

« A magnificent spectacle was now preparing. A great many lamps had been lighted, and placed in several rows on the dam, with fire-pots along the basin, filled with burning pitch. The sea continued to rise and become strong. It was now nine, when all of a sudden

we heard a frightful noise proceeding from the dam. After a dreadful crash and a violent shaking, which lasted some minutes, we saw the centre of the dam break into pieces, which fell within the basin. The sea then forcing a broad passage, rushed in like an impetuous torrent. We were afraid that some of the workmen might have been carried off and swallowed up by the waves, but our fears were soon tranquillized on that point. We now approached those parts of the dam which still remained entire, and felt it tremble under our feet. The noise produced by the rapid entrance of the sea still continued, and the timber-work frequently giving way, vast pieces of wood were torn from it with a horrible crash. The vivid light of the lamps and fire-pots had replaced that of day, and made the foaming waters that rushed in appear sometimes white and silvery like snow, at other times red and glaring like fire, according to the difference of the reflexion. This was an extraordinary scene, and it would be difficult to conceive any thing finer. We looked at each other from time to time, and by broken expressions testified our astonishment and admiration. We regretted that so few people had remained for the most interesting moment. This impressive scene continued in all its beauty, with the sea still rushing in with the same violence for half an hour, which was sufficient to fill the basin notwithstanding its vast extent.

« In the meantime arrived the Empress and

the minister of the marine. Her Majesty expressed her surprise at the great change that had taken place in so short a time, and seemed to behold this new scene with much interest. At length, the water became on a level with the sea, to the height of fifty feet in the basin, where a few hours before we might have walked almost with dry feet.

We retired, filled with enthusiasm at all we had seen, and reflecting, that this new port is only the preliminary of the immense works that are to be executed at Cherbourg, which is destined to become one of the finest military ports in Europe, and to surpass perhaps every thing of the kind in ancient or modern times. »

After the port, the mole and the forts, the other objects of curiosity at Cherbourg are the Marine Hospital, the *Bagne* for the galley-slaves, the mountain of Roule, and the glass works in the forest of Brix.

The marine hospital is partly composed of the old buildings of the Abbey, founded by the Empress Matilda, Countess of Anjou, and daughter of Henry I. Passing from England to France, she was caught in such a violent storm, that the vessel was on the point of being lost. In this imminent danger she made a vow to found an abbey under the invocation of the Virgin on the very spot where she should land. She came safe ashore at the mouth of a brook, since called *Chantereine*, because during the worst part of the storm the princess had pro-

mised to chant a hymn as soon as she should see land. The pilot of the vessel having discovered it, called out to her: *Chante reine, voici terre.* Matilda built a chapel on the spot, by the name of "Our Lady of the Vow."

The glass-manufactory at Turlaville, near Cherbourg, is the most ancient establishment of the kind in France. The looking-glasses, which are made from nine to ten feet long, are sent to be polished at Paris. They are not cast as at Saint-Gobin, but blown.

The antiquity of Cherbourg is not very well proved, notwithstanding the name of *Cæsar's Burgum*, which it bore, and which has caused its foundation to be attributed to Cæsar, when he passed into Britain. However this may be, this town was originally only a strong castle, but became, about the year 1050, one of the four principal towns of William the Conqueror. The English got possession of it again in the year 1419, but were driven out under Charles VII in 1450, after their defeat at Formigny, near Bayeux. Louis XIV having destroyed the fortifications in 1680, the English took it again in 1758, ruined the post, batteries and magazines, and then reimbarked.

This town, situated at the bottom of a great bay in the form of a crescent, is not very considerable, containing only ten or twelve thousand inhabitants. The streets are narrow and irregular, but the houses are pretty well built. Its principal trade is in

oxen, pigs, bacon, hams, soda, and excellent butter.

At the furthest extremity of the peninsula in which Cherbourg is situated, is Cape la Hogue, celebrated in history, for the great naval victory obtained near it, by the English and Dutch fleets combined, consisting of ninety-nine sail of the line, under the command of Admiral Russel, in 1692.

No. XXV. From CHERBOURG to AVRANCHES,
16 $\frac{1}{4}$ posts.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
CHERBOURG to Valognes	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	Periers to COUTANCES..	2
Sainte-Mère-Église....	2	Granville.....	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Carentan.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	AVRANCHES.....	3
Periers.....	2		

To proceed from Cherbourg to Avranches, we must return to Carentan, from which place the road goes off to Periers, a small town where there is a manufacture of all sorts of cotton goods. It is off the coast between Periers and Cape la Hogue, that lie the Islands of Jersey, Guernsey and Alderney.

Coutances, formerly the chief place of the department, is only remarkable for its cathedral, which is one of the finest gothic buildings in Europe. Population, 8500.

Granville is a little sea-port town, which has a considerable trade in fish and fish-oil, and also in granite from the Chaussey isles. It fits out vessels for the cod-fishery at Newfoundland, and for oysters which have the name of Can-
y y.

cale. Its export and import trade in time of peace is very considerable. This town is become celebrated for the attack made upon it by the English in 1792, when the inhabitants made a bold and vigorous resistance.

Avranches is situated on a hill, which commands a delightful view, about half a league from the sea. Near it runs the little river *Sées*, through a fine fertile valley of great extent. The population is about 5400 inhabitants; and it is generally considered to be a place where living is remarkably cheap.

The salt-grounds of the *Avranchin*, and the *Mont-Saint-Michel* in the bay of Cancale, which we shall now describe, are two of the most remarkable curiosities in France.

The absolute necessity there is for salt, and the scarcity of salt-springs or mines in several countries, have forced men to invent different processes for extracting the salt from sea water.

On the coasts of the Mediterranean, and on some shores of the Ocean, the sea-water is let into enclosures or basins, where the action of the sun alone precipitates the salt and crystallizes it. But on the coasts of Normandy, especially in the department of La Manche, it is not directly from the sea-water that the salt is extracted, but from the sand itself which forms the coast.

Along the district called *Avranchin*, and a part of Lower Britany, the sea-shore forms a considerable bay in which are the rocks of St.-Michel and Tombelaine. The first, which

was formerly a place of great resort for pilgrims, and had a Benedictine abbey on its summit; is, like Holy-Island, off the coast of Northumberland, an amphibious spot, rejected alternately by the sea and land; for during a part of the day this rock is an insulated island in the midst of the waves, and during the other part is surrounded by a vast extent of sand.

The beach which spreads at the foot of St.-Michel is smooth and covered with a very fine sand; no pebbles are found in it, and shells are very scarce. When the sea is calm, it enters this bay with a very slow motion, and brings with it no other foreign substances than some fragments of yellow and red granite detached from the rocks. Owing to this peaceable motion of the waves, there are formed on the beach deposits of a fine, clear, bluish clay; these masses known by the name of *lisses*, are dangerous for travellers who pass over them soon after they have been formed, as they run the risk of being buried in them, unless they take precautions: besides having a guide, it is necessary to go over them full gallop, in order that the clay may have less time to soften; and for the same reason, it is prudent in a traveller not to follow exactly the same road which another has taken.

It is these *lisses* which are a mine of salt for the neighbourhood. During the summer months, the finest and cleanest sand is collected in large baskets, and thrown on floors made for this

purpose ; there it is ploughed several times a day, and when the furrows begin to be covered with a saline efflorescence, they stop this operation and heap up the sand under sheds, where they leave it till the end of the fine weather. The sea-water is then let into the reservoirs to mix with the sand. The mixture is agitated, and by this means the salt separating from the clay, melts in the water, which is then gently boiled in order to effect the crystallization of the salt.

This rather tedious but ingenious method of procuring salt is the only resource of such maritime countries as have no salt marshes, and possess neither mines nor springs of salt.

Mont-St.-Michel. Represent to yourself an insulated rock, of considerable height, rising abruptly in the midst of a large beach, covered twice a day by the waters of a rolling sea, and you will have a pretty exact idea of the Mont-St.-Michel. Moving sands, varying currents, and a naked rock, would repel men in general from such a savage spot ; but the spirit of religion surmounted all these obstacles : earth and stones were transported from a great distance, and by little and little, the Mont-Saint-Michel exhibited to pious travellers, a town, a castle, an abbey and a church, a mass of buildings which seemed raised one above the other, and of which the gothic aspect and bold proportions form an object at once picturesque and imposing.

The town of the Mont-Saint-Michel, for so it is called, only reckons 240 inhabitants ;

it forms a part of the canton of Pontorson, and of the sub-prefecture of Avranches. Its fortifications, which are ancient, consist of some towers connected by curtains. The principal street leads to the castle and the abbey. Both are now used as a bridewell for the department of the Manche; and a cotton spinning-house has been established there. The women work in the ancient refectory of the monks, and the men in the antique hall of the knights. This hall is supported by several rows of columns; it is vaulted, and on this vault is the cloister, round which is a gallery also decorated with columns. The church is on a level with the cloister. Before one reaches it one is astonished at the enormous pillars which support it. The traveller is not less astonished, when he gets there, to find on the top of a rock, a building so remarkable for its size and regularity. This church was formerly still more considerable; for the last abbot had it diminished to enlarge the space in front, which now forms a magnificent esplanade. It is impossible to dwell too much on the extent and beauty of the church, and of the different buildings of the abbey. All the stones are wrought in the gothic manner, with the greatest perfection; and as I have already observed, must have been brought from a great distance, as there is no quarry of such stone in the neighbourhood. There would be no exaggeration in asserting, that these buildings could not be erected at this day for two millions sterling.

From the top of the great tower, on which is placed a telegraph, the eye overlooks the little town of the Mont-Saint-Michel, with its ramparts and the buildings of the abbey, several of which, covered with lead, form pleasant terraces. A stranger who has only an hour or two to pass in this spot, is struck with admiration at the view of the vast panorama that unfolds itself before him. His eye wanders over an immense strand, through which three rivers gently roll their waters. He discovers the road of Cancale, the point of Granville, fields, marshes, salt-works, the towns of Avranches and Pontorson, and the extensive coasts of Britany and Normandy.

No. XXVI. From AVRANCHES to BREST,
31 $\frac{3}{4}$ posts.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
AVRANCHES to Pontorson	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	Châtelaud. to Guingamp	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Dol.....	2	Belle-Isle-en-Terre....	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Dinan.....	3	Le Ponton.....	2 $\frac{1}{4}$
Jugon.....	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	Morlaix.....	2
Lamballe.....	2	Landiviziau.....	2 $\frac{1}{4}$
SAINT-BRIEUX.....	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	Landerneau.....	2
Châtelaudren.....	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	BREST.....	2 $\frac{2}{3}$

About two leagues from the Mont-Saint-Michel is the little town of *Pontorson*, situated on the right bank of the Couesnon. The Dukes of Britany had constructed two towers, which were only separated from the castle of Pontorson by the river, and kept it, as it were, blockaded. After the union of Britany with France, these fortifications

became useless, on either side, and the bridge over the Couesnon now offers an easy and commodious communication between two of the principal provinces in France.

Dol is, on this side, the first town in Brittany, and belongs to the department of Ille-et-Vilaine. It is about two leagues from the sea, and is surrounded by marshes which render the air very unwholesome.

A quarter of a league south-east from Dol, not far from the road to Rennes, is a remarkable monument, supposed to be of Celtic origin, called *La Pierre du Champ dolent*. It is a block or stone of granite, which seems to have been nearly of a quadrangular form. It can hardly be doubted but that it is the work of man; its proportions are colossal, and whatever was its original destination, it has even at this time an imposing aspect. Its apparent height is above 30 feet; and by calculations made on similar monuments, together with examinations on digging round the base, its total elevation is reckoned to be above 40 feet. The circumference at the base is nine or ten yards. This enormous block of stone may be divided into three parts; the lowest portion, buried in the earth, is the least considerable; the second or middle portion, taken from the level of the ground to the height of about fifteen feet, forms a quadrangular prism; the upper part, also about 15 feet, is a truncated cone.

The country round Dol, though flat and marshy, is in most parts tolerably fertile, and

is planted with a great number of apple-trees for cider, which is the drink of the country.

Three leagues from Dol, on the sea-coast, is the town of Saint-Malo, which, though not in our Itinerary, is worthy of a visit from the intelligent traveller. This town, very advantageously situated for trade, is built on a rock in the sea, called the isle of Aaron, which is joined to the land by a dike or causeway, about fifty feet broad and a quarter of a league in length. This dike, called *Le Sillon*, is often damaged by storms; and is defended by a strong castle flanked with great towers, and by one of the four bastions which cover the town. It has a fine commercial port much frequented, though difficult of access on account of the rocks that surround it. Saint-Malo sends out about 120 ships for the cod-fishery; and its commerce, which is very flourishing, consists, besides the productions of the country, in exportations and importations of all kinds. The town is large and well built; most of the houses are regular, very high, and built of stone, with some handsome public edifices. Good water for drinking being very scarce at Saint-Malo, the inhabitants are obliged to collect the rain-water in cisterns.

This town is an important maritime place, and is defended, besides its castle, by several forts. The ramparts, formed out of the rock, and which surround the town, are very strong and handsome, broad, and paved with fine

flags, forming a very delightful walk in fine weather. Formerly a certain number of great bull dogs were let out on the ramparts at night, to prevent a surprise from an enemy, but the dangerous accidents they occasioned caused this custom to be suppressed.

The antiquity of this town does not go beyond the tenth century. Having been ruined in the year 1172, Anne of Britany, wife of Louis XII, took the greatest pains to restore it. The English besieged and bombarded it in vain in 1693; and again in 1758, when they succeeded in burning the vessels in the port. It is now a sub-prefecture of the department of Ille-et-Vilaine. Its bishopric is suppressed, and its population is about 10,000 inhabitants. They are called *Malouins*, and are reckoned the best in France for fitting out privateers.

Saint-Malo has given birth to several celebrated men; Cartier, who discovered Canada, in 1543; the famous admiral Duguay-Trouin; the illustrious navigator La Bourdonnaye; Maupertius and Trublet, both eminent in science and literature, were natives of this town.

Three leagues East of Saint-Malo is the town of Cancale, renowned for its excellent oysters; the road in the bay, defended by the fort Des Rimaings, is much admired.

To return to the high road from Dol to Brest, the traveller proceeds from Saint-Malo, along the causeway or *sillon* already mentioned, to Saint-Servand; which establishes

the communication between the two towns, the *sillon* being the only passage.

A short distance from *Dinan*, the road enters the department of the Côtes-du-Nord. *Dinan*, though small, is a strong place, defended by a castle, situated, as well as the town, on a steep mountain, near the river Rance; the walls are so thick that a coach might drive upon them. The country round *Dinan* is very pretty and picturesque.

Two leagues west of *Dinan* is the village of *Corseult*, which is supposed to have been built on the ruins of the ancient city of the *Curiosolitæ*. Several medals of the Roman Emperors have been dug up there, and a bronze idol, representing Silence.

Lamballe, the ancient capital of the *Am-biliates*, is a small town of about 4000 inhabitants, formerly the chief place of the duchy of Penthièvre.

We next arrive at *Saint-Brieux*, capital of the department of the Côtes-du-Nord. This town, situated in a fertile country, between the mouths of two small rivers, is ancient, and built in a bottom surrounded by hills which prevent the view of the sea, from which it is only half a league distant. Nothing worthy of notice now occurs on the road till having entered the department of Finistere, we reach *Morlaix*, a very trading town, with a small port on the river of the same name, a league and a half from the sea, which vessels can ascend with the tide. Its entrance is defended by a fort called the *Chateau du*

Taureau, and before it is a fine spacious road, where the anchorage is excellent, and where vessels can be sheltered from the winds.

This town is tolerably well built; and the church of Notre-Dame is remarkable for its antiquity and its peculiar structure. But the finest part of Morlaix is the handsome quay, which extends from the town to the sea; it is bordered with houses and a row of porticos that form a very pleasant covered walk called *La Lance*, in which the merchants assemble. The population of this town amounts to about 10,000 inhabitants, and its trade is very considerable. Living here is extremely cheap; and the country around highly picturesque.

Brest is a maritime place, which owes all its celebrity to its port on the ocean, considered one of the finest and safest in Europe. Its situation in a great bay is very advantageous, and its road is sufficiently spacious to contain 500 ships of war always afloat; but the entrance is narrow and difficult on account of the rocks that are hid under the water, from which it has been named *Le Goulet*, the Gullet. A strong citadel, constructed on a steep rock on the sea-side, serves for the defence of the port, together with a large ditch, and some fortifications on the land side.

This port is ornamented by two very fine quays, and surrounded with immense magazines provided with every thing that is necessary for fitting out ships. The arsenal, built in the reign of Louis XIV, is a magnificent

edifice. There are also dock-yards and a *bagne* or building for the galley-slaves.

The town of Brest is built on a steep hill, which slopes all the way down to the sea; the streets are in general narrow and crooked.

Cardinal Richelieu was the first minister in France who paid any attention to the port of Brest. In 1631 he established some naval magazines at Brest, and ordered the port to be deepened and cleaned out. In 1680 the fortifications were begun, and in a few years it became a considerable place. The population at present is 26,000 inhabitants. In 1694 the English made an unsuccessful attempt to get possession of it.

The commerce of this town in time of peace is not great, and consists principally of Sardinias, which are caught in the neighbouring bays, and are salted and sent in barrels all over France.

Four leagues to the west of Brest, and opposite Cape Conquet, is the island of Ouessant (Ushant), in which is a lighthouse erected in the reign of Louis XIV, to point out the entrance of the harbour. This island, about three leagues in circumference, is surrounded by rocks which render the access very difficult.

The department of Finistere, in which Brest is situated, contains no considerable monument that can be attributed to the Romans. This country was however well known to them, as Brest is indicated in the Itinerary of Antoninus, by the name of *Cæsobrivates* ;

and it is even pretended that it was built by one of Cæsar's lieutenants.

In fact, the name *Cæsobrivates* does indicate this origin, for *Cæso* certainly comes from Cæsar, and *brivates* is a Gaulish word which signifies a passage: but what removes all doubt on this subject is, that the Itinerary of the Empire marks the distance from Nantes to Cæsobrivates the same as it is at present from Nantes to Brest.

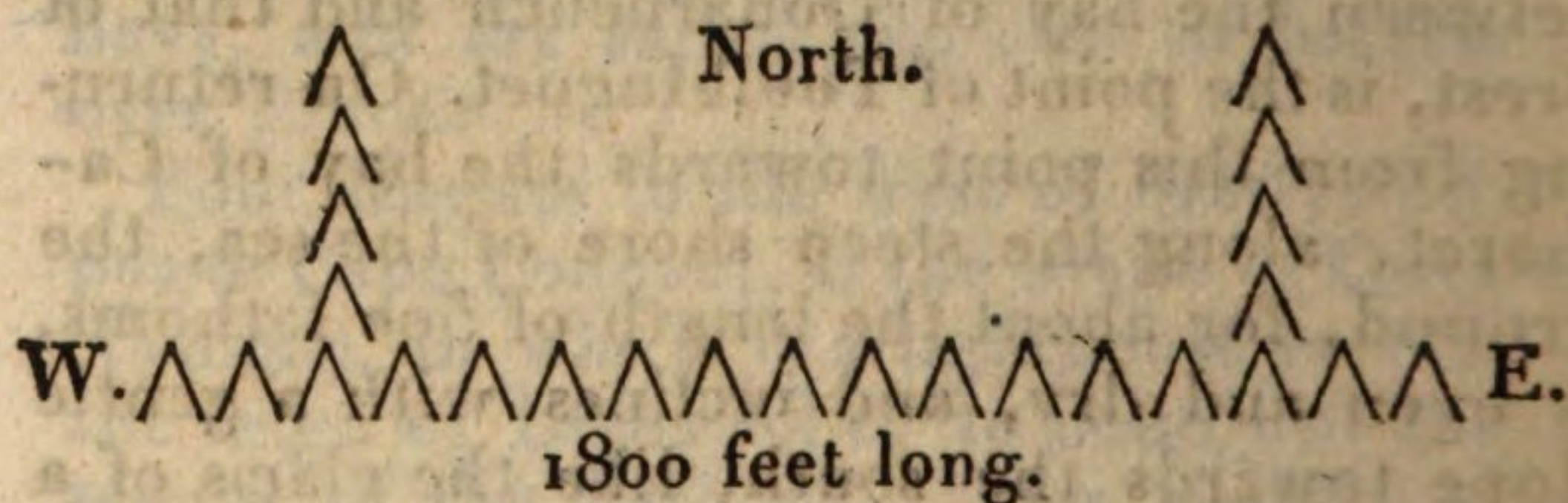
But though this department exhibits no remarkable remains of Roman antiquity, it presents one of the most considerable Celtic monuments known. It is situated on one of the horns of Gaul, *cornu Galliæ*, from which is derived the name of Cornouaille, a district so called in this part of Brittany. At the extremity of the peninsula of Camaret, between the bay of Douarnench and that of Brest, is the point of Toull-Inguet. On returning from this point towards the bay of Camaret, along the steep shore of the sea, the ground, for about the length of 500 fathoms, is even and dry, and inclines with a gentle slope towards the south, like the glacis of a fortification; there are found large unformed masses of rock of a single piece from ten to fifteen feet in diameter at the base, and about the same height, which have been transported to this spot, and placed in a row in the direction of the coast, that is east and west, and each at the distance of forty feet from their centre.

Each of these masses, of which the form

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is unequal and irregular, may be estimated to contain from 14 to 1500 cubic feet, and their mean weight, judging from the grain and consistency of the stone, 203,000 pounds. They are 60 in number, and form a file or row of about 1800 feet.

At a fourth of this length, counting from the east end, is another file of twelve similar masses, directed towards the north, and placed like the former at regular distances; and finally another row of twelve masses goes off likewise from the principal file, at the distance of seventy-six fathoms from its west end, and directed north, parallel with the second row; these two rows seem to form two lines perpendicular to the great one. Below is a figure of this most remarkable ancient monument.



In the isle of Ouessant there was a college of Druidesses, and the remains of a druidical temple of considerable extent are still to be seen there near the sea-side.

We may remark in general that the maritime coasts of Britany offer perhaps the most ample field for Celtic researches that can any where be found; a long series of interesting

investigations might be undertaken, in which the islands, the coasts, the *raised stones*, and the very names of places would be excellent guides through the night of time.

No. XXVII. From BREST to RENNES, through Quimper and Vannes, 36 Posts.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
BREST to Landerneau..	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	Landevan to Auray...	2
Faon.....	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	VANNES.....	2
Châteaulin.....	2	Pont-Guillemet.....	2 $\frac{1}{4}$
QUIMPER.....	3	Roc-Saint-André.....	2
Rosporden.....	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	Ploermel.....	1
Quimperlé.....	3	Plelan.....	3
Hennebon.....	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	Mordelles.....	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Landevan.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	RENNES.....	2

Quimper, the chief place of the department of Finistere, is an ancient and pretty considerable town, situated at the confluence of the Oder and the little river Benaudet. The cathedral is very large, and there was formerly a very fine college of the Jesuits. Large vessels can enter its port with the tide of the sea, from which it is about four leagues distant.

This town, anciently called *Corisopitum*, was the capital of the country of Cornouailles, the etymology of which name we have already mentioned. Quimper was the birth-place of three celebrated literary characters, Hardonin, Bougeant, and Freron. Population, 7000.

The sea-coast between Brest and Quimper, or rather between the point of Plongastel, four leagues from Brest, and that of Penmark,

three leagues from Quimper, exhibits some very extraordinary natural phenomena, which we shall now attempt to describe.

Britany has not, like Dauphiny and Auvergne, or some other provinces of France, great mountains and magnificent vallies intersected by torrents; nor like the countries watered by the Loire and the Seine, a beautiful verdure and charming landscapes; nor, in fine, like Languedoc and Provence, a clear atmosphere and a delightful climate. The interior is a country of an uniform aspect, and more remarkable for the primitive manners of its inhabitants, than for any beautiful spots; and it is only on the coasts that it presents views worthy of the pencil of the artist, and of the admiration of the traveller.

During a long series of ages, Britany has been defended against the fury of the sea by enormous masses of granite rock; other coasts of France have given way, but Britany and a part of Normandy have hardly lost any thing of their ancient territory. This is evident from the remarkable projection which these countries make beyond all the rest of the coast of the ocean. Without their natural fortifications, like so many other maritime countries, they would become the prey of the waves. But in their continual struggle, these rocks of granite have not been able to make the same resistance in every part. The numerous rents on the coast of Britany, with the peninsulas and bays, prove that the sea has often obtained the victory, and overturned the barriers which the rocks opposed against it. These shat-

tered rocks, the naked beach, and the shore exposed to all the rage of the ocean, present a wild and dismal, though still not an uninteresting aspect. But especially when the raging sea drives its foaming waves against the rocky shore, one can hardly contemplate the awful scene without a feeling of melancholy and apprehension.

An intelligent traveller says: « When I found myself on the wild rocks of Britany, in a climate always beaten by storms, with a cold and gloomy atmosphere, surrounded by deserts, sand and sea-weed, with no other companions but the sea-birds screaming through the air, and surrounded by an awful silence only interrupted by the enormous wave that broke and boiled among the shattered rocks, which stretch into the sea, and are lost in the horizon; when I sought, in a smoky hut, for some information on the manners and ancient customs of Britany, and beheld the most extreme poverty, the coarsest utensils, the dress of the first ages, while habitations such as are found in Lapland or California were the only objects that struck my view — I could not help being astonished at the incredible difference which a distance of twenty leagues will sometimes make between men who live in the same climate, with the same laws, the same religion, and the same government. »

The projecting broken rocks, hanging over the waves on the coast of Plougastel, are schists mixed with great veins of quartz; and

along the shore are covered with thick heath. At the point of Plougastel, in front of Brest, are the forts of Armorique and Corbeau, from which are seen the Isle Longue, La Pointe Espagnole, Fort Querelu, and the road in its whole extent. To the south are seen the mountains of Menes Com, which, according to the tradition of the country, were formerly a habitation of the Druids, and were covered with forests, though at present there is not a shrub. From this point the coast runs east and west, and is protected from the violence of the sea by the peninsula of Crozon; here the finest sand covers the shore, and forms the bottom of the calm and transparent streams which water it; while a multitude of creeks and little gulphs penetrate into the land, which enjoys an eternal spring. You are no longer in Britany; strawberries, raspberries, roses, jonquils, violets and honeysuckles cover the fields which are loaded with fruit-trees, and grow down to the very shore of the sea.

On the coast of Crozon there is a remarkable natural curiosity, consisting of a number of grottos, from 30 to 40 feet high by 60 or 80 feet broad. They are almost dark, and are inhabited by various aquatic birds. When the fishermen come near in a boat to drive them out, they fly away with loud screams, when the boatmen take their eggs and their young. During the winter, and in stormy weather, the sea rushes boiling and foaming into these grottos; but in calm summer wea-

ther, the inhabitants of the country sometimes take shelter in them. One of these caverns, at the point of La Chèvre, is called by the natives Queo Charivari, on account of the horrible noise the birds make in it.

In the neighbourhood, at Plogeff, is the famous spot called *l'Enfer*; it is an abyss, in which the waves are swallowed up with a frightful noise; the rocks at the bottom are of a red colour, and, from the agitation of the foam and spray, appear as if they were in motion. On ascending the point of Ratz, 300 feet high, one can hardly behold without terror the fury of the waves, which seem to be undermining this naked rock; impelled by a north-west wind, they drive about in an extraordinary manner; the most intrepid sailor never passes, without offering up a prayer before the bay called *Des Trépasses*, which recalls to his mind the thousands who have perished in it. The whirlpools of Charybdis and Scylla were not more dreadful.

There is also in this district a hollow in the shape of a shell, four feet deep and thirty or forty feet in diameter, and quite round and regular, which has been formed by nature in the midst of the broken rocks. This spot, which could not be embellished by art, is called the Bath of Diana.

But it is at Penmark, three leagues from Quimper, that one may enjoy in all its horrors, the interesting sight of the furious waves dashing against the rocks.

« I waited, » says the same traveller, « for

a storm, to go to Penmark; and the elements favoured me completely: the sea was in such a tempestuous rage, that the inhabitants of the country, accustomed to the sight, quitted their occupations to contemplate it.

« Whatever I have seen in the longest voyages, the sea breaking on the most tremendous rocks, the iron coasts of Saint Domingo, the long rocky shores of the Straits of Gibraltar, the most frightful storms in the North Seas, the Mediterranean near Amalfi—nothing ever gave me such an idea of the fury of the ocean as when I saw it dashing against the rocks of Penmark. »

Quimperlé, situated at the junction of the small rivers Isotte and Ille, is a small town of 5 or 6000 inhabitants, built between two hills, in a barren district, two leagues from the sea, from which large vessels can ascend by the tide. The quays are bordered with fine warehouses.

Soon after leaving *Quimperlé*, we pass on the left the road which leads to *Lorient*, situated at the bottom of a small bay, on the river Scorff, and formerly celebrated for having been the *emporium* of the East India Company, who built it in 1720. This town is considerable, and contains about 18,000 inhabitants. Its port is defended by a strong citadel, but can only contain a small number of large vessels. Since the year 1734, all goods from India or China could only be sold exclusively in this town.

Being of modern construction, it is very

regular, and is remarkable for its handsome quays, fine houses, and public edifices. The port of Lorient is frequented by vessels from the United States of America. The English attempted to take it in 1746.

Near the entrance of the same bay and about two leagues from Lorient, is Port-Louis, a small port and strong place, situated at the mouth of the Blaret. It owes its foundation to Louis XIII, who fortified it with a citadel built on an insulated rock in the sea.

Auray is a little trading town, with a port on the river of the same name. It is remarkable for the battle which was fought there in 1364, between Charles of Blois, and John de Montfort, his competitor for the duchy of Britany, in which the former was defeated, and the famous Duguesclin taken prisoner.

Not far from Auray is the celebrated Druidical or Celtic monument of Carnac.

The town of Carnac is situated in the department of Morbihan, three leagues from the town of Auray; and near it, on the seashore, is the monument of rude stones, which I shall now describe.

The road from Auray to Carnac is extremely bad; hilly, and with cross-roads almost impassable. There is not a wilder country, nor a more desolate moor, nor a spot more remote from every thing like civilisation.

The light steeple of Carnac is perceptible long before you reach it. Some long stones, placed by men on the hills and sandy eminences, precede the grand theatre you are

approaching. When you reach it, you are struck with astonishment at these imposing masses, extending towards the horizon, in the midst of the desert which surrounds them.

The stones of Carnac are arranged on eleven straight lines; which are separated from each other by a space of thirty or thirty-three feet. The distance from one stone to the other, along the lines, varies from twelve to fifteen feet. The highest of these stones is about twenty-one feet above the ground, and their breadth and thickness vary like their elevation, but some are enormous. One, in particular, near the mill Kerner, is twenty-two feet high, twelve broad, and six thick, without counting what is hid by the sand. Reckoning the cubic foot of granite at 200 lb., it should weigh 256,800 lb.

A great number of these stones have been destroyed, but the number remaining has been calculated at 4000. It is said that those which are still standing occupy a space of 1340 feet, and that formerly they extended nearly three leagues on the coast.

The stones of Carnac exhibit the most extraordinary aspect; they are insulated in a great plain, without trees or shrubs; not a pebble, not a fragment of stone on the sand which supports them; they are in equilibrium without foundations; several of them are moveable; and they recall a period of time to which our calculations and our history cannot reach.

To the south-west of Auray is the penin-

sula of Quiberon, which is very narrow, but the road for ships is said to be one of the largest and safest in Europe. It was here that a great number of French emigrant gentlemen, who had landed under the protection of the English government in 1795, were unfortunately surprised and put to death by the republican army. A monument has lately been erected to their memory.

Vannes is advantageously situated at the bottom of a bay interspersed with isles, and a league from the ocean, with which it communicates by means of a channel called the *canal du Morbihan*, which gives its name to the department of which Vannes is the capital. Its port is capable of containing several large vessels. This town is ancient and large, and contains about 10,000 inhabitants with a suburb that exceeds it in extent, and from which it is separated only by walls and a broad ditch. The town is not well built, and the streets in general are narrow.

Vannes, which is supposed to be the ancient *Dariorigum Venetorum*, celebrated among the Gaulish nations, was the metropolis of the *Veneti*, one of the most considerable tribes of *Armorica*, and the most warlike in Gaul, and moreover renowned for their skill in navigation. Julius Cæsar was obliged to march against this town with all his forces, and to besiege it in person by land and sea. According to Strabo, it was a colony of these Veneti, who, passing into Italy, laid the first foundation of the city of Venice.

The trade of Vannes is considerable, and consists in corn, Indian corn, iron, and sardiniæ, which are arranged in casks, and from which the oil is extracted in order to preserve them longer. One may embark at Vannes to go to Brest by sea, which is much shorter, as the passage may be performed in an hour and a quarter, when the wind is favourable.

Rennes, formerly the capital of Britany, and now the chief place of the department of Ille-et-Vilaine, is a large handsome town, situated in a vast plain, at the confluence of the Vilaine and the Ille. Rennes is one of the most ancient cities in France, and was the capital of the *Redones*, a people in Armorica, whose territory occupied nearly the same extent as the present department. It was formerly very strong, and has maintained many sieges. Its bishopric, which is a suffragan of Tours, is one of the most ancient in Britany.

In the year 1720, there was a dreadful fire at Rennes, which destroyed 850 houses. They were rebuilt on a regular plan, and now form a very handsome quarter of the town, with broad straight streets. The rest of the town, on the contrary, with its extensive suburbs, is very ill built. The houses are low, and mostly built of wood.

Rennes has two remarkable squares; the *Place du Palais*, and the *Place d'Armes*. The first would be one of the finest in France if it were entirely finished. On one side is the *Palais de Justice*, a very handsome building. There are also several other fine edifices in

Rennes, and some pleasant public walks, especially the *Tabor* and the *Mail*. The *Tabor* consists of several terraces planted with very fine trees, and joins on to the Botanic Garden. The *Mail* is a terrace, with four rows of lime-trees, and bordered by canals, which extends from the town to the confluence of the *Ille* and the *Vilaine*.

Rennes, before the Revolution, in 1789, contained 40,000 inhabitants; but its population is now reduced to less than 30,000, this town having few resources in commerce and industry, and having lost those it possessed from the states of Britany, from its parliament, and the residence of a great number of opulent persons.

The manufactures of this town consist of sail-cloth, hats, earthenware, serges, thread, ropes and hosiery; it carries on a great trade in butter, and that so renowned by the name of *Prévalais*, is made about a league from the town.

Rennes has a college, and a public library composed of about 30,000 volumes, which is open three times a week. It has also a gallery of paintings, and a museum of natural history.

The gallery of paintings exhibits a numerous collection of pictures of the Italian, Flemish, and Dutch schools; near 1100 original designs of the first masters, about 5000 engravings, ancient and modern, and several pieces of sculpture in marble and bronze, among which are the two superb low reliefs that

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were on the equestrian statue of Louis XIV, in the *Place du Palais*.

The museum of natural history is divided into five halls ; the first contains objects of the mineral kingdom ; the second, animals ; the third, vegetables ; the fourth, antiques ; the fifth, the arms and other utensils of different nations of India.

Character, Manners, Customs, Dress and Language of the Bretons. It is always interesting to remark the disparity of character, manners and language of the inhabitants of the different provinces of the same kingdom ; and the traveller will have a favourable opportunity of making these observations in a tour through Britany, where the people still preserve traces of the savage state of the ancient Bretons, and of the language of the Celts.

In many parts of Britany we may likewise still observe some vestiges of the primitive patriarchal manners. The wife, the children, the men and women servants, are all blindly submissive, and nearly in the same degree, to the head of the family : and this superiority of one sex over the other, universally acknowledged, and everywhere observed, especially contributes to preserve the harmony of their families. In the churches, it is the men only who approach the sanctuary, the women always keeping at the bottom of the church. The business of the farm, and all bargains and speculations are conducted solely by the men. The women neither handle the

spade, nor drive the plough. They are employed in weeding, and sometimes in sowing, and help the men at the harvest; but the weakness of their sex is considered and spared on all occasions. Their habitual occupation is the care of the house, and of the stables for the small cattle.

In many parts of Lower Britany it is the master of the house who first begins to eat; the other men follow according to their age or situation, and there are even places where the mistress of the house, her daughters and friends, do not sit down to table till the last labourer on the farm has taken possession of his portion.

The women in general, particularly among the peasantry, are not famed for their beauty.

The inhabitants of Britany are generally men of strong passions, and are reproached with obstinacy of character: they might also be more industrious, but they are honest, brave, open-hearted, hospitable, constant in their attachments, and faithful observers of their word. The sea-coasts produce intrepid sailors; and the peasantry are extremely attached to their native soil, however barren and disagreeable it may be. Even the inhabitants of the towns prefer the enjoyment of a small property, to the chance of acquiring a great fortune at a distance; and at no period have the Breton nobility and gentry been much seen among the followers of the Court.

The farmers are strongly attached to their old habits, to their coarse dress, and the

routine of their occupations, which it is therefore very difficult to improve. Their houses are neither convenient nor wholesome; dark within, and dirty and ugly without. They are ignorant, and consequently superstitious. The inhabitants of the marshes round Dol, are said to be the most boorish of all; which is attributed to the influence of the thick and unwholesome atmosphere that surrounds them.

The farm-houses are commonly exposed to the south and north; and on both those sides there is a door, but no window. These houses have often only one room and one story, at most there is only a loft above the common room, which is never floored, and has only one large chimney. A store-room, a pig-stye, a stable, a shed, and an oven, are generally all the buildings of which the farm-houses are composed. In several districts, the cows and oxen inhabit the same stable, which joins on to the farmer's dwelling; in others, the manger is fixed into the wall of the house, with large apertures in it, so that the animal has always the pleasure of seeing his master, and the latter is always in company with the companion of his rural labours. Some acres of ground are reserved near the house for a garden or orchard, in which the farmer grows vegetables, flax, and a few fruit-trees.

The almost universal custom of lodging the whole family in one room does not admit of much furniture. One or two beds, a chest, a

cupboard, a bench, a bason for the mess, an iron pot, a great boiler for washing, some wooden spoons, and porringers of varnished clay, such are the articles of household furniture. When there is the addition of a side-board and a plate-rack, with a few articles of earthenware, and tin spoons, it is considered to be opulence and luxury.

The order and the quality of their meals vary according to the difference of the seasons. Cabbage soup, messes of millet or buck-wheat with milk, buck-wheat and curded milk, pure rye-bread, or half wheat and rye, with milk and butter, compose the principal food of the country people. In the working season, they eat meat at supper, which they call *collation*; and in those parts where there are vines, they even drink wine. But in winter they eat no meat, for it is only on very large farms, and in rich families, that they salt pork.

In winter, after the evening repast, which is made at sunset, families visit each other and work in common; the men seated on benches within the chimney on each side, are occupied in cutting some wooden utensils, in repairing their tools, in some sorts of basket work, or in adorning distaffs for the young women. If any one of the assembly knows how to read, they consult the almanach and its predictions, and recite relations of prodigies which they have heard from quacks and mountebanks at fairs. But most commonly they talk, and the usual subject of their con-

versation is, not any thing relating to agriculture, but the suggestions of superstition. Here they learn by what particular devotions they must honour the saint who takes care of bees; the one who preserves them from hail, or procures rain; to what *calvaire* they must carry a hard egg, a bit of bread, and a piece of money; at what fountain they must drink to be cured of a fever or to prevent witchcraft; what old woman is the best fortune-teller, and what man it is who cures sore eyes with a grain of consecrated wheat; they discuss also the real nature of the torments of hell, the pains of purgatory, and the delights of heaven. The age of miracles and of witchcraft, of sorceries and fairies, still exists among these good peasants. One tells of a man who sold himself to the devil, another saw a ghost and crossed himself to drive him away; one was attacked by a hobgoblin, whom he was forced to carry on his shoulders above a league; another lost his whole flock, because a sorcerer, disguised like a beggar to whom he refused alms, threw a charm over his fold. In fact they imagine they live in the midst of spirits, demons, fairies, ghosts and witches; they see them, night and day, when asleep, at the corners of ditches, in the air, in the clouds.

In several parishes, they have fountains placed under the protection of certain saints, for which the peasants have great veneration. There are likewise, almost every where, old women who have pretended receipts for all

disorders. These receipts, commonly composed of simples, are supposed by some antiquarians to be the remains of the medical practice of the Druids.

They have given up the custom of throwing flowers on the graves, but a little pot of holy water is placed on each tomb, in order to drive away the evil spirits who disturb the repose of the dead. They are watched for some nights, for fear the devils should carry them off to hell; and, in a word, through all Britany they have a profound veneration for the dead.

Their marriages offer an occasion for pleasure, show and expense, though less so now than formerly. At present, all who are invited accompany the bride and bridegroom to the municipality and the church, with musical instruments. They have all nosegays, and ribands of the same colour as those of the bride. In some parts, when the bridegroom is not to live with his father-in-law, he goes with his relations and friends, the eve of his marriage, to fetch the bride's furniture, which is often all her portion. This is done with much solemnity; the girl is torn from her mother's arms, and, escorted by her companions, follows, crying, the cart which carries her property; and it is only by force that she can be made to pass the threshold of the new mansion that is destined for her.

But there are other strange singularities in different districts. In some, the husband carries off his wife, like the Samnites of old; in

other places she is hid, and the husband often has to look for her three days together. In many parts, he cannot approach his wife till the third night after the marriage. In the district of Morlaix, and in other places, the lover asks the girl's consent in verse; and several bards make a trial of wit and genius to obtain the beauty.

The evening of the marriage day is also a remarkable circumstance from the practices of different districts. There are often more than a hundred guests at the marriage feast; and long tables, spread under tents or in a barn, are covered the whole day long with eatables. Wine flows in abundance, and the next morning they set to again.

But it is dancing which forms the chief amusement, and is indeed their common recreation on all occasions. They sing very sprightly songs to the most lively airs, and dance to quick tunes, keeping time with an incredible steadiness and exactness. Though their ordinary drink is only water, they are fond of strong liquors, and violate the rules of sobriety whenever an opportunity offers.

It may be observed in general, that the country people in Britany are kind, sincere and hospitable; they will take care of you, of your friend, of your horse, and almost always refuse any retribution that is offered. These good people will give you the best they have, and with the kindest welcome.

The Breton peasant, whatever may be his fortune, seems to have hardly any other en-

joyment than that of increasing his treasure by any means in his power. The richest farmer feeds and clothes himself like his servant.

One may succeed better with the Bretons in general, by mildness and simplicity, than by harshness or force. An extreme delicacy, great sensibility, pride, and ingenuity, are united in a singular way with the rudeness and coarseness of their exterior; what they would never grant to force, duty, or interest, they will often give for asking, or for any little service; a great job, which could not be got done for money, they will undertake in return for an act of kindness, for a dinner, or a few bottles of cider; not that a wealthy farmer values such things, but he gets in good spirits, is sensible of any politeness that is shown him, and repays it with usury.

The dress or costume of the peasantry varies considerably in the different departments of which Britany is composed; but in general, they are dressed now as they were a thousand years ago; and they have a singular predilection for the form and even the colour of their clothes. When a farmer or his wife come to a town, one may commonly tell by their dress what part of the country they belong to.

In the department of the Loire-Inférieure, the inhabitants are remarkable for their attention to cleanliness; and on the left bank of the Loire, in particular, there is a greater degree of luxury and elegance in the dress of both

sexes. As there are some varieties in the costume of every district, we shall confine ourselves to the description of that which is called the *costume Guerandais*, as it is not to be seen in any other part of France.

The women wear caps, narrow at top and plaited, the flaps of which are tied under the chin, and then hang down on the breast, or float on the shoulders. They divide their hair on the forehead and dress it with a flat band. A colleret of lace, a plaited neckhandkerchief, a white gown with wide sleeves of a red or violet colour, the body of which is laced with a riband crossed four or five times; a black or violet petticoat, trimmed with velvet; a silk-riband sash, with gold or silver flowers, called *livrée*; red stockings with coloured clocks, and slippers; such is the dress of a woman of the town of Batz.

The dress of the men consists of wide plaited breeches, two or three white and blue waistcoats, rising one above the other; and above this a linen shirt, and a round hat.

Blue is the favourite colour. The dress of the women in all Lower Britany is very glittering, from the frequent use of gold lace, and ribands wrought with the same. On days of ceremony, both the men and women wear short cloaks with straight collars that rise above the head, something like the Spanish mantle.

In general the peasants keep their coats for Sundays, and are always dressed in linen for work. In the district of Vitré, near Rennes,

most of them wear over their clothes a sort of cassock made of goatskin.

In some parts of the department of Finistère, the countrymen wear a singular dress, which consists of large breeches and wooden shoes, without stockings; over a very short waistcoat, a linen shirt with a hood; a round blue woollen bonnet, which only covers the top of the head; their forehead is uncovered and their ears bare; while their long straight hair floats on their shoulders and covers their eyes; and therefore the most common gesture of the Breton is to throw back on his ears the locks of hair which impede his sight, and embarrass all his actions.

The language of the people of Britany is as various as their dress. In the department of the Loire-Inférieure, the French language is the only one in use; but every parish almost has its idiom composed of Celtic words, ancient Roman or German, and French words disfigured by bad pronounciation, and with the sense exceedingly altered. The characteristic accent of each district is much more strongly marked than that of the towns, though they all speak so as to be easily understood by those who only know French. Their pronounciation in general is slow, and their phrases embarrassed, and they have a fatiguing way of separating their words, or of joining them together by insignificant monosyllables. In all Upper Britany, they say *à nuit*, pronounced *aneit*, for *aujourd'hui*, which is a remnant of the ancient custom of counting by the night.

In the neighbourhood of Guerande, there are some villages where they both speak French and the Celtic dialect of Vannes.

In other parts, as about Rennes, the country people talk the old French of the 13th or 14th centuries; but with a guttural and whistling pronunciation which belongs to the Celtic, of which language they have retained many words, and especially the names of places in all their purity.

In the departments of Finistère, Côtes-du-Nord and Morbihan, where the language called the *Bas Breton* is commonly spoken, there is, notwithstanding, so great a difference in the dialects of it, that the inhabitants of one district can hardly understand those of another. This language, according to several eminent authors, is the same as that of the ancient Celts, with more or less alteration. This opinion is not devoid of foundation, since we find in the *Bas Breton* the evident etymology of a multitude of words and roots of verbs in the Latin, and almost all the languages of modern Europe.

With respect to science, literature, and the fine arts, though the taste for them is not very widely extended through Britany, still there is no town without some college or school, where the young people receive a suitable education, corresponding with the rank and fortune of their parents.

The country people, however, are very different in this respect, as whole parishes may be found where there are not four

farmers who can read and write ; and in this point they are certainly several centuries behind the rest of France.

Except in the department of La Loire Inférieure, in which Nantes is situated, and where there are many Protestants, the Catholic religion is the only public worship in all Britany.

Ancient State of Britany. The country called Britany was comprised, at the time of the conquest of Gaul by the Romans, in *Celtica*, properly so called, and formed a portion of the country called *Armorica*, which extended from the left bank of the Seine beyond the Loire, and was inhabited by six principal tribes, the *Redones*, *Namnetes*, *Diablintes*, *Curiosolitæ*, *Veneti* and *Osismii*. It appears that their ancestors, at a very remote period, peopled the island of Albion, which having assumed the name of Britain, afterwards gave it to the part of Armorica still called Britany. This last event seems to have happened about the middle of the 5th century, when several British families sought an asylum in Armorica against the invasion of the Saxons and other northern tribes.

Armorica was one of the parts of Gaul that was the least ravaged by the different Northern nations, who, during the five first centuries of our era rushed into Italy and Spain, and when, in the fourth century, the Roman power was abolished in Britain, the people of Armorica followed the example, and formed themselves into a republic. From these circumstances, Armorica preserved, more than

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the other provinces of Gaul, its manners and ancient customs, together with many vestiges of the worship of the Druids, and of the language of the Celts, as we have already noticed.

Britany had for a long time particular sovereigns, who bore successively the name of king, count, and duke. Conan, surnamed *Meriadec*, passes for the first of them, and among his successors several were distinguished for their eminent qualities.

Arthur I was assassinated by his uncle King John of England in the year 1203. John IV, who conquered Charles of Blois, in 1364, is less famous on his own account, than on that of his mother, Jane of Flanders, one of the most perfect heroines in modern history. At length, in the beginning of the 16th century, Britany was united to the crown of France by marriage, and its union with that country was fixed irrevocably by the statutes of the province, and by Francis I, in the year 1532.

Britany, before the revolution, in 1789, was divided into Upper and Lower. The former, situated towards the east, contained five dioceses; the other, placed in the west, had only four. It now forms the five departments of *Ile-et-Vilaine*, *Loire-Inférieure*, *Côtes-du-Nord*, *Finistère*, and *Morbihan*.

This part of the kingdom was, for several years, the theatre of intestine divisions; and the war of the Chouans cost France as many tears as that of the Vendée.

XXVIII. From RENNES to PARIS, $39\frac{1}{4}$ posts.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
RENNES to Noyal.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Mesle-sur-Sarthe to Mor-	
Châteaubourg.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	tagne.....	2
Vitré.....	2	Saint-Maurice.....	$2\frac{1}{2}$
Gravelle.....	2	Verneuil.....	2
LAVAL.....	$2\frac{1}{2}$	Tillières.....	$1\frac{3}{4}$
Martigné.....	2	Nonancourt.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Mayenne.....	2	Dreux.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Ribay.....	$2\frac{1}{4}$	Marolles.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Prez-en-Pail.....	2	Houdan.....	1
Saint-Denis.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	La Queue.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
ALENÇON.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Pontchartrain.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Ménil-Broust.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	VERSAILLES.....	$2\frac{1}{2}$
Mesle-sur-Sarthe.....	$1\frac{1}{4}$	PARIS.....	$2\frac{1}{4}$

Vitré, on the Vilaine has preserved its ancient fortifications, and its castle flanked with great towers. The town, though large, is ill built and has a dismal appearance, notwithstanding it is in a pleasant situation, and has some pretty walks. This place, which is very ancient, was one of the *pagi* of the Redones. Tradition relates that there were at *Vitré* two pagan temples consecrated to Pan and Ceres; the first, situated on the bank of the river was replaced by the convent of the Augustins, and the second was on the spot now occupied by the church of *Nôtre-Dame*. The barony of *Vitré* was the first in Britany, and the states of the province were often assembled in this town.

Its commerce consists in unbleached linen, flannel, and especially stockings and thread gloves; it has also very fine tanneries. The estate of *Rochers*, long inhabited by Madame

de Sévigné, is near Vitré; and one of the towers of the town is called Sévigny-Savary. The author, of that name, who wrote the charming letters on Egypt and Greece was a native of Vitré. Population, 8000 inhabitants.

About a league from Vitre, is the market town of *Essé*, near which is one of the most curious Celtic monuments that exists in France. It is called *La Roche aux Fées*, and is composed of forty-two huge blocks of a reddish schist; its form is nearly a long square, situated from the south-east to the north-west; its greatest length is about sixty feet, its greatest breadth twelve feet, and its height above the ground the same. The interior, the entrance of which is to the south-east, is divided into two chambers which appear to have been consecrated to the ceremonies of the Druidical worship. The first chamber is a long square, twelve feet in length, seven in breadth, and about five feet high. Each of the two sides consists of four blocks, on which rest two other stones which form the top of the chamber. The second chamber is an irregular long square, about forty-three feet in length, and ten feet broad at the entrance: the south-west side only forms a line with the same side of the first chamber. One of the blocks which form it, has been detached and lies in the interior; the north-east side diverges in a straight line from the south-west wall to the extremity of the monument. This end is closed by a single stone; the south-west side is composed of twelve stones six feet high, two of which have

a projection within. Another stone placed on the same side and nearer the partition, also projects without being let into the wall. Here three stones form, in some degree, new divisions. Ten stones, also six feet high, form the north-east side. The whole of this chamber is covered by six enormous blocks, and its communication with the first chamber is by a passage about four feet wide, between two stones that advance like a partition.

From the situation of this monument on the confines of four different nations, the Redones, Namnetes, Ardes, and Arvii, it has been conjectured that it was destined both for political and religious purposes.

The field which contains it, was formerly a part of the wood of Rouvray, which was once a portion of the forest of Teil, from which it is not far distant. In this forest is also a raised stone, or *menhir*, about six feet high, and half as broad.

In the forest of Fougères only a few leagues from Vitré, are also some Celtic remains worth visiting, particularly two, still called in the country *le monument*, and *la pierre du trésor*. They consist of enormous stones supported by others of smaller dimensions. In the same forest is also a very remarkable subterraneous vault, called from the name of a neighbouring parish, *les celliers de Landean*, of which the origin and antiquity have not been well ascertained.

Before we arrive at the next post, we quit the department of the Ille-et-Vilaine, and the

province of Britany, and proceed to *Laval*, the chief place of the department of the Mayenne, on the river of the same name. This town which contains 15,000 inhabitants, is celebrated for its manufactures of fine linen, which were first established by one of its ancient lords called Guy de Laval. Having married Beatrix of Flanders, he brought with him from that country some Flemish workmen, who taught the inhabitants of Laval the art of weaving; and they having discovered the secret of bleaching linen with great perfection, established bleacheries, of which there are at present fifteen, the smallest of which can occupy from 80 to 100 workmen. There are also great numbers of spinners and weavers, who work in sunk areas or cellars. The linen hall is large and handsome, and the quantity of pieces that are exported annually, is estimated, one year with another, at 24,000 of from 120 to 160 ells each. Laval has many other manufactures, particularly of thread, which is much esteemed, flannel and cotton goods. The town is ugly and ill built, with narrow streets, and houses of a very antique construction. It has two castles, but neither of any consequence. From the bridge over the river Mayenne is a pleasant view of the bleach-fields, with several gardens and country-houses. In the neighbourhood are quarries of marble of a variety of colours, which is much esteemed. There are also some grottos called *Caves à Margot*, not far from the

town, which are worthy of a visit from the curious traveller.

Passing through a pleasant fertile country, but containing nothing remarkable, we arrive at *Mayenne*, a considerable and pretty town, on the river whose name it bears. It was formerly considered as impregnable from the extent of its fortifications and the position of its castle on the summit of a rock. The inhabitants defended themselves with great firmness against the vigorous attacks of the English; for the space of three months, in 1424, and surrendered by capitulation after four assaults. The famous Charles of Lorraine, Duke of Guise, too well known in history as the chief of the League, who was Lord of the town, was commonly called by the name of Mayenne.

After the post of Prez-en-Pail, the road enters the department of the Orne, and we are again in Normandy.

Alençon, chief place of the department of the Orne, is a considerable town, situated in the midst of a vast plain, at the confluence of the Sarthe and the Briante, on the frontier of the two departments of the Orne and the Sarthe. This town is airy and well paved, and the streets in general are broad. Among the public buildings, the most remarkable is the principal church, of which the nave and porch are greatly admired for the beauty of their Gothic architecture; the painted windows also are beautiful, and exhibit the most lively and brilliant colours. There is a fine public library at Alençon, which contains some good

paintings, and also a botanical garden. Population, 12,000 inhabitants.

About three leagues from *Mortagne*, is the celebrated abbey of La Trappe, which has lately been re-established. It is situated in a solitary spot in the midst of a forest.

We find nothing further remarkable on this road till we reach *Dreux*, a town of about 6000 inhabitants, situated at the foot of a hill on the top of which are the ruins of an old castle. *Dreux* is supposed to be one of the most ancient towns of France, and to have derived its name from the Druids. It is remarkable in modern history, for the famous battle that was fought under its walls, in 1562, between the Catholics and Protestants, when the latter were defeated, and the Prince of Condé, their leader, was taken prisoner.

From *Dreux* the traveller passes through several places of no consequence to Versailles, and thence to Paris.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Tour through Champagne, Lorraine, and Alsace.—From Paris through Soissons and Reims to Châlons-sur-Marne.—From Châlons to Nancy, the capital of Lorraine.—From Nancy to Strasbourg, the capital of Alsace.—From Strasbourg along the Rhine to Huningen.—From Huningen through Vesoul, Langres, and Chaumont to Châlons-sur-Marne.—Return from Châlons to Paris.

In the preceding chapters of this work we

have given an ample description of the central, southern, and western parts of France; it now remains to conduct the reader through the eastern departments of that kingdom, which are formed out of the ancient provinces of Champagne, Lorraine, and Alsace. In this Tour, the traveller will be gratified by the sight of those famous tracts which produce the excellent wines of Champaign; and after traversing vast plains, in which the eye hardly finds an object on which to repose, he will behold, in the ancient province of Lorraine, hills and vallies, and a much greater variety of situation and landscape. Traversing the Meuse and the Moselle he will arrive in the centre of Lorraine, a fine and fertile country, not only varied in its aspect, but also in its productions. Alsace, which he will visit next, is a rich and fertile region, though covered in several parts with forests and mountains. In this interesting tour, which will also include a journey along the banks of the Rhine, the traveller will see Nancy, the prettiest town, and Strasbourg, the strongest and most important fortress in the kingdom.

The admirer of wild and romantic scenery will find his taste gratified in the district of the Vosges, so called from the chain of mountains which cover it, the highest of which is more than 4000 feet above the level of the sea. These high mountains are covered with forests which produce timber for every purpose, and are extremely serviceable to the forges and glass-works of those districts. In many parts are

picturesque vallies and fertile plains, especially rich pastures, in which are reared vast quantities of cattle which form the wealth of the country. These mountains also contain different mines of lead, gold and silver, which are tolerably productive, together with quarries of fine marble. Besides these various attractions, the tourist may make excursions to Plombières and Bourbon-les-Bains, two of the most celebrated watering places in France.

No. XXIX. From PARIS to CHALONS-SUR-MARNE, through Soissons and Reims, $24\frac{3}{4}$ Posts.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
PARIS to Bourget.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	SOISSONS to Braine-sur-	
Mesnil-Amelot.....	2	Vesle.....	$2\frac{1}{4}$
Dammartin.....	1	Fismes.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Nanteuil.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Jonchery.....	$1\frac{1}{4}$
Levignen.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	REIMS.....	2
Villers-Coterets.....	2	Sillery.....	$1\frac{1}{3}$
Verte-Feuille.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Grandes-Loges.....	$2\frac{1}{4}$
SOISSONS.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	CHALONS-SUR-MARNE..	$1\frac{1}{2}$

We leave Paris by the *Porte-Saint-Martin*. The first village is *la Villette*, and the country is rather pretty and studded with country houses pleasantly situated. After *Bourget*, we leave the department of the Seine-et-Oise, and enter that of the Oise.

Dammartin, situated on a height, enjoys a very extensive view, and is thought to be very healthy. Here are some ruins of the ancient castle of the Dukes of Dampierre, which was so solidly built of brick, that no

efforts have yet been able to destroy it entirely, even by blowing it up with gunpowder.

At *Nanteuil* is also another old castle, supposed to have been built by Francis I, with a park of great extent adorned with canals and fountains.

Before we reach *Villers-Coterets* the road enters the department of the Aisne. *Villers-Coterets* is situated in a fine fertile plain, near the forest of the same name, and is remarkable for the magnificent castle built by the Dukes of Valois. It formerly was a part of the royal domain, and several of the French Kings have resided there. It now belongs to the Orleans family, and the Duke of Orleans gave a magnificent entertainment there to Louis XV, with all his court, on his return from the ceremony of his coronation at Reims.

Soissons passes for a town of the highest antiquity, and was a celebrated city and the capital of a considerable kingdom in the time of Julius Cæsar. It was then inhabited by the *Suessones*, a warlike people, whose name it has preserved. The victory gained by Clovis over Syagrius in 486, near Soissons, completed the destruction of the Roman power in Gaul. The successors of Clovis made this town the seat of the French monarchy, and it was the residence of several kings of the first race; and afterwards the capital of a particular kingdom called the *Soissonais*.

This town is situated in a pleasant fertile valley, watered by the river Aisne. It is large and ill built, and has no remains of its ancient

splendour, though it still contains some remarkable buildings, particularly the cathedral and the antique castle, flanked with great round massive towers. Soissons was besieged and taken by the allies in the year 1815.

The public walk of Soissons, called the *Cours*, along the side of the river, is very pretty. The environs are delightful, very fertile, and abounding in all the necessaries of life. Vegetables are much cultivated here, and particularly excellent haricos, which are commonly called *fèves de Soissons*. Population, 8000 inhabitants.

Near Soissons is the town of St.-Gobain, in the midst of the forest of the same name, celebrated for its manufacture of looking-glasses, supposed to be the finest in Europe.

Not far from St.-Gobain is La Fere, a small but ancient town, situated near the confluence of the Seine and the Oise, where is the oldest school of artillery in France. It was formed in 1719. The arsenal of La Fere, which is very considerable, is also the most ancient establishment of the kind in the kingdom.

Reims is a very ancient town, the largest and most populous of the department of La Marne, and one of the handsomest cities in France. It is situated in a vast plain, near the little river Vesle, and is surrounded by hills which produce excellent wines.

The origin of Reims is uncertain; but it was the capital of Belgic Gaul, in the time of Julius Cæsar, and was known by the name of

Duroncourt before it was subdued by the Romans.

It was a celebrated place under the first Kings of France, for Clovis was baptised there with the principal persons of his court, by the Archbishop of Reims, who had instructed him in the Christian religion. The Merovingian Kings afterwards enriched this see so much that the archbishops became the temporal lords of the greatest part of their diocese. Their metropolitan church was one of the first in rank in all France; the archbishop bore the title of first duke and peer of the realm, and primate of Belgic Gaul.

This town contains several buildings remarkable for their architecture, among which the cathedral holds the first place, as well from its size as from the majesty of its plan and the richness of the work. This church, which was built in the twelfth century, is one of the largest, most magnificent and most complete of any of the kind in Europe, and is considered to be a masterpiece of Gothic architecture. The porch, which is so renowned, is worthy of its fame. The body of the building is 450 feet long by 92 broad within the walls, and its elevation is more than 110 feet.

The front of the Hôtel-de-Ville is also admired; it is composed of two Greek orders, the Doric and Corinthian, finely executed; but the left wing is still unfinished.

There is also to be seen in this town a precious monument of antiquity, which is a triumphal arch raised by the *Remi*, in honour

of Julius Cæsar and Augustus, when Agrippa, governor of Gaul, caused the great military roads to be made which passed through this town. This monument, situated to the north, served till the year 1544 as one of the entrances of the town, by the name of the gate of *Mars*; it is now nearly half under ground, and what is visible is under the part of the rampart which corresponds with it.

It is formed of three arcades, accompanied with eight fluted Corinthian columns, fifteen feet wide by thirty-four in height. The lateral arcades are twelve feet broad and twenty-nine feet high; the entablature, of which only the architrave remains, was twelve feet high.

This monument is adorned with bas-reliefs, and symbolic ornaments, relative to the birth of Cæsar and Augustus, to the most remarkable events of their reign, and moreover to the alliance of the town of Reims with the Roman people.

Another ancient monument is the tomb of Jovinus, or Jovin, who, from a simple citizen of Reims became consul of Rome in 366, and died in 406. This tomb, formed of a single block of marble, is one of the finest pieces of the kind that have come down to us from ancient times.

This monument is seven feet long, three and a half broad, and three feet three inches high. Its principal face represents a wild-boar hunt; all the figures are in relief, and happily executed. It was raised on two columns of granite, and stood against the inner wall

of the porch of the church of Saint Nicaise. But that church having been destroyed in the revolution, it was transferred to one of the isles of the cathedral.

Reims has also some other handsome buildings. It is in general well built, and has some fine regular streets, but the *Place Royale* is the only remarkable square. The architecture of the houses in it is of the Ionic order; terminated in the Italian style; they have a noble simplicity, the effect of the whole is fine, and the execution of the different parts is very pleasing. The pedestrian statue of Louis XV, in bronze, which stood there before the revolution, was considered as one of the finest works of the celebrated Pigal. Nothing of it remains but the pedestal, with the symbolic figures of commerce and the arts, with which it was surrounded.

The ramparts which surround the town, and are above a league in circumference, are planted with trees, which, while they embellish them, form an agreeable walk in all seasons of the year. But the public walks, outside of the town, near the little river Vesle, are as pleasant as any in France. Population, 30,000. Reims is famous for its manufactures of every sort of woollen stuffs.

It is in the *arrondissemens* of Reims and of Epernay, and strictly speaking, only in the district that extends from Reims to the small town of Vertus, that the finest Champagne wine is produced. The common vineyards are cultivated in Champagne nearly in the

same way as in other parts of France, but with respect to the vines which produce these exquisite and famous wines, it is art, perhaps, still more than nature, which contributes to their superiority. The soil, no doubt, being dry, light, and stony, and composed in great part of a fine sand and a very subtile mould, is extremely advantageous; but it must be allowed, that to this benefit of nature, the cultivator has the good sense to add two other means very well calculated to insure success. The vine is nowhere cultivated with more care and activity; and nowhere does the proprietor take the same scientific precautions in the method of making and of manipulating his wines. As to the gross work, planting, digging, ploughing, there is nothing very particular even in the fine vineyards; but the most scrupulous attention is paid to the quality and the choice of the plants. All that is of a coarse nature is set aside or torn up without compassion; the vines are kept very low and not close together; which is of the highest importance, that the rays of the sun may penetrate more easily, and the bunches of grapes being nearer the earth may receive more heat from it.

It is especially in the method of preparing the wine, that the cultivator in Champagne displays his extraordinary care and precautions. Every one knows that white wines are his chief article of commerce; but every body does not know that the best white wines are made with the black grape; the colour

indeed receives a slight tinge from it, not being such a pure white, but then it is more lively and brilliant; the wine has more body, and possesses a more exquisite fineness and a richer perfume. In order to attain a perfect maturity, the vintage is not begun till it can no longer be deferred. They even wait sometimes till the white grapes almost begin to rot; and they like the pellicle to have a colour like the peel of an onion. It is then they are sure of obtaining that fine sugared flavour which is so delightful in Champaign wines. The vineyard of *Cramant* is the latest for the vintage in all France; and it is not uncommon to see the vintagers in it between the 5th and 10th of November. In warm seasons, the gathering ceases about ten in the morning, and is not resumed till two or three in the afternoon. They like the freshness of the dew to moisten and penetrate the pellicle. Too much dryness would give a roughness to the wine, and diminish the suavity of its perfume. There are districts however where they never stop even with the white grape; but if the sun be too hot they refresh the loads of grapes with wet cloths while they are taking them to the wine-press. The bunches also are cut with care, the vintager only choosing the ripest at first. The green, dry, or mouldy grapes are taken away, and the baskets-full are carried to the bottom of the vineyard, and there softly emptied into paniers; while women employed for that purpose make a new examination of the bunches, and endeavour to repair

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the omissions of the first selection. When the paniers are filled, they are placed, not in carts, but on horses, whose motions being more gentle, prevent the grapes from being crushed, which might otherwise spoil the colour and fineness of the wine.

In time of drought, when the vintage has not been hurt by carrying, and there is no danger of the juice having been damaged by the bruising of the skins, the bunches are often exposed for a day or two to the coolness of the night and the dew of the morning. The pressing is also suspended, in cold and late seasons, by leaving the grapes in the paniers; by which the pellicle is less hard, and the grape seems to acquire more maturity. But when a favourable summer has ripened the grapes completely, the black at least are taken to the press directly. The wine is not put into the casks in the cellar, as warmth is very prejudicial to the wine, and the air of cellars is less cold in winter than the external air; the casks therefore are put into cellars only about three feet deep. There the wines are drawn off during the frost, the first time in December; and are then cleared directly: twelve or fifteen days after, they are drawn off and cleared again; and the same operation is repeated, three or four times, more or less, according to the limpidity of the wines.

The drawing off was formerly performed with leathern pipes, by means of which the wine passed from one cask to another, without coming in contact with the air or undergoing

any evaporation ; but though there was great advantage in this method, there was still greater inconvenience. They now commonly use a large copper cock, which is fastened into the cask a little above the dregs.

About the end of March they begin to bottle the wine which they wish to be sparkling. Some persons defer it till the end of May, or the beginning of June, and even later when they apprehend breakage. The bottles are immediately put down in the cellars and wired ; the deeper the cellar the less the breakage is to be feared ; but as the real causes of this phenomenon are unknown, the placing of the bottles is only a work of chance. If the wine be disposed to work violently, it is put in a deep cellar ; it will froth all the same, and give less trouble. But if the wine is meant to be more calm and still, it is not put lower than the first cellars ; if put in too cool a place the wine would not sparkle at all. The still wines, red or white, are not bottled till the months of November or December of the following year.

Passing through this remarkable wine-country, we arrive at *Châlons*, an ancient and considerable town, situated in the midst of the long meadows on the banks of the river Marne, which also washes a part of the walls of the town to the north-west. Two rivulets, the *Naud* and the *Maud*, cross the town in two different parts, and join the Marne on leaving the town. Châlons is in general ill built, and its streets are narrow, many of

the houses are of wood and the squares are irregular. It contains however some remarkable public buildings, the principal of which are the cathedral, of Gothic architecture, built in the 13th century, with a porch of Greek architecture, erected in the reign of Louis XIII; the Hotel of the Prefecture, and the Hôtel-de-Ville. The public walk called the Jard, planted about fifty years ago, is one of the finest in France.

Châlons is the chief place of the department of the Marne, and has a very good public library of 30,000 volumes, with a museum in which are some good paintings; also a cabinet of natural history, and one of experimental philosophy and chemistry, and a botanical garden.

The town of Châlons is very ancient: in the time of the Emperor Aurelian it was considered as one of the principal towns of Belgic Gaul. Cæsar however makes no mention of it in his Commentaries. It is supposed that at this period it was comprised in the territory of the *Remi*, of which Reims was the capital. Two remarkable battles were fought near Châlons; that in which Tetricus was defeated by Aurelian, his competitor for the empire, and that in which Attila and his allies were vanquished and dispersed by the Romans, French, Burgundians and Goths united, in 451.

The population of Châlons, which formerly consisted of 60,000 inhabitants, is now reduced to 10 or 12,000. Its principal manufactures are of hosiery and cotton goods, but

notwithstanding its advantageous situation, its commercial enterprises are inconsiderable.

There is at Châlons *a royal school of arts and trades*, first established there in the year 1806. It is composed of 450 scholars, who are at the nomination and the expense of the government, and cost about 300,000 francs a year. Boarders are also admitted. The scholars are distributed into ten workshops: 1°. forges; 2°. locksmiths; 3°. cabinet-makers; 4°. cartwrights; 5°. carving in metals; 6°. joiner's work; 7°. file-makers; 8°. turning in wood; 9°. foundery; 10°. mathematical instruments.

The scholars are taught writing, grammar, drawing, mathematics, and descriptive geometry; all which are directed towards the arts and trades, which are the principal object of the establishment.

No. XXX. From CHALONS to NANCY, $21\frac{1}{4}$ posts.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
CHALONS to la Chaussée.	2	Ligny to Saint-Aubin.	1
Vitry-sur-Marne.....	2	Void.....	$1\frac{3}{4}$
Longchamp.....	2	Laye.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Saint-Dizier.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Toul.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Saundrupt.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Velaine.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
BAR-LE-DUC.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	NANCY.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Ligny.....	2		

Leaving Châlons, we follow the Marne on the right, and arrive at *Vitry-le-Français*, a pretty town so called from Francis I, who rebuilt it where it now stands. The church

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of this town is the first important edifice erected in France, after the restoration of the fine arts by Francis I; it is large and spacious, and of a fine elevation. It is of the Corinthian order both inside and out; and the porch contains moreover the Composite order placed above the Corinthian.

Saint-Dizier, is a trading town, situated on the left bank of the Marne, where the river begins to be navigable. It is remarkable for the siege which it maintained against the emperor Charles V, in 1541, who attacked it with 100,000 men, and only took it by stratagem. The road from Vitry to this place, for the space of six leagues, is one of the finest in Europe.

Proceeding from Saint-Dizier to *Bar-le-Duc*, we leave the Marne on the right, together with the ancient province of Champagne, and enter Lorraine and the department of the Meuse.

It is said that Bar-le-Duc owes its origin to a fortress built by Frederic, brother of Hugh Capet, in the tenth century, on the top of a hill, as a defence for Lorraine, and against the inhabitants of Champagne; and that he called it *barrum*, which means a bar or barrier.

This town is built partly in a fine valley, traversed by the river Ornain, over which there are three bridges, and partly in the form of an amphitheatre, on a hill. The suburbs are well built, and contain manufac-

tures of all kinds of work in steel; the river abounds in excellent trout.

Bar-le-Duc was formerly the capital of a country called Barrois; it is now the chief place of the department of the Meuse, and its environs produce wines very little inferior to those of Champaign. Population, 9000 inhabitants.

The road now passes through a pleasant picturesque country, particularly between *Ligny* and *Saint-Aubin*, and conducts us to *Toul*, in the department of the Meurthe, situated in a fertile valley, surrounded by hills and eminences covered with vineyards. It is an ancient town, near the Moselle, into which a brook falls that traverses the town. The handsome bridge here was built by Louis XIV.

The cathedral of Toul is a very fine Gothic building of the 17th century; the porch especially is beautiful and perfect.

This town was the ancient city of the *Leuci*, who were renowned for their skill in shooting with the bow, and formed a part of Belgic Gaul. Its territory was very extensive, and the town was already famous in the time of the Romans, who called it *Tullum*. It was one of the first possessions of the Franks in Gaul; and was a free imperial town till Henry II took it in 1552, and united it to the crown of France. Before the revolution it was one of the three bishopricks with Metz and Verdun, which formed a particular government, but was suppressed with that of

Verdun. Toul has a manufacture of earthenware greatly esteemed. Population, 7000.

Nancy is now considered as one of the handsomest towns in France, having been greatly embellished by Stanislaus, King of Poland, father-in-law of Louis XV, while it was the capital of his dominions. Its situation is moreover very pleasant, in a plain, and on the slope of a hill, watered by the river Meurte, which here begins to be navigable, and is crossed by a handsome bridge of modern construction. This town is large, and generally well built, divided into two parts, one called the old town, but lately rebuilt and united to the new town, from which it was only separated by a ditch.

The new town, built in the 16th century, is extremely handsome; the streets are broad and straight, and built with elegance and taste. The gates are so many triumphal arches. That which the road from Paris enters answers to another opposite, and they terminate two fine streets which unite with two others in the superb *Place Royale* built by King Stanislaus. This Place is surrounded by an iron railing and the finest buildings in the town, among which is the magnificent hôtel-de-ville, and the theatre. It is also decorated at the four corners with four fine fountains of excellent water.

The cathedral church is a grand and vast modern building, finished by King Stanislaus, who decorated it magnificently.

In the old town, which is not near so fine

as the other, there are however two very handsome squares. That called *Carrières* is superb, planted with trees which form a public walk, and embellished with several elegant public buildings.

Nancy is not a very ancient town, and its origin does not ascend beyond the eleventh century. It was at first only a castle in which Matthew I, Duke of Lorraine, resided, and which he enlarged. Duke Leopold partly rebuilt the town and embellished it, but it was reserved for Stanislaus, King of Poland, to decorate it so sumptuously, and to give it an air of magnificence like the finest capitals in Europe. It was ceded to France by the treaty of Vienna, and was annexed to the crown after the death of Stanislaus in 1766.

Nancy was the capital of all Lorraine, and the seat of a supreme court, which Louis XVI made a parliament. It is now the chief place of the department of the Meurte, and the see of a bishop, and has a royal court of appeal with other courts of justice. It has also a royal college in place of the ancient university; a fine library of 50,000 volumes; a museum, in which are some good paintings and some ancient monuments; a cabinet of natural philosophy and of natural history, and a botanical garden which contains above 4000 plants, indigenous and exotic. This town gave birth to Callot, a most celebrated engraver; to Madame Graffigny, author of the *Peruvian Letters*, and to Saint-Lambert, who wrote the poem of the Seasons.

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The bishoprick of Nancy comprehends the three departments of the Meuse, the Vosges, and the Meurte. In the department of the Meurte there are three oratories for the Calvinists, one of which is at Nancy, and they are all united with the Consistorial Calvinist Church of Strasbourg. There are also four oratories for the Protestants of the Confession of Augsbourg.

The commerce of Nancy is considerable, and consists of liqueurs that are much esteemed, wine, candles, tobacco and iron; it has also manufactures of cloth and linen. There are quarries of marble in the neighbourhood, which produce a considerable profit. Population, 28,000.

Ancient and present state of Lorraine. At the epoch of the conquest of Gaul by Julius Cæsar, the part of France called Lorraine was occupied by different nations, of which the *Mediomatrici* were the most considerable. Their capital was Metz; to the north were the *Treveri*, to the south the *Leuci*, whose chief town was Toul. These tribes, like those of the rest of Gaul, remained in quiet subjection to the Romans, till the invasion of the northern nations in the 4th and 5th centuries of our æra; when Lorraine was conquered by Clovis, and incorporated by him into the kingdom of Austrasia, or Oriental France, including the country situated between the Scheld, the Meuse, and the Rhine.

The division of the empire of Charlemagne gave rise to the formation of the kingdom of

Lorraine ; and the name was derived from Lothaire II, a younger son of the emperor Lothaire I, who, in the division he made of his dominions, gave to this Lothaire the provinces afterwards known by the names of Lorraine, Alsace, and the Low Countries.

From *Lotharii regnum* was formed the name *Lotharingia*, which was afterwards translated into old French by *Loherregne*, then *Lorrene*, and finally Lorraine.

Every body at all acquainted with modern history knows how many wars, negociations and intrigues were carried on between France and the Germanic Empire, for the possession of Lorraine, which was finally ceded to France, as we have already mentioned above, by the treaty of Vienna in 1738.

The ancient province of Lorraine is now divided into the four departments of the Meuse, the Moselle, the Meurte, and the Vosges.

Character, Manners, Customs. The various revolutions which Lorraine has experienced having made an extraordinary mixture in its population, there is nothing very strongly marked in the general character of the inhabitants. On one side of the country they are more like the Germans, on the other they resemble the French.

It may be said however with truth, that the natives of Lorraine are a good people, submissive to the laws, laborious, sober, easy and sure companions, brave in fight, and constant in enterprises that require perseverance. They

have long been ridiculed for their disposition for economy ; but this probably arose from the alarms they were almost constantly subject to for many centuries, on account of their situation exposed to wars and hostile invasions.

They live in great harmony with their neighbours, particularly the inhabitants of Alsace ; and have long been in the habit of exchanging their children with each other, that they may be reciprocally instructed in the French and German languages.

We shall only mention one remarkable custom that has been preserved in some of the villages of Lorraine, as it appears to have descended from primitive times. When a marriage takes place, the nuptial feast is always kept at the house of the parents of the bridegroom ; whose mother, on receiving her daughter-in-law at the door of her house, presents her a dish containing some corn, flax and eggs. The bride scatters the corn about her and keeps the rest. The morning after the marriage, the young people of the village carry soup to the new-married couple before they are up, and have a right to force the door of the room if they are not admitted. This burlesque ceremony is always attended with many jokes of a similar kind, which are terminated at last by a religious ceremony. The two families, together with all their friends, have a funeral service performed, which concludes the marriage entertainments.

The department of the Meurte is remarkable

for its salt-springs, which are the most productive of any in France, particularly that of *Dieuze*, about 30 miles from Nancy, which has been worked ever since the 11th century, and is well worth visiting.

The traveller who wishes to visit the mountains of the Vosges, or the mineral waters of Plombières, must proceed from Nancy to *Epinal*, chief place of the department of the Vosges, from which Plombières is seven leagues distant to the south. As this is one of the most remarkable watering places in France, we shall here insert a short description of it.

Plombières is only a large village, but well built, and situated in a narrow defile between two steep mountains, without rocks or wood, and traversed by the little river Augrogne.

The baths, the foundation and construction of which are attributed to Julius Cæsar, are very handsome. The largest, which is the common bath, is 54 feet long, but not quite so broad, and can contain from 100 to 120 persons. It is open and of an oval shape; and the bottom is paved with a hard free-stone. There are also sweating baths. The water comes from the neighbouring mountains, and is warm enough to boil an egg in a few minutes; but put on the fire, it does not boil sooner than common water. That which is fit to drink comes out of a cock fixed in one of the mountains; it is lukewarm, very clear, and deposits a white slime. These waters are mild, soapy, soothing and opening, and are

suited to many complaints. Plombières is commonly visited by invalids from the beginning of spring to the end of September.

About four leagues to the west of Plombières is the village of Bains in a valley, known for its mineral waters ever since the time of the Romans, who, it is said, constructed a bath there.

No. XXXI. From NANCY to STRASBOURG,
18½ posts.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
NANCY to Domballe...	2	Sarreb. to Hommarting.	1
Lunéville.....	1½	Phalsbourg.....	1
Benamenil.....	1½	Saverne.....	1½
Blamont.....	2	Wassclonne.....	1½
Heming.....	2	Ittenheim.....	1½
Sarrebouurg.....	1	STRASBOURG.....	1½

Leaving Nancy to go to Luneville we arrive at Saint-Nicholas, a very ancient town, the church of which, built in the 15th century, is magnificent, and of a very delicate and bold style of architecture.

Luneville is pleasantly situated at the entrance of a fine plain, between the Meurte and the Vezouze, and a little above the confluence of those two rivers. This town was the ordinary residence of the Dukes of Lorraine, who increased and embellished it considerably. It is remarkable for the treaty of peace that was concluded there between France and Austria in 1801. The manufactures at Luneville are of stockings, embroideries, muslins, lace,

gloves, earthenware and pipes. Population, 10,000.

We find nothing remarkable on this road till we reach *Phalsbourg*, a small strong place situated at the foot of the Vosges mountains, near the little river *Zirzel*, which falls into the *Sarre*. It was fortified by *Vauban*, in the reign of *Louis XIV.* From *Phalsbourg* to *Saverne* the road is down a steep hill the whole way, from the top of which may be seen the steeple of *Strasbourg*. The mountain of *Saverne* is at the foot of the Vosges mountains; and the road which leads to it forms the communication between the department of the *Bas-Rhin* and the rest of France. This road, which winds insensibly in a spiral form through the mountain chain, is one of the most curious specimens of human industry. It was so much admired at first, that the ladies made a fashion of it, and used to wear pearls arranged in a spiral form like the road, which was called *Coiffure à la Saverne*. From the top of these mountains *Alsace* appears like a vast garden. We behold an amazing variety of hills, vineyards, fields, meadows, gardens, woods, villages, towns, country seats and farms. At a great distance is the *Rhine*, rolling majestically at the foot of the German hills, which are covered with villages and castles embosomed in trees. Just below is the town of *Saverne*, with its magnificent castle formerly the residence of the bishops of *Strasbourg*, and the high road to *Strasbourg* planted with two rows of walnut-trees, forming a

beautiful avenue through a fine country of vineyards, woods and meadows.

Strasbourg is considered to be one of the strongest places in Europe, and is besides a large, rich and very important town. Its population is about 50,000 inhabitants.

The situation of *Strasbourg*, in a vast and fertile plain, a quarter of a league from the Rhine, is both advantageous and agreeable. It is traversed by the river Ill, which forms several canals in it before it falls into the Rhine; and the communication between the different parts of the town divided by the canals is formed by several neat bridges, two of which are of stone.

This town is more large than handsome, though well and solidly built in the German manner. The houses are large, four or five stories high, and contain several families. The streets are generally narrow, excepting the Great Street, and some others which are handsome and open. There are a number of public wells at *Strasbourg*, which are kept up by the government; and contrary to custom, afford excellent water to drink.

The principal edifices of this town are constructed of a red freestone, which is drawn from the abundant quarries near Saverne and along the Rhine, and is very hard and solid. The most remarkable building is the cathedral, dedicated to Our Lady, which is one of the finest and most sumptuous Gothic churches in France. It is very ancient, and particularly the choir, which was erected in the time of

Charlemagne, and which alone escaped the various accidents that happened to the church in the 11th century. The nave was rebuilt in the following century, in its present state, by bishop Vernetus, who employed on it the last 14 years of his life. But the most remarkable part of this fine building is the tower, which was begun in 1229, and not finished for near two centuries after. It is the highest pyramid in Europe, and supposed to be unequalled in the world. The summit seems to be lost in the clouds. This masterpiece of Gothic architecture is built of red freestone, and with open work so finely executed, that one can hardly conceive how it has lasted so long. It is 445 feet high, and has four staircases in the form of turrets, by which one ascends 654 steps. In the platform is a large basin full of water in case of fire. This tower had formerly sixteen bells, of which the largest weighed 18,000 pounds.

The clock of this church is not less famous than the tower. It is a masterpiece of mechanism, and admirable for the variety of its motions. It marks the revolution of the constellations, and of the sun and moon, the eclipses, seasons, vigils and feasts, the months, days, hours and minutes. The four ages of man are represented by appropriate figures, which pass along and strike the quarters of the hour on little bells. Then comes Death, driven away by Christ risen from the dead, who allows him however to strike the hour, in order that we may reflect on the necessity of

dying. Towards the bottom, in a frame, is the portrait of the famous Copernicus, who has been taken for the author of this machinery, but this seems the more doubtful as he died thirty years before it was finished.

The *hôtel-de-ville*, the front of which is decorated with ancient painting and gilding and some inscriptions in the German language, is a vast and striking edifice, with four pavilions at the angles; the court is small, but the staircases are large and handsome, and the hall likewise.

The bishop's palace, which is a magnificent structure, the *préfecture*, and the new theatre, are also remarkable buildings. The military hospital is one of the finest in France, and the barracks and magazines are wonderfully grand. In the arsenal are different ancient arms and curious pieces of armour, especially of the famous warrior Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, who was killed at the battle of Lutzen, in 1632. In the protestant church of Saint Thomas is the beautiful mausoleum of the famous Marshal Saxe, by the celebrated sculptor Pigal.

Strasbourg has several fine public walks, and a superb *place d'armes* planted with limes and surrounded by stone buildings with arcades.

The town is of great extent, and nearly two leagues round; and is entered by six gates. The fortifications are very remarkable, and extend almost to the Rhine. They principally consist of an enclosure, very irregular, and

almost of a triangular figure ; which is divided into the old and new. The former was only repaired by Vauban ; but the latter was constructed entirely according to the method of that illustrious engineer. There are four fronts, placed at the four cardinal points, and fortified with bastions, half-moons, and horn-works ; that to the south is considered out of the reach of attack, as all the ground between the Ill, the place and the Rhine, can be inundated, to the distance of about 3000 yards from the town. This inundation is effected by means of a great sluice within the town, at the entrance of the river Ill. The citadel, one of the masterpieces of Vauban, was constructed in 1682, and is placed to the east, the front of which it defends. It is a regular pentagon, composed of five bastions and as many half-moons.

The situation of Strasbourg is very advantageous for its trade, which is very considerable, as it is a continual passage from France into Germany, and serves as an emporium for the merchandise of France, Germany, Holland, Italy, and Switzerland. It has manufactures of arms, porcelain, very fine earthenware, and tobacco ; also of sail-cloth, goldsmith's work, particularly silver-gilt ; liqueurs, and musical instruments greatly esteemed. A great quantity of tobacco is cultivated in the neighbourhood, of which it makes a great trade ; and likewise madder. It has also considerable forges. The only great manufacture in France of that species of tinder

called *amadou*, is at Strasbourg. The mushrooms, of which it is chiefly composed, are drawn from Hungary and Bohemia. The amount of the annual sale of this article is 7 or 800 quintals. Strasbourg is, after Paris, the first town in France for the manufacture of all kinds of carriages, and is one of the five great towns in which the lottery is established.

The wooden bridge over the Rhine is very remarkable, and nearly a quarter of a league in length. It stretches over several islands on which there are forts. Beyond the bridge is the fort of Kehl, which was erected by Vauban, but afterwards was given up to Austria.

The environs of Strasbourg are delightful and are covered with pleasant country houses in very agreeable situations.

No. XXXII. From STRASBOURG to HUNINGUEN,
16 Posts.

FROM	POSTS	FROM	POSTS
STRASBOURG to Krafft..	2	Fessenheim to Bantzen-	
Frisenheim	$1\frac{1}{2}$	heim.....	$1\frac{1}{4}$
Marckolsheim	$2\frac{1}{4}$	Gros-Kembs.....	2
Neuf-Brisach	2	Saint-Louis.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Fessenheim.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Huninguen	1

The principal attraction of this route is the Rhine, whose majestic course the traveller beholds the whole way from Strasbourg to the frontier of Switzerland.

Leaving Strasbourg by the *Porte-Dauphine*, the road crosses an arm of the Rhine; and, after passing *Marckolsheim*, enters Upper

Alsace, or the department of the Haut-Rhin.

Neuf-Brisach is a strong place built by order of Louis XIV, in 1690, and fortified by Vauban. It forms a regular octagon; the streets are all in straight lines, and the houses all of the same height. Population, about 1700 inhabitants.

Soon after passing *Fessenheim*, the road approaches the forest of Hart, and continues alongside of it for a considerable way.

Huninguen is a small town, situated on the left bank of the Rhine, a league from Basle in Switzerland. It was fortified by Vauban in the year 1680, but by the treaty of Paris, in 1815, it was stipulated that the fortifications should be dismantled, and that no new ones should be raised by the French within three leagues of Basle.

Ancient and present state of Alsace. Alsace, like the other countries of Gaul, passed from the domination of the Celts to that of the Romans; at which time it was inhabited by different tribes. The Germans got possession of it, but were driven out by the Franks, after the famous battle of Tolbiac, gained by Clovis in 496. It was afterwards incorporated in the kingdom of Austrasia, but, in the year 843, formed a part of the kingdom of Lorraine, which we have mentioned above. In 869 this province was united to the German empire, and remained a dependance of it, under the government of dukes and landgraves, and of the house of Austria, till the reign of Louis

XIV, when the whole province, with the city of Strasbourg, was united to France.

The name of Alsace appears, for the first time in the history of France, under the kings of the first race. It is German, and derived most probably from the river *Ill*; from which the inhabitants of its banks were called *Elsassen*, that is, seated on the *Ill*; and this denomination extending by degrees, was communicated to the whole country, which was called *Elsass* in German, and *Elisatia*, *Alisatia*, or *Alsatia* in Latin.

This ancient province was divided into *Haute* and *Basse* Alsace, and now forms the two departments of the Haut-Rhin and the Bas-Rhin.

The department of the Bas-Rhin is certainly one of the finest, most fertile, most industrious, most populous, and most wealthy in France. Agriculture is scarce any where better understood or practised; its manufactures are widely extended, and embrace almost every branch of industry; and its trade is extremely active and considerable.

The climate of this department is in general temperate, though the winter is long, and the spring consequently very short, on account of its vicinity to the Swiss mountains and the Vosges, the snow on which does not commonly melt till June or July. A great difference is observed between the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Vosges. The latter, which rarely exceed the height of 4200 feet, are covered with plants, even on their highest summits; and

we see none of those ruinous peaks with which the former are surmounted. The tops of the Vosges mountains are almost all terminated by rounded plains; and, seen from below, they exhibit a barrier of verdure, and none of those rugged rocky peaks which strike the eye from a distance in the Alps and Pyrenees. The two most remarkable mountains in the chain of the Vosges, are *Sainte-Odile*, near Barr, and the *Schneeberg*, or snow mountain, four leagues from Wasselonne. The view from *Sainte-Odile*, which is not very high, is most extensive and beautiful; its form is elegant, and its situation very picturesque.

The *vine* is very much cultivated in Alsace, almost all the hills being covered with it; and some of the wine, which is chiefly white, is greatly esteemed.

Character, Manners, Literature, etc. The natives of Alsace are in general tall, robust, and well proportioned; the strength of their constitution fits them for all kind of labour, and enables them to support equally well the fatigues of agriculture or of war. As soldiers, they have distinguished themselves at all times; and as farmers, they come after the people of the Low Countries, and consequently are superior to those of any other department in France.

As to their manners, they differ from each other, chiefly according to their various sects, or religious persuasion.

The inhabitant of the Bas-Rhin is generally honest and sincere. The girls and women in

the country places, are brought up like the men to the hardest fatigues of agriculture, and share with them also the pleasures of the alehouse and other amusements on Sundays and holidays.

The disposition of the Alsacian is in general calm, and not easily moved; for which reason they do every thing with uniformity. The farmer does not work harder in the morning than in the evening, and generally goes on at the same pace in all he undertakes. It has been remarked that the inhabitants of the good wine districts are more intelligent, more lively, and perhaps more ingenious than the others.

The Lutherans in general are more wealthy and better informed than the rest of the inhabitants; for which, various but perhaps not very satisfactory reasons have been given.

The natives of the Bas-Rhin have a great attachment to the language, manners, prejudices, superstitions and customs of Germany. The inhabitants of many villages may be known by their dress, which is the same as their ancestors wore 600 years ago, though they have been united to France for more than a century. Their most favourite diversions are dancing and music, especially the former, a taste for which seems innate in all classes of the inhabitants. Dancing seems to be one of the necessities of life with these people, and there is scarce a village without its band of music and its minstrel.

Though luxury has found its way into the

towns of this department, it has not yet penetrated into the country, though the natives in general are in easy circumstances. The farmers in general are sober and modest; the furniture, dress and table are much the same both with master and servant. In many parts, the education of the mistress and of the maid is quite on a level. Most of the farmers are coarse in their habits, and have the same style of living as their forefathers 500 years ago.

In those districts where German is spoken, there prevails a singular mode of begging, which is not reckoned dishonourable; it is called *faire son tour de pays*. The workmen of different trades do it to learn their business before they settle themselves; and it is therefore common enough to see young men well dressed for their situation, going about and ringing at a house to ask for charity, as if it was due to them: and this is called the *passade*. They also present themselves to the masters of the trade or art they mean to follow, and are commonly well received.

The German language, or rather a corrupt German, is the common language of the greatest part of the department of the Bas-Rhin: and in the year 1789, Alsace, though it had been united for near a century to France, had entirely the appearance of a German province; the same manners and customs prevailed throughout. But the revolution, by changing the forms of administration, put the people under the necessity of learning French; and the troops constantly stationed among

them, with the young soldiers of the department who returned home, and the numerous marriages that were made with the military from every part of France, all contributed to extend greatly the use of the French tongue. At present, the people in all the towns, the magistrates, merchants, innkeepers, and postmasters, all speak it, and there is hardly a village where it is not understood.

There is not perhaps in the whole kingdom a single department in which knowledge is more generally diffused than in the Bas-Rhin; and it contains a great number of establishments for public instruction. The town of Strasbourg, which has long been famous for its schools, has now three *special* ones; of law, medicine, and pharmacy; it has also a royal college, a riding-school, three secondary schools, many particular professors of the different branches of the sciences, and a great number of masters of languages and of other accomplishments. Almost all the parishes have their primary school, and some have several. The ancient province of Alsace was long renowned for the number of learned men to whom it gave birth, as well as for those who chose to fix their residence in it, particularly at Strasbourg. There is at present at Strasbourg a *Society of Agriculture, Sciences and Arts*, which has rendered very essential service to the country.

The catholic and protestant worship, both of the Confession of Augsbourg and the Cal-

vinist, are practised through the whole department; there are supposed to be about 260,000 Catholics, 145,000 of the Confession of Augsbourg, and 30,000 Calvinists.

The bishopric of Strasbourg comprehends the two departments of the Haut and Bas-Rhin, and is suffragan of the archbishoprick of Besançon. Before the revolution it was the richest bishopric in France, and was valued at 600,000 francs a year.

For those of the Confession of Augsbourg there is a general consistory established at Strasbourg, for the superior administration of all the other consistorial churches. The Calvinists also have consistorial churches and synods.

The department of the Haut-Rhin, which is the other division of Alsace, is not less fertile, industrious and opulent than the Bas-Rhin; but being situated between the mountains of the Jura, the Vosges and the Rhine, it is more intersected with hills and valleys; it possesses numerous vineyards, and excellent pastures, and abounds in various mineral productions. Besides the vegetable productions common to other parts of France, the inhabitants of this department cultivate vast quantities of potatoes, which, within these last thirty years, have occasioned an astonishing revolution in their system of agriculture.

There is in this department a considerable number of Anabaptists and Jews.

No XXXIII. From HUNINGUEN to CHALONS-SUR-MARNE, through Vesoul, Langres and Brienne, $44\frac{1}{2}$ posts.

FROM	POSTS	FROM	POSTS
Huninguen to Trois-		Fay-Bill. to Griffonottes.	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Maisons.....	2	Langres.	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Altkirch.....	2	Vesaignes.	2
Chavannes.....	2	CHAUMONT	2
Beffort.....	2	Suzennecourt	2
Champagney.....	2	Colombey.	1
Lure.....	$2\frac{1}{4}$	Bar-sur-Aube.	$1\frac{5}{8}$
Calmoutier.....	2	Brienne.	$2\frac{1}{2}$
VESOUL.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Coclois.. . . .	2
Port-sur-Saone.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Arcis-sur-Aube.	2
Combeau-Fontaine....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Mailly.	2
Cintray.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Vatry.	2
Fay-Billot.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	CHALONS.	2

Passing through the most southern parts of Alsace, we arrive at *Altkirch*, a little town, where there is a castle, which was the residence of the Dukes of Austria, during their stay in Alsace.

Beffort, or Belfort, is a town strongly fortified, situated on the river Savoureuse, in a valley at the foot of the Vosges, and in the centre of six great roads, which terminate there and render it very commercial. This town was formerly the capital of a little country called the *Sundgau*. Its situation at the entrance of Alsace determined Louis XIV to fortify it. The castle, placed on a high rock, is very ancient, and existed in 1227. The importance of its fortifications and its agreeable situation made it be called *Bel-fort*. Population, 4400.

Leaving Alsace and the department of the Haut-Rhin, we enter that of the Haute-Saône, formerly a part of Franche-Comté, and arrive at *Vesoul*, the chief place of the department. It is a neat town, situated at the foot of a mountain in the form of a sugar-loaf, the greatest part of which is planted with vines, and the rest consists of pastures and corn-fields.

We now travel through a very picturesque country and a hilly road, diversified with woods and rocks, and many various and extensive views. Having passed the post of Fay-Billot, we are again in a part of the ancient province of Champagne, now called the department of the Haute-Marne.

Langres, one of the most ancient towns in France, is pleasantly situated on a height, washed by the river Marne, and is supposed to be one of the most elevated spots in France. Its elevation has never been exactly calculated, but is supposed to be about 1400 feet above the level of the sea. From the height on which the town is built, three rivers take their source, and fall into three different seas: the Meuse into the German Ocean, the Marne into the Atlantic by the Seine, and the Viergeanne, which, falling into the Saone and that into the Rhone, is lost in the Mediterranean.

The cathedral of Langres is a remarkable old gothic building, and the choir is supposed to have formed part of an ancient pagan temple. The view from the top of the towers

is immense. The ramparts round this town are remarkable from being covered with a roof, so that one may make the tour of the town under cover. The side towards the country being also closed up, it can only be seen through the embrasures.

The trade of Langres, which is pretty brisk, consists in corn, wine, wool, hemp, and linen; its cutlery, particularly razors, are much esteemed. It was the birth-place of the famous author, Diderot. Population, 7000.

Ten leagues N. E. of Langres is *Bourbon-les-Bains*, known for its mineral waters in the time of the Romans, and situated in a valley, on a little river that falls into the Saone. The waters are sulphureous and very hot, and greatly celebrated. Here is a magnificent military hospital, maintained at the expense of the government.

From Langres we follow the course of the Marne to *Chaumont*, chief place of the department, but which however contains nothing very remarkable or interesting to a traveller.

Bar-sur-Aube, the next place of any consequence, is a town of the department of the Aube, situated near the river of that name, at the foot of a hill, in a very fertile district, particularly for good wine. Two leagues to the south, is the little town of *Clairvaux*, where, before the revolution, was one of the most famous abbeys in all France.

The little town of *Brienne* is remarkable for having been the place where Napoleon Bona-

parte was educated. A bloody battle was fought near it, between the French and Allies, in the beginning of the year 1814.

Following the course of the Aube, we arrive at *Arcis*, situated at the spot where that river becomes navigable. The country between *Arcis* and *Senanne* was, on account of its sterility, formerly called *Champagne Pouilleuse*.

We have already given a description of the town of *Châlons-sur-Marne*, which, with *Reims* and *Troyes*, formerly disputed the title of capital of Champagne; and shall therefore now offer to the reader a sketch of that extensive province.

Ancient and present State of Champagne. Champagne was the part of Gaul that appears to have been the most easily conquered by Julius Cæsar. He took possession of *Langres* and *Rheims*, and afterwards derived great assistance from them in his further conquests. On the downfall of the Roman Empire, Champagne was subdued by *Clovis*, and his territories being divided after his death in 511, it formed a part of the kingdom of *Austrasia*. At a subsequent period it was governed by dukes and counts, whose dignity became hereditary in the person of *Robert de Vermandois* about the year 958.

The Counts of Champagne became, in the course of time, what were called great feudatories of the crown, but they were almost independent princes, and hardly acknowledged the royal authority. About the year 1275,

-sla-

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Jane, grand-daughter of Thibaud, Count of Champagne and King of Navarre, married Philip-le-Bel; and their son, Louis X, was King of France and Navarre, and Count of Champagne; titles which he transmitted to his successors.

The name of Champagne, given to this province, is modern, Gregory of Tours being one of the first authors who uses it: and is derived from *campus champ*, on account of the vast plains of which it is chiefly composed. Champagne was formerly divided into Upper and Lower: the Upper contained the territories of Reims and Chalons, the Lower that of Troyes. The former is much more open and uncovered than the latter. It now forms the four departments of the Marne, the Haute-Marne, the Aube and the Ardennes.

The department of the Marne, though watered by many streams, is composed of a soil so dry as to be almost barren; it is an immense plain of chalk or gravel, on which there is little or no vegetable soil, where the eye can scarcely discover a tree or shrub. It was in this sort of desert, between the rivers Vesle and Bussy, that the famous battle was fought in which Attila King of the Huns was defeated in 451, as we have mentioned above. It was also at the entrance of this great plain, on the side of Valmy, near Sainte-Menehould, that another formidable army, that of the Prussians, from nearly the same regions, was stopped and forced to retreat in 1792.

The department of the Haute-Marne, si-

tuated in the south-east part of Champagne, is a much more fertile and woodland country, and, unlike to the part just described, is very hilly. Its general aspect is consequently very various and picturesque, as we have already observed. Potatoes are much cultivated in this department, and are commonly eat plain boiled or baked in the ashes, as in England, and not unfrequently are made into bread. Mineral substances are very abundant, particularly iron, and we have already noticed the cutlery of the town of Langres.

Character, Manners, learned Men. The *Champenois*, or natives of Champagne, are not at all deficient in genius, or in taste for science, and have produced many illustrious characters. But in general, they have been distinguished at all times for their *bon-homie* and simplicity, and for a quiet, tranquil turn of mind, and submission to government, though they are far from wanting courage or military ardour when necessary. The inhabitant of the vine districts is said to be very different from the others; more free, open and obliging, and with greater energy and vivacity. Naturally gay, but brisk and sparkling like the wine of his natal soil, which he sometimes takes too freely; he flies in a passion, and grows cool again directly. He is every where very laborious, and works all the year round without regarding the inclemency of the seasons; and lives a hard life, though not a miserable one. The people are comfortable, though there are no great fortunes;

F f f.

and one never sees the painful contrast of excessive opulence and extreme misery. Beggary does not prevail.

Nec doluit miseraris inopem aut invidit habenti.

One great abuse in all Champagne, especially in the vineyards, is putting children to labour too young; a practice equally injurious to their constitution and the improvement of their minds. The condition of the women also is not more gentle than that of the men. The wife here is merely the sharer of her husband's labours; the business of the house, which in other places devolves on the weaker sex, is in Champagne only their relaxation, they are always out in the open air with the men, and consequently have much the same appearance and complexion.

With respect to literary characters, a long list might be made of the learned writers whom Champagne has produced. Besides Diderot, whom we have already mentioned, the most deserving of particular notice are Pluche, author of the charming work, *Le Spectacle de la Nature*; Richelet, known by his esteemed dictionary of the French language; Ruinart, a most learned monk; Velly, author of the best history of France; De Moivre, the famous calculator; d'Ablancourt, an excellent translator of the classical authors. We may close this list of illustrious names by those of the famous Cardinal de Retz, who was born at Montmirail, and of Colbert, the minister of Louis XIV, a native of Rheims.

The catholic religion is the only one publicly professed in the greatest part of Champagne.

We shall conclude this article by observing, that there are few parts of France that abound more with vestiges of Roman roads, and other antiquities, which witness the passage and residence of that people in Gaul. Medals and coins have been and still are frequently discovered.

No. XXXIII. From CHALONS-SUR-MARNE to PARIS, 20 posts.

FROM.	POSTS.	FROM.	POSTS.
CHALONS to Jalons.	2	La Ferté-sous-Jouarre	
Epernay.	2	to St.-Jean-les-deux-	
Port-à-Binson.	2	Jumeaux.	1
Dormans.	1	Meaux.	1½
Paroy.	1½	Claye.	2
Château-Thierry.	1	Bondy.	2
La Ferme-de-Paris.	1½	Paris.	1½
La Ferté-sous-Jouarre.	2		

Returning from Châlons-sur-Marne to Paris we pass through the most famous vine-country of Champagne, in the centre of which is *Epernay*, a neat little town, which carries on a great trade in the excellent wines produced in the neighbourhood.

Chateau-Thierry, now in the department of the Aisne, was formerly the capital of a little country called *Brie-Pouilleuse*. It is remarkable for having been the birth-place of La Fontaine, the celebrated fabulist.

Ferté-sous-Jouarre is celebrated for its mill-stones, which are esteemed the best in France.

Meaux is an ancient town, situated in such

a pleasant and fertile country, even in the time of the Romans, that Ptolemy compared it to the environs of Rome. It was the city of the *Meldi*, to whom it owes its name, and is built in a fine plain on the Marne, which passes through the middle of it, and divides it into two parts, one called *la Ville* and the other *le Marché*. The cathedral is a fine Gothic building.

Meaux was formerly the capital of *Brie*, but is now a subprefecture in the department of the Seine-et-Marne. Population 7000.

After Meaux we pass the village of *Livry*, where there is a celebrated chateau that was for some time inhabited by Madame de Sévigné. We now again approach Paris, and leaving *Bondy*, which gives its name to a neighbouring forest, we enter the city by the Faubourg Saint-Martin.

CHAPTER IX.

Description of a Tour through Auvergne.—Route from Moulins to Clermont.—Environs of Clermont.—The Puy-de-Dôme.—Excursion to the Monts-d'Or.—Route from Clermont to Saint-Flour.—Excursion to the Monts-du-Cantal.

Of all the ancient provinces of France there is certainly none less known or less frequently visited than Auvergne; and yet among them all, there is perhaps not one more worthy

of the attention of the naturalist, the painter, the poet, and the traveller in general. Grand or beautiful specimens of architecture, sculpture or painting, he must not indeed expect to behold; he will not meet with a single fine town, nor with any striking monument of human industry. But he who can find a charm in the romantic beauties and sublime horrors of uncultivated nature; he who feels a pleasure in contemplating mountains of every form, with precipices, torrents, and numberless cascades, will have ample gratification in the wilds of Auvergne; a country which, ravaged thousands of years ago by innumerable volcanos, is still almost entirely covered by their calcined and vitrified materials.

This province, of which *Clermont* was formerly the capital, is bounded on the north by the Bourbonnais; to the south by the Velay, Gévaudan and Rouergue; to the east by the Forez, and part of the Velay; to the west by the Querci, the Limosin and the Marche. In its greatest length, Auvergne is about forty leagues, and its main breadth twenty-four; its surface is about 720 leagues.

It was divided into *Haute* and *Basse*; and the demarcation was formed by a line drawn from the mountains of *La Margeride*, along the course of the river *Rue* to where it falls into the Dordogne. In Basse Auvergne is the district called *La Limagne*, so celebrated for its beauty and fertility. This tract of country extends from south to north, from above *Issoire* to the environs of *Gannat*, about fif-

teen leagues in length. Its breadth varies; being sometimes not a league, and never more than three or four. The river *Allier* runs through it, and receives an infinity of brooks which greatly enliven and fertilize this fine country.

There are very few parts of France that exhibit a more fertile soil, or more magnificent and varied views than the Limagne. Numerous rivulets of limpid water seem to descend from the mountains merely to embellish and fertilize the plain. But it is not that naked fertility, those boundless fields of corn which we see in other provinces, without the least verdure, and the aspect of which is so tiresome and monotonous. Here the lively green of the foliage is every where intermingled with the golden colour of the harvest, and Ceres appears with all her ornaments. The extensive meadows and orchards are every where protected by thick hedges and rows of lofty willows and other trees; while the high roads, every where bordered with fine walnut-trees, are like the walks of a beautiful garden.

The hills, or inferior elevations, in the neighbourhood of the high mountains, greatly beautify the scene; and scattered here and there through the plain, frequently produce the most striking contrasts, and a most pleasing effect. The banks of the *Allier* are the most fertile and beautiful of all; at every step they unfold the most picturesque situations, delightful landscapes, or magnificent views;

here, in short, you behold nature in all her beauty, grace and vigour.

Climate, Soil, Productions, etc. The temperature is not the same throughout the country. High Auvergne, as well as a part of the Low, is a cold country, mountainous and intersected with small valleys, some of which are fertile and agreeable, but in general far from the beauty and richness of the Limagne. Rye is grown there, and they have some excellent pastures. The higher mountains of Auvergne are inaccessible in winter on account of the snow, which covers them entirely, and in some places remains till summer. The spring is always late, but the autumn is commonly fine, and sometimes lasts till December.

The Limagne produces corn, wine, and excellent fruits; but the weather is not always temperate, the passage from cold to heat being often very abrupt; and in winter the cold is sharp, while in summer the heat is excessive particularly in the plain. This country, like all others situated at the foot of high mountains, is very subject to storms, and when it thunders the noise is frightful.

In the mountainous parts of Auvergne the principal article of commerce consists of mules, which are sold in Provence and Spain; and in horses more renowned for their vigour than their beauty. The inhabitants of Poitou are in the habit of sending their mules to the environs of *Saint-Flour* to be fattened in the pastures. On the high mountains there is

excellent pasture, full of odoriferous herbs in the summer; where the inhabitants of the neighbouring countries send their cattle to feed during six months of the year. Those who take care of them have the milk of the cows for their trouble, which they convert into butter and cheese. The cheese called *Cantal*, which is made on the mountains of that name, enjoys a great reputation; and, with that of the Mont-d'Or, forms one of the principal branches of trade of Haute-Auvergne.

The Limagne has a great trade in provisions, and its wines are transported even to Paris; together with apples and charcoal. There are several manufactures in Auvergne, the productions of which are consumed in the country; the principal objects of exportation are paper, hardware and cutlery.

Mountains. There are three remarkable groups of mountains in Auvergne, those of *Cantal*, to the south-west; the *Monts-d'Or*, near the centre; and a continuation of the latter from south to north, in which is the *Puy-de-Dôme*, near Clermont.

The *Monts-du-Cantal* are a very extensive group of mountains, of which the highest summits are in the centre, and from them proceed in different directions about thirty brooks or streams, which run in as many deep ravines, and fall for the most part into the Dordogne.

Leaving this colossal group, the chain is continued to another group, less extensive but

more elevated, called the *Monts-d'Or*, which are the highest mountains in Auvergne; they are seen from a considerable distance, and their summits are almost always covered with snow; they are surrounded by much smaller mountains, separated from each other by deep ravines and several rivers. These mountains exhibit a great variety of curious objects, many romantic situations, picturesque spots, and most extensive prospects, and, above all, what are called *de belles horreurs*, sublime horrors. Of these, and of the Puy-de-Dôme, we shall make more particular mention hereafter.

The chain of mountains to the East of Auvergne which separate it from Forez, is a branch of the high mountains of the Vivarais; they form a country roughened with numerous asperities, but much inferior in height to the chain which comprehends the mountains above mentioned.

Auvergne is extremely well watered with rivers; they reckon as many as twenty-three, without counting the brooks or rivulets. Mineral springs are very common, and in this respect Auvergne is certainly the richest of any province in France. It is now divided into the three departments of the Puy-de-Dôme, Cantal, and Haute-Loire.

Having made these preliminary observations on Auvergne, we shall now lay before the reader an Itinerary of a tour through this interesting province.

The most agreeable side for a traveller to

enter Auvergne is undoubtedly by the Limagne; and therefore, supposing him at Moulins, on his road to Lyons, (1) he will traverse Auvergne by the following route.

No. XXXIV. From MOULINS to SAINT-FLOUR,
21 $\frac{3}{4}$ posts.

FROM.	POSTS.	FROM.	POSTS.
MOULINS to Châtel-Neuve.	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	Riom to CLERMONT.	1 $\frac{1}{8}$
Saint-Pourcain.	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Vayre.	1 $\frac{5}{8}$
Mayet-d'Ecole.	1 $\frac{1}{8}$	Issoire.	2 $\frac{1}{8}$
Gannat.	2	Lempde.	2 $\frac{1}{8}$
Aigueperse.	1	Baraque.	3
Riom.	2	Saint-Flour.	2 $\frac{1}{4}$

Immediately after having passed the Allier, on the fine bridge of Moulins, we leave the road to Bordeaux by Limoges in front, and enter a long avenue to the left, bordered by poplars, which terminates at the *chateau* of Bressoles. The country still covered with wood becomes rather hilly; and afterwards the road is sandy. *Saint-Pourcain*, a town of 3000 inhabitants, is pleasantly situated, and has a good inn at the Post. In the parish-church is a statue representing the *Ecce Homo*, which is exceedingly admired. Neither the name of the artist, nor the time when it was made, are known.

About half way between *Gannat* and *Aigueperse* begins the department of the Puy-de-Dôme, formed almost entirely of the ancient Limagne. The road continues through a fer-

(1) See Chap. I, No. 1, p. 20.

tile plain, interspersed with walnut-trees, to the descent which leads to the delightful fields of *Riom*. They put me in mind of the environs of Turin, which they equal in fertility, and surpass perhaps in beauty. It is a mixture of vines and orchards, of meadows and gardens, in the midst of which rises on a slight elevation the pretty town of Riom, enclosed by a belt of trees like those on a rampart. The town is pretty well built, but the streets are badly paved with basalt and other volcanic materials. Most of the houses are constructed of these lavas, which gives the town rather a dismal appearance. They are extracted from the quarries of Volvic, a town of 1500 inhabitants, a league and a half to the westward. These quarries are much celebrated, and are well worth visiting, as in them may be observed the progressive density of the lavas, which are always more or less puffed out in the upper layers, and more and more compact the deeper they are in the bowels of the earth. These quarries supply almost all the building-stone, not only for Riom, but also for Clermont and almost all the Limagne.

Clermont is situated on an eminence surrounded by hills in the form of a horse-shoe, which enclose it on every side except the north-east. It is difficult to imagine a more agreeable situation, but the town in general is ill built, the streets are close and crooked, and the houses very high and crowded together. Including the suburbs, it contains 30,000 inhabitants. The *Place du Taureau* is re-

markable for a fine fountain in the form of an obelisk, consecrated by the inhabitants to the memory of general Desaix, who was born in the neighbourhood; and likewise for a terrace planted with trees, from which, among other picturesque hills, may be seen the peak of Mont-Rognon, and the spot called *Gergovia*. The peak is crowned by the picturesque ruins of a Gothic castle; but Gergovia has nothing remarkable but its name, which recalls to the mind that here was once a Gaulish and afterwards a Roman city.

The *Place Poterne* is a public walk from which there is a delightful view. It is almost in front of the Puy-de-Dome, which we shall describe hereafter. The remainder of the mountain-chain only appears in the two summits called Puy-de-Sarcony and Quierson. These three summits form a noble crown to a range of hills covered with vineyards, orchards, and country seats. The space between the town and these vineyards is a rich hollow, dotted with an immense quantity of trees of every kind, which, together with the meadows, form a landscape of the freshest and most varied verdure. This prospect is continued towards the north till it melts into the plain of the Limagne.

In the college is a small public library, which was founded by the celebrated Massillon, who was Bishop of Clermont. Near the cathedral, a fine Gothic building, but unfinished, is a pretty theatre.

There are few towns that contain so many

inns; of which the *Ecu de France* is the best. There are likewise several public baths.

The commerce of Clermont is very considerable, though it is not confined to any particular branch. Its principal business consists in its being the emporium of Lyons and Bordeaux, which it shares with the town of Limoges; which, though smaller, is more commercial, and perhaps better situated for traffic. Clermont is also the emporium between Paris and the departments of Cantal, Lozère, Haute-Loire and Aveyron; which, from their mountainous surface and want of roads, being deprived of direct communications with the capital, find at Clermont a market for their cheese, cattle and wool, and take in exchange the merchandise of Paris.

This town has moreover a considerable trade in hemp, linen, fruits, and especially the Limagne wines. The other articles are coarse cloths, paper, tan yards, some breweries, dried sweetmeats, and manufactures of earthenware, antimony, Prussian blue, strong glue, and saltpetre.

The inhabitants of Clermont are a good sort of people, but the peasantry seem more simple than good, and are generally thought to be a rude set. Their appearance is something like that of the *Bas-Breton*, with their flat hair and grotesque dress, and their half-savage look, in which respect they differ completely from the people of Haute-Auvergne, who are much more civilised on their mountains than those of the *Basse* in their

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plains. The women of Clermont are not reckoned handsome.

This town produced Pascal, one of the greatest geniuses of the 17th century; Domat, one of the greatest lawyers of his time; the Abbé Gerard, author of the *Synonymes Français*; Banier, Thomas and Champfort, and the brave Chevalier d'Assas. The Abbé Delille was born at Pont-Gibaud, a little town not far from Clermont.

Several councils were held here, the most famous of which was that of 1095, when the first crusade was preached and adopted. It seems doubtful whether Clermont existed, at least as a town, when Cæsar invaded Gaul; but it was certainly known soon after, by the name of *Nemetum* under Augustus, who enlarged it, and allowed it to bear his name, whence it was called *Augustonemetum*. It is also named in ancient authors *Urbs Arvernorum*, *Urbs Arverna*, &c. It was only in the 8th century that it assumed the name of Clermont from a castle which defended it. Clermont had a senate which subsisted till the 7th century, and a famous temple, which is said to have been one of the grandest edifices of the kind ever erected. It contained a bronze Mercury, of colossal size, by Zenodotus, a famous Greek sculptor, which was then considered as one of the wonders of the world, and is supposed to have been the largest statue ever made.

But we seek in vain in this town for any traces of its ancient splendour: and shall

therefore proceed to describe some remarkable natural curiosities which it contains.

Near the *Place Jaude* is a very remarkable intermitting fountain, which, after having run uniformly for some minutes, experiences all of a sudden irregular and rapid ebullitions. After some minutes, it reassumes its natural state, and then again has a fresh fit as before. It is a ferruginous water, and is used internally for complaints of the stomach and cutaneous disorders. It deposits a mud of the colour of rust, but it does not become solid nor petrify like that of the fountain of *Saint-Alyre*, which has formed the famous stalactite bridge called the *Pont de Pierre*.

This fountain is situated in the gardens of the *faubourg* of that name. It forms a little brook, which, running through some kitchen gardens, deposits at the bottom of its bed the calcareo-ferruginous sediments it contains, and by constantly superimposing new beds of it, insensibly raises it till it is on a level with the spring; and then, unless a new channel is formed for the water, it will spread on every side, having no longer any slope to run off. These deposits gradually consolidate, and the proprietors of these gardens are obliged, to save them from becoming entirely petrified, to turn the streams sometimes one way sometimes another, and to destroy the concretions as quick as they are formed.

Once only they allowed the petrification to attain its highest degree, either for the sake of

the experiment, or to form a separation between two gardens without any expense. The result was a wall, 240 feet long, which, preserving its level on an inclined surface, seems at one end to come out of the earth, while at the other it is sixteen feet high, and gradually increasing in breadth, is at last 12 feet broad. It is at this end that we behold the stalactite bridge, very improperly called *pont-de-pierre*, which has been formed in the following manner.

The brook which proceeds from the petrifying source, loses itself at the bottom of the gardens, in another larger one, called Tiretaine; of course it formed its incrustations at its mouth as well as in the rest of its channel. But this channel always increasing by continual superpositions, the mouth became a fall, or little cascade, which, at the same time that it increased in height, also increased in its projection, by gaining on the bed of the larger brook. The latter, by the continual motion of its waters, hindered the concretion from interrupting its stream, which was therefore obliged to form itself in an arch, which, at first, suspended on one side, but always advancing, at length reached the other bank, which it no sooner touched than it became fixed, and there was the second buttress and the bridge completed.

It is evident, from this description, that the water of Saint-Alyre does not petrify, but that it deposits a stony moisture, which forms itself into incrustations. In a very short space

of time they will cover every thing that is presented to them. This fountain derives its name from an abbey of Benedictines that was situated in the same faubourg. The enclosure of that abbey is one of the prettiest rural walks in the environs of Clermont.

A very agreeable excursion may be made to Royat, a village about a league from Clermont, celebrated for its mineral waters, its grottos, and its extraordinary romantic situation. There are several roads to it, all more or less agreeable, but the most frequented is that by Chamaliere. The road proceeds through an almost continual shade of walnut and other fruit-trees of almost every kind. However fresh and beautiful the verdure of the meadows may have appeared since we first entered the Limagne, it is still more so in the verdant hollows and sinuous declivities of the valley of Royat. The copious rivulet which waters them is in perpetual agitation, rolling its waters from cascade to cascade, between masses of basalt, the black colour of which forms a wonderful contrast with the limpid crystal of the stream, and still more with the snowy foam of its numerous cataracts. Whenever it rests for a short distance, its silvery waves are transformed into an azure pool. No description can add any embellishment to the valley of Royat; the traveller who visits it in the heat of summer, will find there a delicious asylum in the deep shades of its charming solitudes and cool retreats, with abundance of exquisite fruits, growing

in the most romantic and picturesque situations.

Puy-de-Dôme. We have mentioned above the celebrated mountain near Clermont, called the Puy-de-Dôme. There are two roads to it, and it may be ascended on two sides, north and south. The first road follows, for two leagues, the high road from Clermont to Aurillac, after which it turns to the right through a bad cross road, which always rising, leads to the foot of the mountain. On ascending the hill, we arrive at the top of a mountain, called the little Puy-de-Dôme, which is like a step for getting up to the great one, and serves as a resting-place for travellers, who, not seeing the real summit while they are climbing up, are astonished when they arrive at this first spot, to find that they are as yet only half way up. Near this is a deep basin, called the *Nid de la Poule*, supposed to be the crater of an extinct volcano.

The ascent then becomes more rapid, but by following the winding path of the cows, one may easily reach the summit in three quarters of an hour: it takes an hour and a half altogether, which would perhaps be reduced to an hour, if one were not continually stopped by the curiosity which is excited by the variety of the vegetables, and the singularity of the stones, and the no less singular form of the different *puys* of the mountain-chain which we begin to overlook, and in fine by the view of the immense horizon which unfolds as one ascends. At the top, it is only bounded on the

south, where appears, at the distance of five leagues, the chain of the Monts-d'Or, behind which one may discover that of the Cantal, twelve or fifteen leagues off. The visual ray is prolonged out of sight in every other direction, especially towards the north, where the town of Moulins is seen above twenty leagues distant.

Most of the Alpine plants abound on the Puy-de-Dôme, amidst the fresh and vigorous grasses which entirely cover its surface; and on the northern declivity is found a great quantity of fragments of basalt and porous lavas.

A remarkable circumstance in the Puy-de-Dôme is, that it returns a sound when it is struck. A stone, thrown against it with more or less violence, makes it resound like a vault, and even tremble under foot to the distance of many yards; and it is equally sonorous in every part.

When we consider this mountain and the divers *puy*s of the same chain, we are naturally tempted to assign the same origin to all of them without exception, as they have all the same form more or less conical; and are a series of insulated hills at a greater or less distance, of a greater or less height, rising from a mountainous plain, which is their common basis. The Puy-de-Dôme only differs from the others in being much higher, in having no visible crater, and from its summit assuming that particular appearance from which it has been called the *Dôme*.

It is much to be regretted that these mountains are not planted with wood, and the more so, as it is said they were formerly covered with forests. We must not forget that it was on this mountain that Pascal made his famous experiment on the weight of the air, which confirmed the discovery of Torricelli.

The south declivity, by which travellers commonly descend, is more rapid than the other, but still the zigzag path is not more steep; and it is certain that one might go up to the very top of the Puy-de-Dôme on horseback. Like other high mountains, it is an excellent barometer for the inhabitants of Clermont; who can always tell by the appearance of the clouds or mists on its summit, whether there will be rain or fine weather.

After having traversed a league of mountainous country, tolerably well cultivated, but deprived of water and of habitations, we arrive at the village of Fontana, so named on account of the abundant fountains it contains. Here the scene changes; the plain lowers, and forms insensibly into a valley; nakedness gives place to shade, dryness to fresh verdure, monotony to variety. As we advance, the valley becomes more and more beautiful, till we again reach Royat, on our way back to Clermont.

Besides the two post-roads which cross each other in this town, there is also a great road to *Aurillac*, which passes at the distance of a league from the baths and mountains of the Mont-d'Or. A visit to them will prove a very

interesting excursion to the traveller, and we shall therefore now give a more particular description of them.

Monts-d'Or. Under this name is comprehended a group of very high mountains, at the foot of which are some celebrated warm mineral springs. The distance from Clermont is about six leagues, and the road exhibits, both on the right and left, several natural curiosities.

In proportion as we depart from the fertile and smiling hills which border the Limagne, the scene alters; to pleasing or magnificent prospects succeed insensibly gloomy or horrible, but romantic views; the air feels more fresh and lively, excites the appetite, and seems to give both additional vigour and lightness; the sinuosities of the road, which with immense labour has been made to follow the windings of the vallies, and rises at times in a serpentine direction over frightful precipices; enormous masses of rock, the noise of torrents precipitated into the deep basins they have hollowed out by their fall, the extraordinary structure of these lofty chains of mountains, in short, all that is striking and awful in the wild scenes of nature, here appears successively on this road, and makes a stronger impression on the mind, as the enchanting scenery of the Limagne is so very different.

The warmest and most abundant mineral spring is called the *Bains de César*; which name, together with several Roman inscriptions, and the remains of an ancient building,

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called the *Pantheon*, are incontestable proofs of this spot having been known to the Romans.

The *Bains de César* are on the declivity of the mountain, about forty feet above the plain; and the spring comes from a grotto cut in the rock, which is about twelve feet high, nine broad, and eleven in depth. The water of this fountain makes the thermometer of Reaumur rise to 36 degrees.

The *Grands Bains* are a little below the former, and present two springs which rise near each other, each in a basin, the opening of which is six feet square. The warmth of these waters is a degree less than that of the *Bains de César*.

The Fountain *de la Madeleine*, which is the nearest to the river, is about 200 yards below the *Grands Bains*; it is not enclosed in any building, and has not even a basin to receive its waters, which are the most temperate of all these springs, and the only ones which invalids are allowed to drink.

The season for drinking the waters of the *Monts-d'Or* is in the greatest heat of summer, from the 15th of July to about the end of August. They are considered to be excellent for pulmonary consumptions, and are very beneficial in asthmas, palsies, etc. They cure several sorts of rheumatism and eruptions, and are useful in almost all kinds of suppression of the menses; they have the advantage also of bearing transportation.

The mountain, at the foot of which are the

mineral springs, is called *La Montagne de l'Angle*; and notwithstanding the common name of the waters, the group of the *Monts-d'Or*, which is situated to the south of them, is full a league off. The *Vallon des Bains*, formed by the *Dore*, which, with the *Dogne*, makes afterwards one river, called the *Dordogne*, exhibits several picturesque points of view. On ascending the course of this infant stream, we find the mountain *L'Ecorchade*, so named from its horrid asperities and deep ravines. On the other side of the valley, and in front of the *Ecorchade*, is another mountain, the rounded summit of which, covered with verdure and wood, is about 1500 feet above the village of the *Bains*: it is formed of volcanic rocks, and all around are irregular basaltic columns, one of the groups of which is called *Le Capucin*.

At the extremity of the valley the *Puy de Sanci* appears, and majestically terminates the scene. This mountain is the highest of those which form the group of the *Monts-d'Or*. Its distance from the village of the *Bains* is about a league and a half, and seven or eight leagues from the *Puy-de-Dôme*. Its height above the village of the *Bains* is 3072 feet, and above the level of the sea 6288.

From the rocky summit of this mountain one discovers on every side an immense extent of country; the view extends over several provinces, and embraces an horizon the extremities of which seem to be confounded with the vapours of the atmosphere. On the

east it is thought the Alps may be distinguished, the great chain of which is about eighty leagues distant. The mountain itself is rude and rugged with numerous asperities; it is full of rents and crevices, and is furrowed with deep ravines. The horrid aspect of two defiles in these mountains has procured them the names of the *Gorge d'Enfer*, and *La Cheminée du Diable*; and they may also perhaps be considered as the only testimony transmitted down to us of the existence of the volcanos, whose eruptions, at some very remote period, ravaged this part of the kingdom. What is astonishing is, that the most elevated points of this mountain present naked rocks, which naturalists suppose to be volcanic, and of the nature of lavas; and that they must therefore have been formerly commanded by still higher parts, on which was the crater of a superior volcano.

The environs of this group of mountains contain many curious objects, of which we shall point out the principal.

The *cascade* of the Mont-d'Or is the finest of all those in the mountains of Basse-Auvergne; it is above the village of the *Bains*, to the left of the valley, and is formed by a pretty considerable brook, which falls into a deep ravine which it has hollowed out. This ravine is bordered by enormous masses of lava, from which large fragments are often detached. One can hardly behold without apprehension these colossal blocks, undermined at their base and ready to roll down;

and the ruins of several similar rocks that have fallen at different epochs to the bottom of the glen would confirm one's alarms, if the attention were not entirely occupied by the magnificent waterfall. It is sixty feet high, and rolls through an enormous channel of lava, and over successive basaltic masses that have been worn away by the water.

To the east, and about two leagues below the group of the Monts-d'Or, is the little town of *La Tour*, famous for having given its name to the branch of the ancient house of Auvergne, called *La Tour d'Auvergne*. In this spot is a superb assemblage of basaltic columns in hexaedral prisms of the same height, and a similar one at a short distance from the first, on which rise the ruins of the ancient castle.

A league and a half from the Monts-d'Or is the little town of *Besse*, which is curious from the houses being entirely built of basaltic lavas, while the town itself is founded on an enormous mass of the same material. Near it is the mountain of *Vassivière*, which is famous for the excellence of its pastures, and for the breed of sheep that are fed on it.

At a short distance from this mountain is the *Lake Pavin*, famous for the wonders attributed to it. It is on the right of the road towards Besse, and about eighty feet above it; which elevation above the plain is not its only singularity. The form is nearly round, and the circumference about half a league; the edges, which are very much raised, form a
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sort of enclosure, the exterior of which is very steep, and from 60 to 120 feet high : the interior, which is also very steep, is covered with verdure. The water of the lake is clear, and the bottom, which can be easily seen through it, has the form of a funnel, regularly decreasing towards the middle. The basin of this lake is supposed to have once been the crater of one of the most terrible volcanos in Auvergne, and the volcanic materials on its high borders are said to be arranged nearly as they would have been if thrown out by an explosion. It is not known how this lake is supplied with water, while a considerable quantity constantly runs out of it ; it is certain that it contains no fish, and for a long time it was said to be fathomless, like many other similar lakes ; but in the year 1770 an engineer conveyed himself to the middle of it on a sort of raft, and after having sounded the lake in different parts, found that its greatest depth was 288 feet.

Above the lake Pavin, on the south side, and about a quarter of a league from it, is a deep excavation, called the *Creux de Souci*.

This hollow is about sixty feet deep, with scarce six feet of water, the level of which is more than 1100 feet above the surface of the lake *Pavin* ; it is even believed that there is a communication between them ; and it is said in the country, that if any thing be thrown into the *Creux Souci*, it is seen soon after on the lake Pavin.

Returning to Clermont from Besse, we find

the town of *Murois*, which is remarkable on account of the volcanic products which abound in its environs: here are found basaltic columns of different forms, *scoriæ*, *pouzzolana*, etc. etc. A quarter of a league from *Murois* is the lake *de Chambon*, one of the largest and most fishy in *Auvergne*. Its greatest length is about 3000 feet, and the greatest breadth 2000. On ascending the valley of *Chambon*, which begins at the foot of the group of the *Monts-d'Or*, we meet with one of the most frightful defiles which it is possible to see. Here is the source of the little river *Couse*, which afterwards falls into the *Allier*. The lover of natural history should follow the banks of this stream, which exhibit an infinite variety of mineralogical curiosities; and we may conclude by observing, that in general all the districts round the *Mont-d'Or* present an endless assemblage of interesting natural objects.

Supposing the traveller returned to Clermont from his excursion to the Monts-d'Or, we now proceed to conduct him through the remainder of our Itinerary of Auvergne, from Clermont to Saint-Flour.

We are now to traverse the fertile fields and smiling landscapes which we beheld from the heights of the Puy-de-Dôme, to the south of Clermont; the road now winds through the hills and hollows which form the most extensive as well as the most varied part of the Limagne. This delicious country, of which the name alone recalls to mind the

finest residence, I might almost say, the terrestrial paradise of France, extends along both banks of the Allier, as far as Brioude. The moment we leave Clermont we are in the midst of vineyards, meadows, orchards, and hemp-fields. In spring, this country is like a vast garden—in autumn, like a vast orchard. The pear and apple-trees bend under the weight of their loaded branches, and the vines under the bunches of grapes, while the roads are bordered and shaded with vigorous and umbrageous walnut-trees. Everything displays the fecundity of the soil and the prosperity of the country. Numerous market-towns and villages are seen to the right and left till we arrive at *Vayre*, a pretty village of about thirty houses, where is the post.

From *Vayre* to *Issoire* the country continues much the same, though not quite so beautiful. *Issoire* is delightfully situated in a fine plain on the river Couze, which falls into the Allier a little way off. It has a college and a population of 5 or 6 thousand inhabitants, who are chiefly devoted to agricultural pursuits, and to the trade of hemp and wine; the first of which they send to Nantes, and the latter to Paris. This town was the birth-place of the celebrated chancellor Duprat, and sustained two sieges during the wars of the League, one in 1577, the other in 1590. The surrounding country is very picturesque, and is remarkable for numerous eminences crowned with the ruins of ancient castles.

About a league and a half from Issoire, and half a league from the right bank of the Allier, is the little town of Usson, with a castle, which, during the feudal times, was one of the most renowned fortresses in France, and, from its advantageous situation and triple enclosure, was considered for many centuries as impregnable. Here the famous *Marguerite de Valois*, first wife of Henry IV, lived as a sort of prisoner for twenty years. The castle was demolished by the orders of Cardinal Richelieu in 1634. A few leagues from Usson is the ancient chateau of *La Fayette*, belonging to the illustrious family of that name; one of whom, the present Marquis de la Fayette, made such a distinguished figure in the American Revolution and in that of France.

From Issoire to Saint-Flour the country still continues rich, picturesque, and varied, with many hills of divers forms, but chiefly conical. From the plain of Issoire the road ascends to that of Lempde, which is equally fertile, but not so beautiful, being bare of trees. At a quarter of a league east of Lempde, and at the same distance from the river Allier, is the coal mine of Grosmenil, which is very abundant and of an excellent quality.

Quitting the Limagne, after having ascended the hill beyond Lempde, we see to the right, on an enormous rock of lava, the Gothic ruins of a castle, which was an ancient fief of the house of Orleans. Here we enter the mountainous district of the Cantal, and

arrive at *Massiac*, situated in a deep valley, and containing about 1000 inhabitants. It contains a great many weavers, and a fine chateau belonging to the Count d'Espinchal, of one of the most ancient families of Auvergne. The valley of Massiac, covered with hemp-fields, meadows, and fruit-trees, has a very rich and pleasant appearance. The road goes through it for half a league, till having crossed the little river Alagnon, it ascends a long hill, from the top of which is a fine view of the old castle of Vernieres, a few leagues off to the north-east. This castle, flanked by four great towers, rises in an imposing manner on an eminence, from which it seems to command the village that surrounds it, and the mountainous country which extends on every side. The traveller is now about 2400 feet above the level of the sea ; but the plain continues always rising as far as Loubinet, a hamlet situated in the midst of the pastures and mountains where the cheese of this department is made. After Loubinet, we cross the highest of these mountains, called Fajole, which is probably 3600 feet above the level of the sea. It is a dangerous passage in snow, or stormy weather—a sort of little Mount Cenis. The other side of it leads by a long but gentle descent to the faubourg of Saint-Flour, which is joined to the town by a steep street. Carriages ascend to it by taking the great road to Toulouse, and following on the right the sort of basaltic pedestal on which it rests, and which is 300 feet above the faubourg,

and nearly 3000 above the level of the sea. Many dissertations have been written on this ancient volcano, the focus of which, it seems, is now occupied by the town. The basalt is arranged perpendicularly, in prisms more or less regular. In some parts, like other groups of the same nature, they resemble the pipes of an organ.

Saint-Flour is one of the highest and one of the most dismal towns in France. Its position, elevated on a sort of terrace, perpendicular on the north and east, gives it a pure air, but too sharp. The views from it are extensive, but not pleasing; the streets are narrow and sombre, which, with the black ill-built houses, complete its gloomy and melancholy aspect. The buildings are of lava, covered with tiles. The population, including the faubourg, is about 5000 inhabitants, who are chiefly employed in the manufacture of linen. This town gave birth to the dramatic poet Du Belloi, author of the celebrated tragedy of the Siege of Calais.

Having completed our Itinerary from Moulins to Saint-Flour, through the Basse and Haute Auvergne, and having described the mountain-chains of the Puy-de-Dôme and the Monts-d'Or, it now only remains for us to conduct the traveller to the *Monts-du-Cantal*, with the description of which we shall terminate our tour through this interesting country.

The traveller who would visit the *Monts-du-Cantal*, must proceed to *Aurillac*, through *Murat* and *Vic*. *Murat*, five leagues from

Saint-Flour, near the banks of the Alagnon, at the base of those mountains, is situated at the foot of an enormous rock of prismatic basalt, on which was the ancient castle of the *Vicomtes de Murat*. This vast fortress, composed of several detached buildings, surrounded with a double enclosure, was destroyed under the ministry of Cardinal Richelieu. The prismatic columns of this rock are from four to forty feet long, and with five or eight faces, and are embedded into each other. Several of these columns have been detached from the summit of the rock, and have rolled to the bottom of the valley, where fragments of them may be seen ten feet in length.

The road from Murat to *Vic*, a distance of seven or eight leagues, and only practicable in the summer, presents many interesting objects, of which the most striking is the enormous group of the *Monts-du-Cantal*. The road continues along these mountains to *Aurillac*, formerly the capital of the *Haute-Auvergne*, and now the *chef-lieu* of the department *du Cantal*. It is three leagues from *Vic*, and is situated on the little river *Jordane*, which descends from the neighbouring mountains. The prospect is confined to the north-west and the south-east by some very high hills: the houses are well built, and there are some charming public walks. That called *Le Gravier*, in an island of the river, combines with a delightful view, an agreeable shade and the murmur of the water. In the bed of the river *Jordane* is found a great number of

curious stones, basalt, fine granite, and porphyry with greenish and red spots, and several sorts of quartz. It also contains gold particles, which, during the last century, were considerable enough to employ several workmen, who were established in Aurillac; but the concern is now abandoned.

Piganiol de la Force, so well known by his descriptions of Paris and Versailles, and especially by his *Description de la France*, was a native of this town. Population, 10,000 inhabitants.

Monts-du-Cantal. These mountains, known to the ancients by the name of *Montes Celtorum*, form a very extensive group, commanded by one principal mountain, particularly named *Cantal*, the enormous base of which extends, from north to south, about three leagues in length. It comprises several particular peaks, the most considerable of which, situated towards the midst of its length, is named the *Plomb du Cantal*, and is 5958 feet above the level of the sea. From this mountain flow, in a diverging direction, as from a common centre, a dozen brooks or torrents.

The composition of this and of the adjacent mountains greatly resembles that of the Puy-de-Dôme and the Monts-d'Or; if these, therefore, are volcanic, the Cantal should be so too; and in fact the numerous and evident testimonies they exhibit in this respect, can leave no reasonable doubt on the subject.

At a league north-west from the *Plomb du Cantal* stands, on the other side of the deep

valley which separates them, the *Puy-de-Grion*. This mountain, perfectly conical, is so steep that it is very difficult to reach the summit; it is absolutely bare of all verdure, and quite arid; the summit exhibits a platform fifty feet long by about six in breadth, and the side opposed to the south-east, and facing the Cantal, presents a frightful precipice almost vertical, which terminates at the bottom of the valley in which is the village of *Chazes*.

Half a league to the north of the *Puy-de-Grion* is another very high mountain, named the *Col de Cabre*; a league from it, to the west, is the *Puy Mari*, 5736 feet above the level of the sea. These two mountains are at the extremity of the valley of the *Jordanne*, and command it; and it is at their feet that that river takes its source.

About a league to the west of the *Puy Mari* is the *Mont Violent*, which commands the town of *Salers*. Its height above the level of the sea is 5730 feet.

These enormous asperities, with many others less considerable, collected in an extent of two or three leagues, are surrounded by other inferior mountains, and by long appendages, which lower as they remove from the centre, and leave between them broad and deep valleys. Covered with snow during the greatest part of the year, these mountains are clothed with verdure in the summer, and afford excellent pastures. All over them are scattered small houses like the *chatels* in Switzerland,

here called *Burons*, inhabited, after the snows are melted, by shepherds, who are employed to keep the cattle that come in droves to feed on these mountains. It is in these burons that they collect the cows' milk, and make the cheeses celebrated by the name of *fromage du Cantal*, the sale of which forms one of the principal branches of the commerce of Haute-Auvergne.

Character, Manners, etc. The *Auvergnats*, according to Strabo, were a very spirited and warlike people: *Arvenia, virorum ferax, bellicosissima gens dicitur*. A French writer, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, says of them, that they are extremely cunning and crafty, very laborious, ardent and eager for gain, much given to traffic, knavish, quarrelsome, and hard to deal with. The gentry indeed are courteous and brave, but the people love lawsuits, and will engage in fierce disputes for mere trifles.

The present inhabitants of Auvergne are an active, brave, ingenious race of people, fitted for the cultivation of science, but much more sensible to their interest than to fame or glory. To these general features must be added the particular distinctions which nature has given to the two great divisions of the country, and which entirely separate the natives of the mountain from those of the plain. These two classes differ much in their character, manners, and costume, and even in their language.

The mountaineers, dwelling in a ruder cli-

mate, in a less agreeable and less fertile soil, are forced to have recourse to extraordinary means for their subsistence. Every year, on the return of spring, they quit their homes, spread in great numbers over the Limagne, and through all the provinces of France; go in crowds to Paris, and even into Spain, and return home with the fruits of their labour, their activity and industry.

In the mountains of Basse-Auvergne which border on the Forez, most of the inhabitants of the country are employed in manufactures; in other parts they manufacture cutlery, hardware, and lace.

The inhabitants of the Limagne differ in their manners, language, and dress, from those of the mountains. Most of them are clothed as they were in the reign of Henry IV, with gaiters, very wide breeches of grey stuff, and a white coat, cut short and plaited behind like that of a *Cent-Suisse*. The romanian dialect, which is spoken all through Auvergne, is softer and less guttural in the plains of the Limagne than in the mountainous districts.

The inhabitants of the Limagne, though placed in a superb country, rich in all sorts of productions, generally exhibit in their houses, as well as in their appearance, the picture of want and misery. They are mostly feeble, extenuated, and of small stature, and live in a miserable way, on coarse black bread and a thin sour drink. They are considered to be inferior in general, both in talent and

probity, to the inhabitants of the mountains.

The people of Clermont are brave, active and industrious, lively and ingenious, with a natural aptitude for the sciences. Of this the many illustrious literary characters that town has produced is a sufficient proof; but this happy disposition is unfortunately stifled by a strange sort of national prejudice against literature and science, which are so far from being cultivated and encouraged by the bulk of the inhabitants, that they even attempt to throw ridicule on those who consecrate their leisure to studious pursuits. It is the same with the fine arts, which, for want of models and protection, are despised and almost unknown. Clermont is the only capital, and Auvergne is perhaps the only province in France, that has produced no artist of note; in fact, the science of getting rich is the only one they consider reasonable, and the only one sincerely respected by them.

The sciences and arts, in those towns where they are cultivated, draw men of all ranks and professions together. This precious bond of union is wanting at Clermont, where pleasure, interest, or the want of amusement, are the only motives for going into society; and therefore true politeness and easy manners, reciprocal attentions and a natural and open behaviour, such as is seen in well educated and well informed persons, are not to be found among them. They are accused of being presumptuous, obstinate, and positive, defects which arise from their levity and want

of instruction ; but, notwithstanding, they have excellent hearts, and are sincere friends, capable of heroic sacrifices. They cannot be reproached with duplicity and artifice ; they never conceal their character, for the first thing they display is their faults. To know their virtues, one must be acquainted with them.

To the traveller who wishes for further information respecting Auvergne, we recommend the *Description of Auvergne* by Du-laure, and the *Voyage dans la Haute et Basse Auvergne*, by Legrand, 3 vol. 8vo.

APPENDIX.

Containing the various Routes from Paris to Havre-de-Grace, Dieppe, and Calais.

WE have declared in the very beginning of this work, that we would not unnecessarily increase the cost of it, by any descriptions of the various routes to Paris ; but having since considered that every work ought to be complete in itself, and that the country between Paris and the English Channel is as much a part of France as any other, we have finally determined to give, in this Appendix, a description of the three principal routes for travellers going from Paris to England. No part of France will thus be left undescribed, and our *Guide* will be in reality a complete companion for the traveller through every part of that extensive country.

No. XXXV. From PARIS to HAVRE, by Saint-Germain and Rouen, $27\frac{3}{4}$ posts.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
PARIS to Nanterre.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Vaudreuil to Port-Saint-	
Saint-Germain-en-Laye	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Ouen.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Triel.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	ROUEN.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Meulan.....	1	Barentin.....	2
Mantes.....	2	Yvetot.....	$2\frac{1}{2}$
Bonnières.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Aliquerville.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Vernon.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Bolbec.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Gaillon.....	$1\frac{3}{4}$	Labotte.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Vaudreuil.....	2	Hâvre.....	2

For the description of this route as far as *Bonnières*, see Chap. vii, No. xxv, p. 502.

Vernon, on the left bank of the Seine, in a delightful situation, is a small town of 5000 inhabitants. Here is an old castle and a high tower, monuments of the middle ages. The road passes through the middle of the town, leaving on the right a bridge which leads to the road to Gournay. On quitting Vernon, we leave the ancient province of the Isle-de-France, and enter that of Normandy.

Gaillon, not far from the Seine, is remarkable for its *château*, which formerly belonged to the archbishops of Rouen, and was decorated with the greatest magnificence. It is now converted into a jail or bridewell. The view from it is extensive and beautiful on every side.

From Gaillon we proceed to *Vaudreuil*, on the river Eure, not far from which is Louviers, renowned for its manufactures of fine cloth. The little town of *Pont-de-l'Arche*,

on the left bank of the Seine, derives its name from a long bridge of twenty-two arches, over which the road passes. The tide comes up the Seine as far as this town, which also forms the limit of the departments of the Eure and the Seine-Inférieure. From Port-Saint-Ouen, the last port before we reach Rouen, there is a magnificent view of the valley in which that city stands, with the Seine winding through it, studded with islands, and villas, and gardens, on every side.

Rouen is an ancient town, but the epoch of its foundation, and even the etymology of its name, are uncertain. It is one of the largest, richest, most populous, and most commercial towns in France, and is supposed to contain about 85,000 inhabitants.

Rouen was formerly the capital of all Normandy, and the seat of one of the twelve parliaments of France: it is now the chief place of the department of the Seine-Inférieure, and has a royal court of appeal, with other inferior tribunals. It is situated on the left bank of the Seine, over which there is a curious bridge of boats that rises and falls with the tide, and opens to give a passage to vessels. The town is situated in a valley surrounded by hills.

Among the public buildings at Rouen, the most remarkable is the metropolitan church, or cathedral, one of the finest Gothic churches in France. The two towers of the front, which is greatly admired, are each 236 feet high, and the great pyramid 380. The church of

Saint-Ouen is also a very elegant Gothic building, though much defaced during the Revolution; and that of Saint-Maclas is considered a masterpiece of architecture.

At the Hôtel-de-Ville, formerly a Benedictine monastery, there is a very fine public library, containing more than 70,000 volumes, and a gallery of paintings. Among the public walks, the *Cours* by the side of the river is a scene of great commercial activity. In the *Marché-aux-Veaux* is a statue of Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, who is said to have been publicly burnt on that spot by the English.

Leaving Rouen and the Seine on the left, we observe vast numbers of cotton manufactories and bleachfields; and passing through a pretty lively country, reach *Yvetot*, a small town of about 10,000 inhabitants, situated in the midst of a fine plain, very fertile in corn. It has several manufactures of velvet, dimities, and other cotton stuffs. *Bolbec* is a neat little town in a narrow valley, and has a pleasing appearance of life and cleanliness, which is partly owing to its having been rebuilt after a fire which destroyed it in the year 1764. Here there are a great many Protestants, and the trade of the place is very considerable. The road passes through the midst of the town, and crosses the bridge over the river Bolbec, which is very useful to the manufacturers.

Havre-de-Grace is situated at the mouth of the Seine, and has a good harbour. It is an important place, from its situation in a flat

and marshy country not commanded by any height, and is also defended by a strong citadel. The port is closed by a great chain. The arsenal is furnished with every thing necessary for the construction of vessels and for the use of the navy. The town is neat and well built, and divided into two parts by the port. It carries on a very varied and extensive commerce, and among other manufactures, has one of tobacco, very famous. Population, 16,000.

Besides the post-road just described, there is another from Rouen to Hâvre, by Caudebec, Lillebonne, and Harfleur, which is more pleasing and picturesque, and presents occasionally magnificent views of the windings of the Seine; but it is not always easy to procure horses.

No. XXXVI. From PARIS to DIEPPE, by Pontoise and Rouen, $21\frac{3}{4}$ posts.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
PARIS to Saint-Denis..	1	Bourg-Baudouin to La	
Franconville.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Forge-Feret.....	2
Pontoise.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	ROUEN.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Le Bordeaux-de-Vigny.	2	Les Cambres.....	2
Magny.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Tostes.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Tillières.....	2	Osmonville.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Ecouis.....	2	Dieppe.....	2
Bourg-Baudouin.....	$1\frac{3}{4}$		

This road, in the same direction as the former, only that it goes a little more to the northward, is not so diversified and agreeable; but the fertility and the productions of

the country are nearly the same. The road itself is very good, and one of the most frequented in France. It leaves the Seine to wind away on the left, and only meets it at Rouen, where it again abandons it entirely, and takes to the right.

We leave Paris by the barrier Saint-Denis. The country is flat and open, and exhibits a vast plain, from which a great part of Paris, on the north side, is visible. The avenue is not regularly planted, but it is broad and spacious. Saint-Denis, and the other remarkable places on this side of Paris, being fully described in Galignani's *Picture of Paris*, we shall say nothing further here. Quitting Rouen, already described, by the *fau-bourg Cauchois*, we observe a great number of pretty country-houses and gardens, and numerous manufactories, which prove the opulence, trade and industry of that great city. On the right we leave a road of communication to *Forges*, a spot much renowned and much frequented for its mineral waters. It is nine leagues to the north-east of Rouen.

Dieppe is a very pretty town, with a long narrow port. It was bombarded, and almost entirely destroyed by the English, in 1694; after which it was rebuilt in its present state. The streets are regularly straight, and the houses almost all symmetrical, supported on arcades built of brick with rows of white stone. There are two squares, and several fountains, which run day and night.

The world is indebted to the inhabitants of

this town for the discovery of the country called Guinea, in the fourteenth century. They are mostly sailors by profession, but are also remarkable for working in ivory and horn, of which they execute various articles of surprising delicacy. The women likewise make very fine lace.

This port, being nearer Paris than any other, many people frequent it for sea-bathing, and it also supplies Paris with a great deal of fish. Merchant-vessels only and frigates can enter the port, ships of the line not being able to approach nearer than the great road. Population 20,000 inhabitants.

The most remarkable places near Dieppe, are Saint-Valery, a little town of fishermen on the Channel, from which, it is said, William Duke of Normandy sailed to conquer England; and the town of Argues, remarkable for a victory gained there by Henry IV, over the troops of the League, in 1589. Six leagues to the north-east, is the town of Eu, on the little river Bresle, which divides Normandy from Picardy.

On the road from Dieppe to Eu, on the left near the sea, is an ancient camp, vulgarly called *La Cité de Limes*, or *Le Camp de César*. This monument, in a very advantageous position, is situated near the high shore, the bottom of which is washed by the sea, and is defended to the north-east and south-west by very deep ditches, with works in earth, below which, to the west, is a great valley, hollowed by nature, on the sea-side. The inspection of

the spot sufficiently shews that it was fortified to encamp an army. It is said in the country, with sufficient probability, that this camp served to receive the English troops commanded by Lord Talbot, surnamed the *Cæsar of the English*, who besieged Dieppe in 1442, and that it thence retained the name of *Camp de César*.

The department of the Seine-Inférieure, in which Dieppe and Rouen are situated, is one of the most considerable and important in France. It is rich, populous, and industrious; its agriculture is in a fine condition, its trade is very active, and it contains many flourishing and manufacturing towns. Bounded by the English Channel in a great part of its extent, intersected with hills, covered to the east and south with forests, traversed in every direction by vallies, and watered by a quantity of streams besides a great river, its climate is very various. It is generally more cold than temperate, on account of its sudden and frequent variations, and the occasional inclemencies of the seasons. Accordingly, the winter may be said to last nearly half the year, as the end of autumn is almost always wet and cold, and the beginning of spring, which is always very changeable, is commonly cold.

This department does not contain any high mountain, the eminences in it being merely hills, or high banks. To the east are spacious vallies, bordered by mountains of secondary formation. Along the sea-shore is another sort of mountains, called *Falaises*, generally

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perpendicular, and beat in several parts by the waves at high water. Rocks, more or less projecting into the sea, allow us to observe the base of former *falaises* that have been carried off by the waves. The highest of these rocks is the *falaise* of Fecamp, the *Butte des Cordeliers*, at the mouth of the river Dardan, near Saint-Valery; *Caudecote*, near Dieppe; *Jolibois* and *Monthuon*, near Treport. All these *falaises* border on a part of the Channel, and are composed of marl and silex covered over with clay and freestone. Their height varies from 150 to 720 feet, and that to the east of the port of Fecamp is even greater. On a fine summer's day, these rocks, when seen from some distance at sea, exhibit a zone of dazzling whiteness, as extensive as the horizon; sometimes surmounted by large clumps of trees, at others, covered and traversed by long slips of green or yellow, when the corn and rapeseed are in flower. This mixture of variegated colours has a very pleasing effect.

The department of the Seine-Inférieure, though one of the most fertile in France, is not equally productive in its whole extent. In this respect, it may be divided into four parts. The first, called *La Contrée des Plaines du Centre*, comprises the greatest part of the ancient *Pays de Caux*, the fertility of which is well known. The soil is a mixture of sand, clay, and chalk, in the proportions most favourable to vegetation. The second, named *La Contrée des Vallées de l'Est*, is formed of the *Pays de Bray*, and contains the most spa-

cious vallies and the richest meadows in the department. The third, or the *Contrée des Côtes*, forms the boundary of the department along the Channel, from Treport to Havre. It is the most extensive and most variable in its temperature, on account of the neighbourhood of the sea. The soil is tolerably fertile, and the high land, which extends from north to south in an immense irregular curve, is intersected by some vallies, and some bays into which several streams empty themselves. The fourth, called *La Contrée des Rives de la Seine*, comprises all the territory situated on both sides of that river, from its mouth up to Elbœuf, and near the Pont-de-l'Arche. This country exhibits alternately high grounds or *falaises*, and low grounds or meadows. It is the least productive of all, either from the nature of the soil, or because agriculture is there in some respect subordinate to manufactures, which carry off the hands required for farming.

The system of large farms generally prevails in this department. They are all kept on the best footing, surrounded and enclosed by broad ditches; while belts of high timber, and skreens of fine trees, point them out to the traveller, though they conceal the house from his view; at the same time sheltering the buildings and grounds from stormy winds, and furnishing fuel to the farmer. We may conclude in general, that the territory of this department is very varied and generally

tile, though the corn lands, notwithstanding, are supposed to produce only half the grain necessary for the consumption of the inhabitants. Like the other parts of Normandy, it produces a great deal of cider and perry, some of which is much esteemed.

No. XXVII. Routes from PARIS to CALAIS.

First Route, by Saint-Denis, Beauvais, Abbeville, and Boulogne, $32\frac{1}{2}$ posts.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
PARIS to Saint-Denis..	1	Abbeville to Nouvion..	$1\frac{3}{4}$
Moisselles	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Bernay	1
Beaumont-sur-Oise....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Namport	1
Puiseux	$1\frac{1}{4}$	Montreuil-sur-Mer....	$1\frac{1}{4}$
Noailles	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Cormont	$1\frac{1}{2}$
BEAUVAIS	$1\frac{1}{4}$	Samer	1
Marseille	$2\frac{1}{4}$	Boulogne-sur-Mer....	2
Granvilliers	$1\frac{1}{4}$	Marquise	$1\frac{5}{8}$
Poix	$1\frac{5}{8}$	Haut-Buisson	1
Airaines	$2\frac{1}{4}$	Calais	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Abbeville	$2\frac{1}{4}$		

We quit Paris by the magnificent triumphal arch known by the modest name of the *Porte-Saint-Denis*, and leaving the hill of Mont-Martre to the left, enter a broad avenue of four rows of trees, which continues all the way to the town of Saint-Denis. The plain is entirely bare of trees, but very fertile; which is more owing to the manure brought to it from Paris, than to the nature of the soil.

Beaumont-sur-Oise is a little town of 2000 inhabitants: its name and surname indicate its agreeable situation on one of the hills which border the rich valley of the Oise. The country, as far as *Beauvais*, is at first very fertile in corn; but less so afterwards, at least along the road, which, however, is pleasant, from the variety of aspects and the rural nature of the country.

The chalky soil of Picardy begins to appear before we reach Beauvais, which is agreeably situated on the little river Therin. Though built of wood, it is a better town than one would expect; the streets are broad, and the houses tolerably neat; the *grande-place* is handsome, and the *hôtel-de-ville* is a modern edifice, of very fine architecture.

The cathedral has never been finished, and all that exists of it is the choir and the transversal nave, which was destined, with the great nave that is wanting, to form a Latin cross. The choir, from its boldness and great proportions, is itself a superb temple. Its prodigious elevation above the general level of the roofs in the town, would be sufficient to make it a very high church, without considering that part of the building which rises from the ground to that level. This unfinished cathedral that has no nave, has likewise no steeple. The inside contains the fine tomb of Cardinal Janson, by Coustou. There are also three pieces of tapestry, from the celebrated royal manufactory of this town: one of the three, representing the cure of the paralytic, is con-

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sidered to be a superb piece of workmanship.

Beauvais is the chief place of the department of the Oise, and has a population of about 14,000 inhabitants, mostly manufacturers. Its origin is unknown, but its antiquity is incontestable. This town is very proud of never having been taken, which occasioned it to be called *La Pucelle*. It maintained, with distinguished success, two sieges; one against the English, in 1443, the other against the Burgundians, in 1472. In the first, it was saved by the courage of one of the inhabitants, called Jean Lignière, who, while the enemy, who had forced one of the gates, were rushing into the town, made his way through the English as far as the rampart, cut the rope which held the portcullis, and then forced those who had already entered the town, to surrender at discretion. In the second, it was saved by a woman of the name of Jeanne Hachette, who, seeing her country in danger, put herself at the head of the other women, took up arms, flew to the breach, snatched off the standard which the enemy was fixing on it, and threw the soldier who held it into the ditch. In memory of this glorious action there used to be a solemn procession every year, in which the women walked first.

There is no town in France, which, considering its population, has produced so many illustrious men as Beauvais. Among them were the famous lawyer Loysel, the Abbé Dubos, Lenglet Dufresnoy, Restaut the gram-

marian, Vaillant the antiquary; the two Villiers de l'Isle Adam, one, marshal of France, under Charles VII, in the fifteenth century, the other, grand-master of Malta in the following century, and the learned Dominican, Vincent of Beauvais, preceptor of the children of Saint Louis. Several councils were held at Beauvais, one of which, in the year 1114, was remarkable for the excommunication of the Emperor Henry V.

Marseille is a village in a picturesque situation, in the midst of a pretty hollow, shaded with trees and watered by the little river Herbonval. The country, composed in general of corn-fields, is variegated here and there with groves, each of which conceals a village, according to the custom in Picardy, of surrounding every spot with clumps, orchards and meadows.

Abbeville is a large, strong and fine manufacturing town, of about 20,000 inhabitants. Its famous manufacture of cloth has much degenerated, and the number of its wealthy merchants has been greatly reduced. The houses are almost all built of brick, and the only remarkable building is the Gothic church of Saint Wulfran. The ramparts form the public walk of the town, and are well planted with trees.

From Abbeville to *Montreuil* the country is pretty well wooded, with a chalky soil. After leaving that town, which is fortified, and about two leagues from the sea, we traverse the forest of Longvilliers, when the chalky

soil begins to disappear, and we enter the hilly district of the Boulonnais.

Boulogne is divided into High and Low, and both parts are well built. The port is formed by the little river Liane, and was much enlarged and embellished by Bonaparte, at the time that he projected the invasion of England. The high town, situated on an eminence which commands the low town, is almost entirely inhabited by annuitants and the noblesse. The rampart, which surrounds it, forms a very agreeable public walk; and on the west is a fine sea-view; in clear weather the coast of England is easily seen. The principal trade of the town consists in fresh and salt fish, especially herrings and mackarel, corn, charcoal, wine and spirits, tea, etc. Population, 12,000 inhabitants.

Boulogne is supposed to stand on the site of the ancient *Gessoriacum*, the capital of the *Morini*. It was here that Caligula is believed to have committed that act of folly recorded by Suetonius, of making his soldiers collect shells, which he told them were the spoils of the ocean, fit to adorn the Capitol. About a mile from Boulogne, on a height, is a column of grey marble, erected in honour of Bonaparte, by the grand army of England, as it was called, when encamped near the spot. It is only half finished, but all the materials for completing it are on the spot.

Leaving Boulogne, we soon discover the coast of England, like a long whitish border,

which forms a striking contrast both with the azure of the sea and of the sky. It continues visible from all the elevations of the road. At the end of a league we leave, on the left, the road to Ambleteuse, an ancient town and port, where James II landed in the year 1688. The town now consists of only about sixty houses, and the port is almost choaked up with the sands. The port of Vimereux, about a league south of Ambleteuse, is one of those which dispute the honour of being the spot where Julius Cesar embarked for his expedition against England; but that of Wis-sant, two leagues further on, and also encumbered with sand, seems to have more claims than any other.

The country still continues hilly, and of a calcareous nature; but is more bare, and less fertile and agreeable, till we reach *Calais*, which we enter after having passed four or five gates and drawbridges. The streets of this town are in general broad and straight, and the houses are well built, mostly of yellow brick, commonly covered with lime or mortar. Population 7000 inhabitants. Calais remained subject to the English for more than two centuries, from 1347 to 1558, when it was retaken by the Duke of Guise. The passage from Calais to Dover is seven leagues, and is generally performed in three or four hours.

Second Route from PARIS to CALAIS, by Chantilly, Clermont, and Amiens, $34\frac{1}{2}$ posts.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
PARIS to Saint-Denis..	1	Wavignies to Breteuil .	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Ecouen	$1\frac{1}{4}$	Flers.	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Luzarches	$1\frac{1}{4}$	Hebecourt.	1
Chantilly.....	$1\frac{1}{4}$	AMIENS.	1
Laigneville	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Picquigny.	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Clermont.....	$1\frac{1}{4}$	Flixecourt.	1
Saint-Just.....	2	Ailly-le-Haut-Cloche. .	$1\frac{1}{4}$
Wavignies	1	Abbeville.	$1\frac{1}{2}$

For the remainder of the road, see the first route to Calais.

As we approach Ecouen, the country becomes very various, pleasing and picturesque, and continues to improve in rural beauty all the way to Chantilly. The territory of Liancourt, between *Laigneville* and *Clermont*, is devoted to what the French farmers call *petite culture*, and is like a garden sowed with haricots, pease, and vegetables of every kind: it is covered with cherry-trees, walnut, and all sorts of fruit-trees; with hemp, flax, rape, hops, etc.; there are even some vines, though the northern climate strongly shews its hostility against them.

Clermont is a small pretty town, of 2000 inhabitants: carries on a great trade in corn. The old *château* of the Princes of Condé, which commands it, is now a house of correction. The terrace which surrounds it, is a delightful public walk; the prospect extends over the fine country round Clermont, to the distance of eight leagues round.

About a quarter of a league beyond Clermont, the road traverses the village of Fitz-

James, near which is the seat of the Duke of that name, a descendant of James II of England.

We still observe some vineyards, but, after Breteuil, the country consists of vast level fields, shaded with pear and apple-trees. Here agriculture is carried on on a great scale, and the fertility of the soil increases progressively to *Amiens*.

This town is discernible at a considerable distance, in the midst of a great extent of fields entirely bare of trees. The lofty and beautiful cathedral of this capital of ancient Picardy produces an extraordinary effect, which justifies beforehand the celebrity it has obtained. It was begun by Everard, bishop of the diocess, in the year 1220. In one of the chapels is preserved the head of Saint John the Baptist, which was brought from Constantinople in the year 1206. This beautiful church is 366 feet long and 132 high. Amiens is in general well built, both of brick and stone, and has several broad straight streets. The public walk, called L'Autoy, is very fine, and not far from the river Somme, which runs through the town in different channels. Amiens is remarkable for having been taken by stratagem by the Spaniards, in the year 1597; but it was soon retaken by Henry IV, in person. Here was concluded the peace of 1802, between France and England.

The name of Amiens is derived from the people called *Ambiani*, of whom it was the capital in the time of Julius Cesar. It has

produced some celebrated characters, among which were the *belle Gabrielle*, Voiture, Peter the Hermit, who preached the first crusade, the famous botanists John and Gaspard Bauhin, the learned Ducange, and Rohault, a celebrated Cartesian philosopher. Population 40,000. Amiens is generally considered to be a cheap and pleasant residence.

From Amiens the traveller has a choice of a variety of roads to Calais. He may proceed to Abbeville, and thence through Montreuil and Boulogne, as described above. Or, when at Abbeville, he may go through the delightful valley of Carchy, by *Hesdin*, to Saint Omer. Or, proceeding straight from Amiens, by Doulens, Saint-Pol, and Aire, he may go through Saint-Omer to Calais, or continue his journey through Hazebrouck, Cassel, and Bergues, to Dunkirk, and thence, through Gravelines, arrive at Calais.

The traveller who would visit French Flanders, may proceed from Paris direct to Cambrai, and thence through Arras, Douay, and Lille, to Saint-Omer and Calais. These countries will exhibit, in general, a striking contrast to what he has seen in other parts of France.

THE END.

INDEX.

* * *The Roman Numerals refer to the INTRODUCTION.*

	Page.		Page.
Abbeville.....	667	Anchovies, mode of	
Abelard and Heloisa..	68	taking	331
Agde, <i>note</i>	407	Angers, situation of	478
Agen.....	437	— Public Buildings,	
Agriculture of France.	vij	480—An eligible re-	
Aiguille, curious mo-		sidence for English	
nument of l'.....	174	Economists 482 —	
Aiguillon	438	The Levée 483 —	
Aix, in Provence, His-		Route to Paris.....	495
tory of 224 — Des-		Angoulême	459
cribed 225 — Public		Annonay	179
Buildings and Monu-		Antibes.....	335
ments 227—Produc-		Antiquities at Autun	50
tions and Climate 230		—at Lyons 125, 129	
— Singular Festival		—at Vienne 174—at	
at <i>ib.</i> —Environs of		St. Andéol 189—at	
232—Route to Mar-		Orange 192—at Avig-	
seilles 233—To Mont-		non 205—at Antibes	
pellier.....	346	336—at St. Remy 347	
Alençon.....	575	—at Arles 354 —at	
Alfort.....	32	Cinq Coins 368 —	
Allier climate, etc. of..	26	at Nismes 370, 376,	
Alsace, ancient and pre-		380 — at Narbonne	
sent state of 605—		410—at Carcassonne	
Character, Manners,		412—at Agen 437—	
Literature.....	607	at Bordeaux 443—at	
Altkirch	612	Saintes 464—la Pile	
Ambleteuse	669	St. Mars 486—at Ev-	
Amboise.....	489	reux 508—at Lisioux	
Amiens.....	671	512—at Bayeux 521	
Amphitheatre at Nis-		—at Dol 539 —at	
mes	370	Brest 545—at Carnac	
Ancenis	477	553—at Essé 572—at	

	Page.		Page.
Fougeres 573 — at		Avranches 534 — Pro-	
Reims.....	581	cess of extracting salt	
APPENDIX.....	654	from sand.....	535
Arbrêle.....	30	Bains.....	598
Arcis.....	615	Bagnères-de-Luchon..	425
Arcy, Grottoes of.....	48	BAGNÈRES de Bigorre	
Arles, approach to 352		approach to 422—si-	
— History of 353 —		tuation of 423 —	
Antiquities and Pub-		Mineral Waters 424	
lic Buildings 354 —		— Excursions from	
Inhabitants describ-		425—Road from to	
ed 356 — Trade <i>ib.</i>		Barrèges.....	<i>ib.</i>
—Environs of.....	357	Balance.....	396
Arpajon.....	495	Barbézieux.....	459
Asses, posting with		Barjols.....	344
169, 177		Bar-le-duc.....	590
Ass's Feast.....	34	Barraux.....	148
Aubagne.....	301	BARRÈGES, Valley of	
Auch.....	418	426—Situation of the	
Auray.....	553	Village <i>ib.</i> — Hot	
Aurillac.....	648	springs of, and <i>their</i>	
Autun.....	50	medecinal Proper-	
Auvergne 620 — Cli-		ties, 427—Best Route	
mate, Soil, Produc-		to from England 428	
tions 623—Mountains		— Pic-du-Midi <i>ib.</i>	
624—Character, Man-		—Excursion to Ga-	
ners, etc.	651	vernier 425, 429 —	
Auxerre.....	43	Route to Bayonne...	431
Auxonne.....	82	Bar-sur-Aube.....	614
Avallon.....	49	Bar-sur-Seine.....	71
AVIGNON, approach to		Barthelemy, Abbé ...	301
201—History of 202		Bastides.....	234, 255
—Antiquities 205—		Bayeux.....	520
Public Buildings <i>ib.</i>		Bayonne 432—Route to	
Hospitals 206—Lite-		Bordeaux.....	434
rary and Scientific		Beaucaire, description	
Societies 207 — Cli-		of 359 — Celebrated	
mate 208 — Produc-		fair of.....	<i>ib.</i>
tions <i>ib.</i> Commerce		Beaugency.....	490
209—Character, Man-		Beaumes.....	219
ners, etc. <i>ib.</i> — Pe-		Beaumont-sur-Oise ...	665
trarch and Laura 210		Beaune.....	86
—Environs of 217—		Beausset.....	302
Route to Nice.....	220		

Page.	Page.
Beauvais..... 665	Britanny, Description
Bee-hives, floating, <i>note</i> 478	of 548 — Character,
Beffort..... 612	manners, etc. of its
Bercy..... 31	inhabitants 558—An-
Besancon..... 83	cient state of..... 569
Besse..... 641	Buffon, M. 48
Béziers 401—Whimsi-	Burgundy, Route by.. 31
cal Procession at.... 402	Butchers' Festival at
Rigorre, Plain of..... 420	Marseilles..... 292
Biscayans, their Charac-	Cabriolet described... xxix
ter and elegant Cos-	Caën 513 — History of
tume of the Females 433	<i>ib.</i> — Public Build-
Blaye..... 463	ings 514 — Manufac-
Blois 489 — the purest	tures 515 — Agricul-
French spoken at... 490	ture 516—Character,
Bolbec..... 657	Manners, Customs,
Bonaparte 152, 331, 333, 668	etc. 517 — Literary
Bondy..... 620	Establishments..... 519
BORDEAUX, situation	Calais..... 669
439—Antiquities 443	Camargue, <i>note</i> .. 354, 357
— Churches 446 —	Campan..... 425
Public Buildings 447	Canal, central..... 60
— Promenades 448	—— of the Rhine... 83
— Manners, Society,	—— du Midi..... 406
Climate, etc. 449 —	—— of Orleans..... 493
Productions, Com-	—— of the Landes.. 434
merce and Manufac-	Canals of France..... iv
tures 453 — Environs	Cancale..... 541
454—Route to Tours	Cannes..... 332
458—to Nantes..... 463	Carcassonne..... 411
Boulogne..... 668	Carentan..... 522
Boundaries of France. j	Carnac 553—Celtic Mo-
Bourbonnais, Route by 2	numents at..... <i>ib.</i>
Bourbonne-les-Bains.. 614	Carpentras..... 217
Bourgoin..... 164	Carriage, private In-
Brest 543 — Antiquities	formation respecting
at..... 545	taking one to France xxix
Briare..... 16	Castelnaudry..... 412
Briaritz..... 433	Cattle, wild, marking
Brie-Comte-Robert... 68	of..... 357
Brienne..... 614	Cauterets..... 430
Brignolles 233 — Route	Cavaillon..... 218
to Digne..... 344	Cette..... 396

	Page.		Page.
Cevennes, Mountains of	397	<i>Chiare, fresche e dolci acque</i> , new Translation of	216
Chagny	88	Chivalet, lou, Procession of	391
Chailles	144	Choisy	4
Châlons-sur-Marne	587	Christmas Ceremonies at Marseilles	287
Châlons-sur-Saône	57	Cider, Mode of making	510
Chambertin	84	Cinq Coins, les	368
Chambery, approach to 146—Described 147—Route to Grenoble	148	Clairvaux	614
Chambon, Lake of	643	Clermont 627—Walks 628—Fountain <i>ib.</i> Trade 629—Character of the inhabitants <i>ib.</i> , 653—Intermitting fountains 631—Excursions	633
Chambord, Chateau of	490	Clermont	670
Champagne, Ancient and present State of 615—Character, Manners, etc.	617	Climate of France	iii
Champaign Wine, mode of making	583	Clocks, curious 41, 123, 223	
Chanceaux	72	Clos de la Chenaye, Wine of	43
Character of the French	xix	Clos Vougeot	85
Charenton, Bridge of	32	Cluny	62
Chartres	498	Coaches for any part of France, etc.	xxxv
Chartreuse, near Grenoble, Tour to 154—Lines written in the Album at 155—Description of 157—Ancient Rules of the Convent	159	Coches-d'Eau xxxj, 42, 404	
Chartreux, Convent of the	81	Cognac	467
Chateau, the French, described	491	Coin in France	xxxvii
Chateau-Thierry	619	Commerce in France	jx
Chatellerault	461	Condrieux	178
Chatillon	71	Corbeil	9
Chaumont	614	Corseult	542
Cherbourg 523—Opening of the Port 525—Public buildings 531—Environs 532—Route to Avranches	533	Cosne	16
		Côte-d'Or	84
		Coutances	533
		Crau, Plain of	358
		Cremieux	164
		Creusot	55
		Creux Souci, lake of	642
		Cross-bowmen	196

Page.	Page.
of 383 — Situation and public Buildings 384—Literary Establishments 385—Climate 386 — Expense of Living, Provisions etc. 387 — Manufactures and Trade 388 Society and Manners 390—Proverbs 391—Processions <i>ib.</i> —Patois 394 — Environs 395—Route to Toulouse 399	NICE, Situation and Description of 338—Provisions and Fruits 339 — Character of the People 340 — Beauty of the Climate 341 — Language 342 Environs <i>ib.</i>
Montreuil 667	Nièvre, Climate, etc. of 26
Monts-d'Or, 637--Waters of 638—Cascade of 640	NISMES, Situation of 369 — Antiquities of 370 — Description of the Town 376—Climate 377 — Productions and Agriculture <i>ib.</i> — Environs 380—Pont-du-Gard <i>ib.</i>
Monts du Cantal. 624, 649	Nogent-le-Rotrou 498
Mont St. Michel 536	Nogent-sur-Seine 68
Mont Ventoux . . . 142, 180	Normandy, History of 506--Agriculture 509 —Iron Mines 511
Morlaix 542	Nostradamus, Lines on 349
Moulins 18	Notre Dame de la Balme 164
Mountains in France <i>jv</i>	Noves 222
Murat 647	Nuits 86
Murols 643	Ollioules 303
Nancy 592	Orange 192 — Trium- phal Arch at 193 — Other Antiquities 198 —Trade 200
Nanterre 503	Orge, curious Bridge on the River 7
Nantes 472 — Produc- tions, Manufactures, etc., 474 — Environs <i>ib.</i> —Route to Orleans 476	Orleans 492 — Route to Paris 494
Nanteuil 579	Ormes 461
Narbonne 410	Orthès 432
Natural Productions of France <i>v</i>	Oudon 477
Nemours 13	Ouessant, Isle of 546
Neuf Brisach 605	Paimbœuf 475
Neuilly 503	Palissy, Bernard 464
Neuville 64	Pau 431
Nevers 17	
New Year's Day Cere- monies at Marseilles. 289	

	Page.		Page.
Pavin, Lake of.....	641	Post - Regulations in	
Penmark, fury of the		France.....	xxxj
Waves at	551	Pouilly	17
Periers	533	Pougues	<i>ib.</i>
Perrache, Michel	140	Provins.....	68
Perry, mode of making	510	Provençal Character	268
Petrarch, Particulars of		— Language 297 —	
210—Site of Laura's		Proverbs in 298 —	
Tomb 211 — Resi-		Lord's Prayer in ...	300
dence of Petrarch at		Provençal Peasantry..	329
Vaucluse 215 — New		Proverbs, Provençal	
Translation of his		298 — Languedocian	394
Address to the Foun-		Provinces, ancient, of	
tain of 216 — Settled		France	j
at Carpentras	218	Public Conveyances in	
Peyrolles	345	France	xxix
Pezenas.....	400	Puy-de-Dôme.....	634
Phalsbourg	599	Pyrenees, Excursion to	
Pic-du-Midi, Ascent of	428	the Watering-Places	
Pierrelatte.....	188	of	417
Pierre-percée.....	222	Quiberon	556
Pin.....	233	Quimper.....	547
Plogeff, Abyss of Enfer		Quimperlé.	552
at.....	551	Rambouillet.....	500
Plombières 597—Mine-		Reims, History of 580	
ral Baths.....	597	— Public Buildings	
Poissy	504	581 — Monument of	
Poitiers.....	460	Antiquity <i>ib.</i> —	
Police of France, excel-		Champaign Wine... 583	
lent xix—Annual Ex-		Religion in France,	
pense of.....	<i>ib.</i>	State of	xviii
Politeness of all Classes		Rennes	556
in France	xx	Réole.	439
Pomard.....	88	Revenue of France....	jx
Pont-de-l'Arche	655	Rhone, Voyage down	
Pont-du-Gard	380	the 169—Description	
Pontorson.....	538	of.....	170
Pont-St.-Esprit.....	191	Rhone and Saone, Con-	
Population of France..	xix	fluence of.....	140
Port-Louis	553	Riding à la Fourchette	481
Post-Asses.....	169, 177	Riez 344—Route to Aix	345
Postillion, French, how		Riom.....	627
to treat.....	xxxiiij	Riquet, Paul.....	406

Page.	Page.
Jarnac..... 467	of xxj—Expense of. xxv
Joan of Arc..... 462	Livry 620
Joigny..... 42	Loire, Tour of the.... 472
Juvisy 7—Fountain of 8	Longboyau 6
La Balme, Grotto of.. 164	Longjumeau 495
La Charité 17	Lord's Prayer in the
La Fere 580	Provençal Language 300
La Flèche..... 496	Lorient..... 552
La Fontaine Ardente.. 161	Lorraine, ancient and
Lamballe 542	present State of 594
Lambesc..... 222	— Character, Man-
Lancasterian System of	ners, Customs, etc.
Education, introduc-	595 — Curious Cus-
ed into France xvij	tom 596
Landes, Tract of Coun-	Lourdes 431
try of 456 — Shep-	Luc..... 330
herds of 457	Lucenay 64
Langon..... 439	Luines 486
Langeais 486	Lunel..... 382
Langres 613	Lunéville 598
Language, French xvij	Luz 429
Languedoc, Patois and	Lyons, Approach to 89
Literature of 394 —	— History of 100 —
Canal of..... 406	Situation and Climate
Languedocian Charac-	115—Natural Produc-
ter 368	tions 116 — Squares
La Tour..... 641	and public Buildings
La Trappe, Abbey of. 576	117—Bronze Tablets
Laura, see Petrarch	119—Tauribole 120—
Laval..... 574	Churches 123 — Li-
Lava, rocks of..... 184	brary and Museum
La Vendée..... 470	124—Antiquities 125
La Vista..... 233	— Hospitals 131 —
Laws, French, State of xvij	Theatres 134—Houses
Le Mans..... 496	<i>ib.</i> — Manufactures
Lesdiguières, connéta-	<i>ib.</i> — Trade — Public
ble de..... 148	Walks and Environs
Levéé, on the Banks of	138 — Confluence of
the Loire..... 483	the Saone and Rhone 140
Limagne. 621	Lyons, Routes to 2, 31
Lisieux 512—Antiqui-	— From, to Chambery
ties <i>ib.</i> — Trade..... 513	143—To Avignon ... 168
Living in France, Mode	Macon..... 61

	Page.		Page.
Maguelonne.....	396	rons 284 — Festi-	
Maintenon.....	499	vals, public Games	
Maison Carrée.....	374	and Processions 287	
Maize, cultivated in An-		—Ceremonies of New	
jou and Touraine...	488	Year's Day 289--Pro-	
Malaucènes.....	219	cession of St. Ferreol	
Malmaison.....	503	291 — Dances 295 —	
Malpas, the Mountain		Provençal Language	
of.....	409	and Proverbs 297—	
Man in the Iron Mask.	335	Route to Toulon....	301
Manners, French.....	xiv	Marseilles, village of..	667
Mans, le.....	496	Massiac.....	646
Mantes.....	504	Mauves.....	477
Manufactures of France,		Mayenne.....	575
general View of jx—		Measures, French... xxxiiij	
Compared with those		Meaux.....	619
of England.....	jx	Melun.....	32
Marguerite, Isle of....	335	Menes Com, Mountains	
Marly, Machine of....	503	of.....	550
Marmande.....	439	Messagerie à Cheval.. xxxj	
MARSEILLES, approach		Messageries Royales.. xxix	
to 233 — History of		Migrenne Wine.....	43
235 — Situation, old		Mines and Mineral Wa-	
and new Town 239		ters in France.....	vj
— Harbour, public		Mirande.....	418
Buildings 240 — A-		Mistral 182, 208, 260,	
musements 248--Pro-		281.....	313
menades, 249 — Bas-		Moissac.....	437
tides 255 — Climate		Money, best mode of	
258—Expense of liv-		taking.....	xxxj
ing 261 — Manufac-		Montargis.....	14
tures, Trade, etc. 262		Montbard.....	48
—Provençal Charac-		Montbazou.....	462
ter, Manners, etc.		Mont-de-Marsan.....	434
268 — Fishermen, <i>ib.</i>		Mont-d'Or.....	65
Porters and Peasan-		Montauban.....	436
try 270—Female Re-		Montélimart.....	182
public 273—Ancient		Montereau.....	33
and present state of		Montmorency, the mau-	
society 274.—Charac-		soleum of the Duke	
ter of the peasants		of.....	22
279—The mistral 281		Montmorency, Duchess	
— Gnats 282--Envi-		of.....	23
		MONTPELLIER, History	

Page.	Page.
Crozon, remarkable natural Curiosities on the Coast of..... 550	Etampes..... 494
Cujes..... 302	Evergéraux..... 72
Dammartin..... 578	Evreux 504 — Public Buildings 505—Antiquities 508—Agriculture of Normandy .. 509
Dancing, Passion for in the French..... xxj	Female Republic..... 273
Dauphiné, Climate of. 177	Females, French, beauty of xix—Their delectable situation xx — Active Employment of..... xxij
De Lille..... 302, 408	Ferrades, Festival of.. 357
Departments of France and chief Towns, list of..... i	Ferté-sous-Jouarre.... 619
Diana, Temple of, at Nismes..... 373	Fête-Dieu at Aix..... 230
Dieppe..... 659	Fêtes at Marseilles.... 287
Dieuze, Salt Springs at 597	Fitzjames..... 670
Digne..... 345	Floats of Wood..... 47
Dijon 74—Route to Besancon..... 82	Fontainebleau..... 10
Diligence, French, described..... xxxij	Fontana..... 636
Dinan..... 542	Fontenay..... 14
Districts in France, on the Choice of particular..... xxvij	Fool's Feast..... 34
Diving Machine..... 312	Forests of France..... vj
Divisions of France ... j	Fougères, Celtic Remains in the Forest of 573
Dole..... 82	FRANCE, Boundaries of ij — Divisions, ancient Provinces, Departments, and chief Towns <i>ib.</i> —Climate iij — Mountains, Rivers, and Canals jv—Natural Productions v — Mines, Mineral Waters, and Forests vj—Soil and Agriculture vij — Trade, Commerce, and Manufactures jx — Revenue <i>ib.</i> —Language xvij—Education, Religion, Laws xviii—Po-
Dol 539 — Remarkable Monument..... 539	
Donzère..... 187	
Douvres..... 520	
Dreux..... 576	
Echelles..... 146	
Education, public, in France, State of..... xvij	
Epernay..... 619	
Epernon..... 499	
Epinal..... 597	
Essé 572 —Curious Celtic Monument..... 572	
Essone..... 9	

	Page.		Page.
lice xix—Population, Character, Manners, and Customs, <i>ib.</i> — Mode of living, ac- tive employment of Females xxj. — Plan of a Tour, Expense of travelling, etc. xxij Expense of living xxv —Choice of residence xxvij—Manner of tra- velling, Post Regula- tions, etc. xxix — Water-Carriage, Mo- ney xxxvij—Current Coin <i>ib.</i> —Weights and Measures xxxi —Hints to travellers xl		Gavernie, Fall of 425, 429	
Frejus..... 330		Gemenos..... 302	
FRENCH PEOPLE, Their		Genlis..... 82	
Character xix—Their		Gensdarmes, Corps of. xix	
Wish to oblige Stran- gers <i>ib.</i> — Beauty of the Women xix — Their elegant Man- ners <i>ib.</i> — Politeness of all Classes xx — Sobriety of the lower Orders xxj — Their Passion for Dancing <i>ib.</i> —Scrupulous Ho- nesty of the lower Classes..... <i>ib.</i>		Gimont..... 418	
Fromenteau..... 6		Granville..... 533	
Frontignan..... 396		Grasse..... 334	
Gaillon..... 655		Gray, Lines by..... 155	
Ganges..... 397		Grenoble, Approach to 149—Described <i>ib.</i> —Submission of, to Bonaparte 151—Tour to the Grande Char- treuse 154—Describ- ed 159—Environs of Grenoble 161—Route to Lyons..... 164	
Garden, French, des- cribed..... 492		Greoux..... 345	
Gascons, their Pronun- ciation 419—Charac- ter..... 420		Grignan, Chateau of.. 183	
		Grip..... 425	
		Grosbois..... 67	
		Hâvre-de-Grâce..... 657	
		Heune..... 39	
		Hints to Continental Travellers..... xl	
		Holy Thursday, whim- sical Procession on.. 402	
		Honesty, scrupulous, of the lower Classes in France..... xxj	
		Huninguen..... 605	
		Hyères, described 322 —Delicious Climate of 323—Its Claim to the Attention of In- valids <i>ib.</i> —Environs of..... 225	
		Indret..... 475	
		Iron Mask, Man in.... 335	
		Isère, source of the... 180	
		Issoire..... 644	
		Isle Barbe..... 142	

	Page.		Page.
Rivers and Canals of		— Orleans to Paris....	494
France	iv	— Angers to Paris, by	
Roanne.....	28	la Flèche, le Mans	
Rochecardon, Valley of	65	and Chartres.....	495
Rochelle	468	— Paris to Cherbourg	502
Rochefort.....	467	— Cherbourg to Avran-	
Rochemaure.....	185	ches.....	533
Rollin, Nicholas.....	87	— Avranches to Brest	538
Roset.....	65	— Brest to Rennes....	547
Rousseau, J. J. 65, 138,	144	— Rennes to Paris....	571
ROUTES—From Paris to		— Paris to Châlons-sur-	
Lyons by the Bour-		Marne.....	578
bonnais 2—By Bur-		— Châlons-sur-Marne	
gundy 31—By Troyes		to Paris.....	578 or 619
and Dijon	66, 84	— Châlons to Nancy..	589
— Dijon to Besancon.	82	— Nancy to Strasbourg	598
— Lyons to Chambery	143	— Strasbourg to Hu-	
— Chambery to Greno-		ninguen.....	604
ble.....	148	— Huninguen to Châ-	
— Grenoble to Lyons.	164	lons-sur-Marne....	612
— Lyons to Avignon.	168	— Moulins to Saint-	
— Avignon to Nice....	229	Flour.....	628
— Marseilles to Toulon	301	— Paris to Havre....	655
— Toulon to Luc	330	— Paris to Dieppe....	658
— Brignolles to Digne.	344	— Paris to Calais. 664,	670
— Riez to Aix	345	Rosny, Chateau of....	504
— Aix to Montpellier.	346	Rouen.....	656
— Montpellier to Tou-		Royat, Valley of....	633
louse.....	399	Ruffec.....	460
— Toulouse to Bag-		Saint-Andéol.....	188
nères	418	— Brioux.....	542
— Barréges to Bayonne	431	— Bruno, Cell of....	160
— Bayonne to Bor-		— Cannat.....	223
deaux	434	— Colombe.....	178
— Toulouse to Bor-		— Dizier.....	590
deaux	435	— Esprit.....	190
— Bordeaux to Tours		— Ferreol, Procession	
by Angoulême and		of 291 — Reservoir	
Poitiers.....	458	of.....	413
— Bordeaux to Nantes		— Flour.....	647
by Rochefort and		— Germain-en-Laye..	503
Rochelle.....	463	— Gobain.....	580
— Nantes to Orleans..	476	— Jean de Leizau....	419

	Page.		Page.
— Lâ.....	522	Solliés.	330
— Malo.....	540	Soupe.	14
— Mandrie.....	320	Source, Chateau of. . .	494
— Mary's Chapel.....	425	Stages for different	
— Nicholas.....	598	parts of France, List	
— Paul-Trois-Châteaux	190	of	xxxv
— Pierre-le-Moutier..	18	Sterne's Maria 19—Ad-	
— Pons.....	302	venture at Tarare . .	29
— Pourcain.....	626	Stones, remarkable	
— Remy.....	347	Plain of	358
— Sauveur.....	429	Strasbourg 600—Cath-	
— Seine.....	72	dral <i>ib.</i> — Famous	
— Valier.....	179	Clock 601 — Pub-	
Saintes.....	464	lic Buildings 602 —	
Salt, Mode of making	535	Walks <i>ib.</i> —Fortifica-	
Salt Springs.....	596	tions <i>ib.</i> — Situation	
Sancerre.....	16	603—Trade.	<i>ib.</i>
Saone, Voyage on....	60	Tain	179
Saone and Rhone, Con-		Tarare	29
fluence of	140	Tarascan.	349
Sarthe, River of.....	497	Tarbes	420
Sassenage, the caves of	162	Tartas	434
Saverne 599—Mountain		Tauribole at Lyons . .	120
of	<i>ib.</i>	Tauribole at Tain . . .	179
Saulieu.	50	Temperate Mode of liv-	
Saumur.	484	ing in France	xxij
Savoy.	144	Temple of Augustus. .	175
Seine-Inférieure, des-		Tholonet.	232
cription of the de-		Tonneins	438
partment of.....	661	Toul	591
Seine, River, Source of		Toulon, Description of	
the.	72	304—Climate of 305	
Senars, Forest of . . .	32	Public buildings <i>ib.</i> —	
Sens.	33	— Galley Slaves 313	
Sévigné, Mad. de 25,		—Bagne <i>ib.</i> —Envi-	
183, 571	620	rons of 320 — Route	
Shepherds of the Lan-		to Luc	330
des.	457	Toulouse, Situation of	
Sobriety of the lower		413 — Public Build-	
Classes in France xv, xix		ings 414 — Prome-	
Soeurs de la Charité . .	58	nades 416 — Produc-	
Soil of France	vij	tions and Manufac-	
Soissons	579	tures 417 — Route to	
		Bordeaux 435 — To	

	Page.		Page.
Bagnères	418	216 — Manner in	
Tour in France, Plan		which he lived there.	215
and Expense of . . .	xxiiij	Vayre	644
Touraine, Climate of		Vendeans, their Cha-	
488—Its Agriculture	<i>ib.</i>	racter	470
Tournon	179	Vermanton	48
Tournus	61	Vernon	655
Tours, Approach to	486	Vesoul	613
— Situation <i>ib.</i> —		Vichy	25
Public Buildings	487	Vienne	171
—Climate, etc. . . .	488	Vignerons, Houses of	485
Trade of France. . . .	ix	Villecrosse, grotto of. .	233
Travellers, Hints to. .	lx	Villefranche	64, 413
Travelling in France,		Villejuif	5
Expense of xxiiij, xxiv		Villeneuve-sur-Yonne .	42
—Manner of	xxix	Villers-Coterets	579
Treijas, las, Procession		Vimereux	669
of.	391	Viry	8
Trévoux	63, 65	Vitré	571
Troyes	68	Vitry-le-Français	589
Trois Volets	485	Viviers	186
Usson	645	Voiturier, Particulars	
Valence	181	of.	xxxij
Valette	322	Volnay	88
Valognes	522	Volvic	627
Val-Suzon	73	Water - Carriage in	
Vannes	555	France	xxiv
Vassivière, Mountain		Weights and Measures,	
of	641	French	xxxix
Vaucluse, Fountain of		Wissant	669
211—Petrarch's Ad-		Yvetot	657
dress to, translated			

Page	Topic
618	
619	
620	
621	
622	
623	
624	
625	
626	
627	
628	
629	
630	
631	
632	
633	
634	
635	
636	
637	
638	
639	
640	
641	
642	
643	
644	
645	
646	
647	
648	
649	
650	
651	
652	
653	
654	
655	
656	
657	
658	
659	
660	
661	
662	
663	
664	
665	
666	
667	
668	
669	
670	
671	
672	
673	
674	
675	
676	
677	
678	
679	
680	
681	
682	
683	
684	
685	
686	
687	
688	
689	
690	
691	
692	
693	
694	
695	
696	
697	
698	
699	
700	

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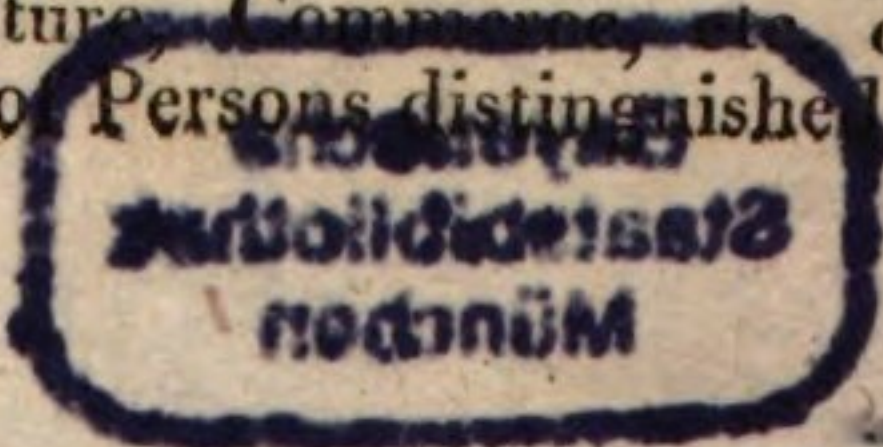
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